DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 164 178 RC 010 989

AUTHOR Hoffman, Virginia
TITLE Navajo Biographies. Volume I.
INSTITUTION Rough Rock Demonstration School, Chinle, Ariz. Navajo Curriculum Center.
PUB DATE 74
NOTE 212p.; For related document, see ED 040 784

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.83 HC-$11.37 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS *American Indians; *Biographies; Cultural Background; Federal Troops; Illustrations; Leadership; Reservations (Indian); *Resource Materials; *Treaties; *United States History
IDENTIFIERS American Indian Education; *American Indian History; *Navajo (Tribe); Tribal Government

ABSTRACT

The life stories of eight Navajo ("Dine", their term for themselves) leaders are presented in volume one of this collection of biographies. Interspersed with portraits, drawings, and maps, the narrative chronologically covers the time period from 1766 when the Navajos lived on land under the rule of Spain into the twentieth century and dealings with the government of the U.S. (including the years at Bosque Redondo) and other Indian tribes. Biographical information was drawn from historical documents and Navajo oral history. Leaders were selected from a field of hundreds as representative of the quality of Navajo leadership from the late eighteenth century to the present. The volume contains a message to Navajo students stressing the importance of learning about their past as well as a bibliography and a pronunciation guide for Navajo and Spanish words used. The biographies are of Narbona, Antonio Cebolla Sandoval, Zarcillos Largos, Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Mucho, Jesus Arviso, and Henry Chee Dodge. (RS)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED164178

NAVAJO BIOGRAPHIES

VOLUME I

RC010989

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

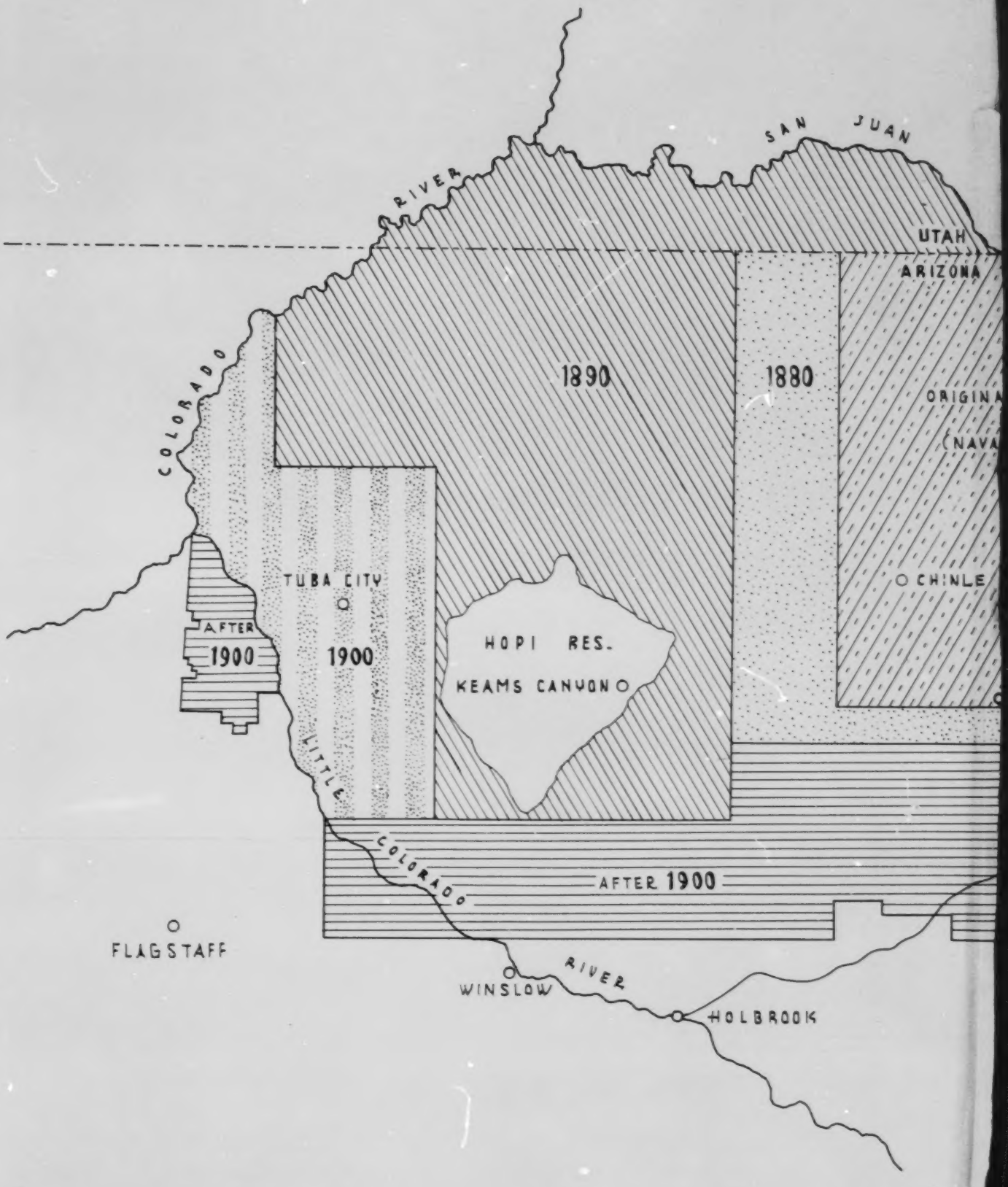
THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

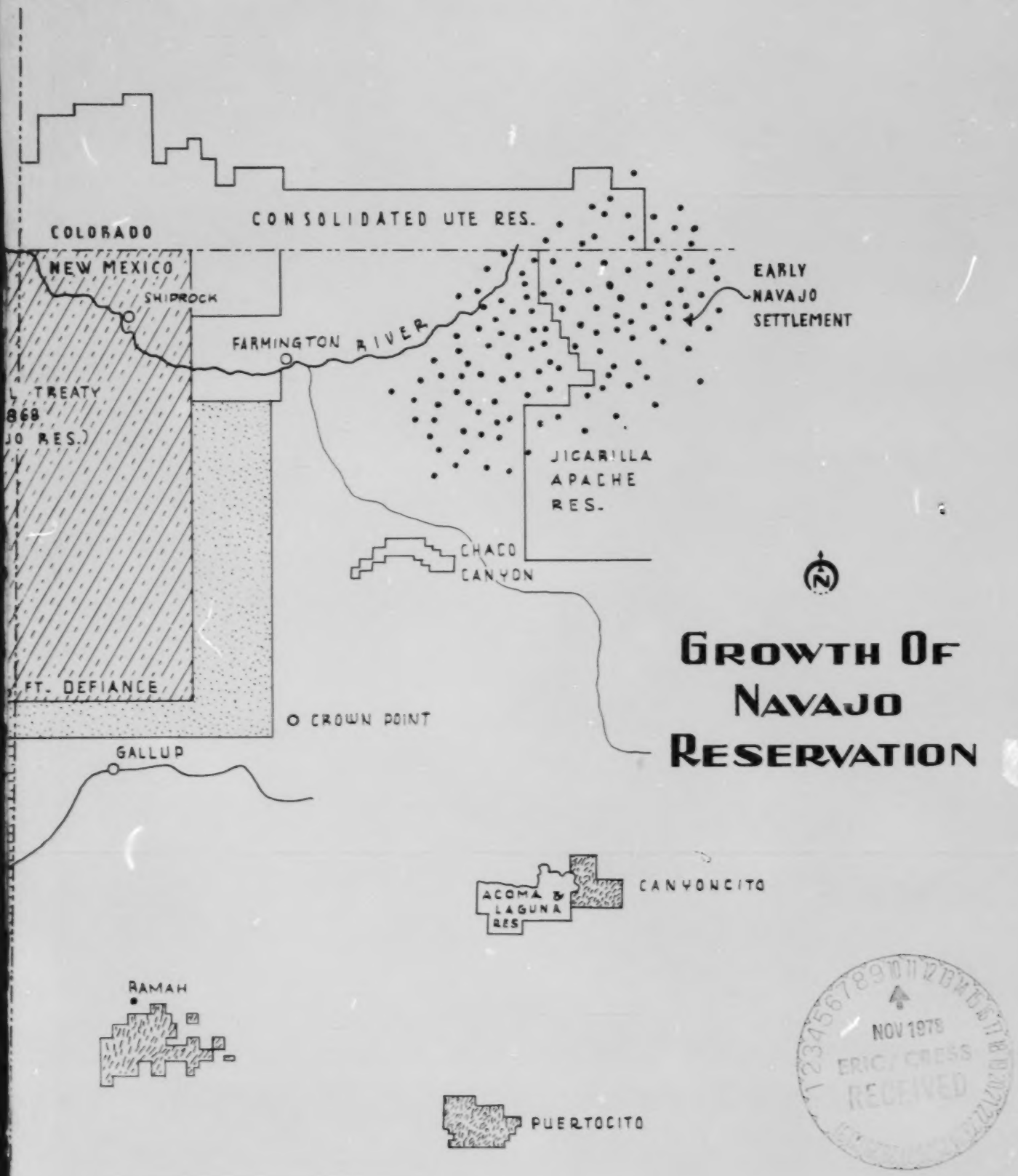
NAVAJO CURRICULUM CENTER PRESS

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

Jimmie C. Begay
Rough Rock School Board, Inc.

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC) AND USERS OF THE ERIC SYSTEM."


SAN JUAN
RIVER
UTAH
ARIZONA
COLORADO
1890
1880
ORIGINA
(NAVA
CHINLE
TUBA CITY
AFTER
1900
1900
HOPI RES.
KEAMS CANYON
LITTLE
COLORADO
AFTER 1900
FLAGSTAFF
WINSLOW
RIVER
HOLBROOK



Growth Of Navajo Reservation

NOV 1975
ERIC/CRESS
RECEIVED

NAVAJO BIOGRAPHIES

VOLUME I

by

Virginia Hoffman

illustrated by

Hoke Denetsosie, Andy Tsinajinnie. and Clifford Beck Jr.

NAVAJO CURRICULUM CENTER PRESS
Phoenix, Arizona

1974

© 1974 School Board, Inc. Rough Rock Arizona
All rights reserved.
Reproduction in any manner without written permission of School Board, Inc., is prohibited except for brief quotations used in connection with reviews for magazines or newspapers.

Manufactured in the United States of America.

International Standard Book Number: 0-89019-003-8
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 70-113723

FIRST EDITION VOLUME I

O'SULLIVAN
WOODSIDE
& COMPANY
2218 East Magnolia
Phoenix, Arizona 85034

Documented and fictional quoted material in the first eight stories is distinguished by printing the fictional conversation or monolog in italics. All other quoted material is either directly quoted from written records or directly quoted or paraphrased from interviews with family members of the biographical subjects. It is well-known that in the oral tradition, versions of stories differ among storytellers. Much additional information exists among the Navajo people about the men and women in this book, and it is sincerely hoped Navajo writers will bring this to the public in published form.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IN APPRECIATION 5
A MESSAGE TO NAVAJO STUDENTS 7

Biographies by Virginia Hoffman

NARBONA 9
ANTONIO CEBOLLA SANDOVAL 29
ZARCILLOS LARGOS 59
MANUELITO 80
BARBONCITO 105
GANADO MUCHO 129
JESUS ARVISO 155
HENRY CHEE DODGE 179

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE 205
BIBLIOGRAPHY 207

Other Books
from Navajo Curriculum Center Press

Navajo Biographies Vol. II

Coyote Stories

Black Mountain Boy

Grandfather Stories of the Navajos

Lucy Learns to Weave

Navajo Education at Rough Rock

Oral English at Rough Rock

Denetsosie

Navajo History Vol. I

In Appreciation

The panorama of Navajo life as it reaches through the centuries is truly awe-inspiring. The beloved land and lifeways of Dine, The People, have endured grave danger and threat countless times. The people themselves have suffered mass exile, starvation, and humiliation. Yet the people's strength, and their wisdom in choosing leaders, has carried them through times of serious trouble with a never-failing sense of historical perspective and an indomitable faith in the goodness of life lived according to the Navajo Way.

In each generation, the Navajos have produced a group of leaders whose combined talents reflect the epitome of Navajo life — balance. These men and women sought ways to live in harmony with neighbors of three different flags, and though harmony was elusive in their dealings with non-Indian neighbors they fought to preserve it within their sacred boundaries.

The lives of fifteen of these great men and women are herein recorded as faithfully and as accurately as historical documents and the oral tradition of the Navajos can provide. These leaders were selected from a field of hundreds, as representative of the quality of Navajo leadership from the late eighteenth century through the present. For making possible the presentation of the stories, our deepest gratitude is owed to many people. Foremost among them are the following.

For their patience, good humor, and gracious giving of valuable time and information we wish to thank Mrs. Chabah Davis Watson, Mrs. Annie Dodge Wauneka, Chairman and Mrs. Raymond Nakai, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor McKenzie, and Professor Paul Jones. Professor Jones assisted with the biography of his close friend, the late Albert George (Chic) Sandoval, as well as with his own biography.

We also wish to sincerely thank Mrs. Mary Dodge Peshlakai and Mrs. Annie Dodge Wauneka, daughters of the late Chairman Henry Chee Dodge, for invaluable assistance with their father's story; Mrs. Eleanor Clah and Miss Sharon Clahchischilli, daughter and granddaughter of the late Chairman Sam Ahkeah; Mr. John Joe Benally and Mr. Herbert Blatchford, descendants of Manuelito; and Mr. Dillon Platero, Director of Rough Rock Demonstration School and descendant of Antonio Cebolla Sandoval, for their generous giving of valuable time and information about the biographical subjects to whom they are related.

Special appreciation is also due Mr. Platero for reading the manuscripts and making knowledgeable suggestions with the same keen insight he has contributed to the direction of Rough Rock Demonstration School.

Without the abiding interest and cooperation of these great members of the Navajo Tribe, the biographies could not have attained the authenticity they now possess.

The authors are deeply indebted to J. Lee Correll and David M. Brugge. Their well-researched biographical sketches on many of the leaders included in this book have appeared in the *Navajo Times* during the past three years and have provided a dependable research guide. In addition, Mr. Correll has been most helpful by making available his biographical research files. Mr. Brugge, a respected scholar and researcher of Navajo history, has generously given us the benefit of his knowledge by reading the manuscripts of *Narbona, Antonio Cebolla Sandoval, Zarcillos Largos, Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Mucho,* and *Henry Chee Dodge*. His suggestions have been very important to the historical accuracy of the stories.

Also among the persons whose interest and assistance helped make this book possible we should like to thank Mr. Sydney M. Callaway. Mr. Callaway's work with the original versions of the stories, while employed by the Navajo Curriculum Center, was an important step. His work was particularly helpful with the stories of Chic Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chabah Watson, and Taylor McKenzie.

Our sincere gratitude also goes to Mrs. Shirley Chee Begay, who typed hundreds of pages of manuscript with unfailing good cheer and accuracy. We also wish to thank Mr. Martin Hoffman, Director of the Navajo Curriculum Center, whose painstaking and artistic hand produced the maps on the inside back cover and in the story of *Antonio Cebolla Sandoval.* Our thanks also go to John Connor Hill, Navajo Curriculum Center photographer, who gave

many hours to copying photographs from family albums in order that they might appear here.

Mrs. Laura Peshlakai Wallace, daughter of Mary Dodge Peshlakai and Navajo language teacher at Rough Rock Demonstration School, deserves special thanks for her continued help and interest in the biographies. She has been particularly important as a link with her mother and as an interpreter for the story of *Henry Chee Dodge*, as well as a dependable source of correct Navajo orthography. Also most helpful with the interpretation and spelling of Navajo words used in this book have been Mr. Lewis Singer and Mr. James Claw of the Navajo Curriculum Center.

Others we wish to thank personally are the superb librarians who comprise the staff of the Arizona Collection of the Hayden Memorial Library at Arizona State University, Tempe; Mrs. Kathy Arviso of Chairman Nakai's office, and Mr. Jerry Bathke of the Navajo Area Office, Bureau of Indian Affairs, for their generous assistance in many ways.

Finally, our sincere admiration and appreciation go to Dr. Robert A. Roessel Jr., first Director of Rough Rock Demonstration School. Recognizing the urgent need for Navajo materials such as this book, he saw the dream through to reality by initiating the Navajo Curriculum Center and guiding its initial endeavors. He conceived the idea of *Navajo Biographies* and guided selection of the subjects, in the hope that Navajo students and readers everywhere could benefit from them. The benefits of learning from this book have already been realized by the authors, and we hope the readers will profit as enjoyably.

Virginia Hoffman
and
Broderick H. Johnson

January, 1970

To Navajo young people -- *that your own life stories may one day reflect the wisdom, strength, and compassion for others shown in these stories of your great forefathers* -- this book is dedicated with a prayer for your success.

A Message to Navajo Students

from the Board of Education
Rough Rock Demonstration School

Throughout the history of the Navajo people, there have been many great leaders who have shown us good qualities to learn and live by. Some of these leaders were Narbona, Antonio Cebolla Sandoval, Zarcillos Largos, Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Mucho, Jesus Arviso, Henry Chee Dodge, Sam Ahkeah, Chic Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chabah Watson, Annie Wauneka, Dr. Taylor McKenzie, and Raymond Nakai. These leaders and the things they did, had and will continue to have a great influence upon our lives and the future of our people. Because of this it is important for us to study and learn to understand them and the way they lived and the things they accomplished.

We hope you will study these things with open minds and hearts and learn them well so that you will always remember these leaders and why they became great men and women. If you will do this, you can learn from the experiences of these men and women. This is why we must go to school that we may learn our true identity by learning about our past, our world around us, and the experiences of others before us. Learning these things will keep our minds growing and progressing without losing sight of our culture and who we are.

When we are young we often do not understand why it is important for us to study and learn about our forefathers. But as we get older, we will be able to relate the experiences we have to the things we have learned. Then if we have been diligent and taken advantage of every opportunity to learn while we are young, our lives will run more smoothly and we will walk in beauty. These teachings we learn in our youth will then become our teachings to pass on to our children.

By learning the teachings of our people as we learn the way of life and teachings of the Anglo our lives will not be hampered. We will be able to compete in the changing world and still retain the the security of our true identity as a strong and happy people.

NARBONA

Tachii'nii Clan--Red-Streaked-Earth People

Narbona was born in 1766, at the beginning of the bloodiest century the Navajos have ever known. He grew up to become a great leader of people, a courageous warrior and the strongest peace leader of his time.

During his first six years, he was sheltered at home by the women, his mother, grandmothers, and aunts. Many times he watched as his father and the other men of the camp rode east to survey their fields of corn, beans, and squash. West, up behind the fields and hogans reached the Chuska Mountains, with snow-fed springs and pine-crested ridges. Narbona's family used the land from the top of these mountains to the east almost to the Rio Chaco.

Sometimes, Narbona's father and his band came home after a long ride, laden with goods they had taken in raids, and occasionally bringing a Mexican or Pueblo woman to help in the family work. Often, these women became wives or sisters in the family.

At other times, the warning cries of owls and coyotes echoed along the trails, passing from one Navajo scout to the next until they reached Narbona's camp. Ute and Pueblo warriors had been spotted, raiders coming to kill, capture, and destroy everything in their path. As the warnings came, the whole family hurriedly snatched food and supplies, grabbed up the small children, and raced up the narrow trails into the safety of the mountains.

There were times of peace, too, for the little Navajo boy. As he outgrew the babyhood protection of his cradleboard and the women, he also quickly outgrew the small garments his mother made for him. Narbona became noticeable for his size, much larger than the other boys his age. When he was six

he was given his first pony. Like his cousins and friends his own age, he soon learned to handle his pony expertly and began riding out into the fields with his father and uncles.

But those were dangerous years for the Navajos, and preparation for the ways of war and hardship began with seven- and eight-year-old boys. The daily training began in the cold, dark, pre-dawn with a chilling call: "Wake up, be lively! If you are not up early, the enemy will come and kill you while you sleep."

To young Narbona and his friends it was a lively contest each morning to see who could race out to a distant point and back the fastest. Narbona often won these races, laughing merrily and teasing his friends, *"Hey, you slowpokes, even Grandfather Turtle will beat you."* He and his friends grew strong in contests of broadjumping, throwing stones, and practicing with the hunter's curved stick. Soon they were helping provide the family food, by bringing back rabbits and other small animals they caught.

All this training made adults of the boys early, and it was fortunate. For Narbona was scarcely seven when Ute warriors began a fearsome period of raids against the Navajos in 1773. They thundered through Navajo camps, driving away livestock and burning fields. Navajo men who did not escape into safe hiding were killed on the spot. Women and children were captured, and later taken to the slave markets to be sold to the Spaniards of New Mexico territory.

The following spring of 1774, Laguna and Acoma raiders captured nearly fifty Navajo women and children. Not only did they have to live and work as slaves; along with this, they were forced into baptism in the Spaniards' Catholic Church, and made to worship in the unfamiliar ceremonies of the missions.

The force behind this period of raids was a secret promise the Spanish governor of New Mexico territory made with the Ute Indians. He promised them he would remain neutral in a war the Utes were planning against the Navajos. If successful, this war would gain miles of new land for the Spanish ranchers. In past years the Indian tribes had raided back and forth occasionally for livestock and captives for themselves. But now the Spaniards had control

of much of the southwest, and they wanted more — the Indians' souls and their vast stretches of good grazing land.

Time and again, Narbona's father and other Navajo warriors struck at the Spanish rancherias along the Rio Grande and Rio Puerco. Narbona listened as his father told of these far-away places and of the Navajos who were slaves there. "We used to live there," his father said. "As free as the wind, we hunted and grazed our flocks in the river valleys. We had many friends among the Pueblo people. Now they have been turned against us by the Spaniards, and Navajos who still live in those valleys are slaves."

As Narbona grew up, he learned that constant guarding and counter-raids were important, if his family was to keep its wealth, the miles of planted fields, and thousands of sheep and cattle. By the time he was twelve, he was expert in the skills he had practiced since he was six. He was ready for his first bow and arrow, and close to the day when he would use it on the war trail. Because Narbona was taller than most of his companions, his bow was longer than most. It stood exactly the same height as he did.

With his height and skill, Narbona stood out among the young men, and before he was sixteen he began riding with the men on their raids. He had learned the Chuska Mountain trails as a young boy. Now he learned of the river valleys, the Pueblo mesas, and the hunting trails in the mountains far east of his home. He also mastered the details of the war trail, the waiting, the silence, the sudden attack.

Narbona saw for himself the Navajo women and children working in the Spaniards' fields in the Rio Grande and Rio Puerco valleys. Now anger and determination sped with his arrows against the enemy.

He was in his early twenties when his parents found a young Navajo bride for him. Bikee'dijooʼí, Small Plump Feet, lived with her family at the base of the Tunicha Mountains, north of Narbona's camp. After the wedding ceremony, he moved to live near her parents' home, as was the custom.*

During the next twelve years, Narbona saw more and more of Dinetah, Old Navajoland, fall to Spanish hands, along with more Indian slaves to labor on it. In retaliation he and his companions struck back many times, against the Utes, the Pueblos, and the Spaniards.

From one of his raids, he brought back a Zuni woman as a wife. When he was in his early thirties he brought home another Navajo wife. By 1800, when his first wife's father died, he was ready to take his place as the male leader of the region. By now, his family included a good many cousins, in-laws, and orphans of Navajo families who had been attacked during the raids. Narbona was thirty-four and a well-known leader.

*The fact that a head of a household practiced plural marriage was an accepted custom among the Navajo people, as is documented in the ethnographic literature. The contrast this offers with the present-day custom of monogamous marriage gives us an interesting insight into the process of social change.

He had children of his own now, children who were growing up in dangerous times. It was his duty as a leader to protect his large encampment, to ward off the raiders. He was not alone in his anger at the harassment from enemies surrounding Navajo country. Navajo leaders from other regions suffered in the same way. Spanish settlers kept arriving in New Mexico Territory, bringing land grants which said they legally owned parts of old Indian lands.

In 1800, the Spaniards decided to take a large piece of land at the base of Mount Taylor, the sacred Turquoise Mountain of the Navajos. Narbona and other leaders gathered to talk to the Spanish governor, trying to regain this land peacefully. But the land was ideal for a Spanish military site, a perfect place from which the soldiers could launch their attacks. They refused to return it to the Navajos.

Navajo resentment smoldered. It flickered into sparks as Narbona and other warriors led raids. And in a furious burst of flame a thousand Navajo warriors tried to attack and reclaim their sacred mountain. Though they fought a vigorous battle, the Navajos could not rout the Spaniards from the settlement. Finally, Narbona and the other leaders planned a seige against Cebolleta, the military settlement.

The Spanish governor desperately commanded his hard-pressed troops. "Everything must be done to keep the site of Cebolleta occupied." His men killed fifty-seven Navajo warriors and took five women and children captive. Still Narbona's determined seige continued. Fighting back with his last resort, the governor called up troops from Sonora in the far southwest.

In the battles that followed, tragic waste was laid to Canyon de Chelly. In January, 1805, Spanish Lieutenant Antonio Narbona led his troops into the canyon. There they massacred 115 aging Navajos, and captured thirty-three young women and children taken away from their looms and cooking fires. Cebolleta remained in Spanish control, and became the major gathering place for Spanish soldiers leaving on campaigns against the Navajos.

Ten years passed, years supposedly peaceful because of a treaty in 1805. Still the records show a number of slave baptisms, and this alone would have spurred Navajo raids against the enemy. But the Spanish ranchers were sending their herders and flocks to Navajo grazing lands, and the Navajos drove them away as often as they could, stealing the livestock which had fattened on their grass.

Ten years passed, and in 1815 enemies still clouded the horizon in every direction Narbona looked. Ute and Pueblo warriors began to use guns against the Navajos' bows and arrows. They were able to get guns by trading off the slaves and livestock they captured from Navajos. Suddenly, a new threat appeared.

Spanish officials were up to their old tricks of sending one tribe against another. The Comanches, east of New Mexico, were becoming armed with French weapons, posing a dangerous threat to the Spaniards from the east. Rather than suffer this threat, the Spaniards gained their friendship with promises of rewards in booty from attacks on the Utes and the Navajos. In 1816,

the Navajos felt the wrath of Comanche warfare, and so did the Utes, the Pawnees, the Apaches.

Councils convened across Navajo country. The headmen talked long hours into the nights, trying to find a solution to their problems. For years they had fought off the other tribes and had tried to drive out the Spaniards. They had tried to protect their lands and their families first by talking peacefully with the Spaniards, and when that did no good, they had sent war parties against the enemy. Still, there were many Spanish rancherias dotting the boundaries of Navajo country. Narbona was nearing fifty now. Most of his life so far he had given to fighting, simply to protect his family, his fields, and his livestock.

News of his courage and skill had spread. Now, leaders from other regions began to look upon him as the greatest leader among them. Young boys heard tales of his legendary bravery and wisdom, and longed for the day when they might become leaders of his stature. Narbona seemed to have a second sense about when to fight and when to negotiate for peace.

He wanted peace much more than war. War meant burned fields, starvation through the long winters, frightened children, homeless families. Narbona loved the lush green of his fields as the crops sprang from the earth. He loved the vast valleys stretching before him, so full of sheep and cattle he could hardly see the desert floor. The friendly smells of meat and vegetables cooking, of the forest breezes drifting down to his camp pleased him far more than the choking smoke from burning fields. He wanted to be free of worry when his grandchildren wandered through the foothills hunting for rabbits. He wanted to bring his women new Pueblo pottery, to replace the ancient, chipped and broken cooking ware they had used all their lives. But the Pueblos were no longer friendly, and the Navajos could not easily trade back and forth as in the old days.

The job of leading his people out of war and back to peace was on Narbona's shoulders. Though his warriors had been stalwart on the war trails, the threats around them continued and promised to become worse, as long as the Spaniards kept the tribes warring among themselves. He advised the other headmen to consider a major attack directly against the Spaniards.

He was fifty-two when the warriors of the tribe unified, and began striking solidly against the Spaniards, in 1818. First they spent many months preparing their stronghold on Yoo Tsoh, Beautiful Mountain, climbing up the hand and foot holds bearing food and medicine plants, materials to make new arrows and new clothing and shields. Finally they were ready to launch their war. They rode down into the valleys, through the rivers to the mountains far east, attacking settlements all along the way. Narbona's timing could not have been more perfect, for many Spanish soldiers were busy trying to stop the Mexican rebellion in the far south, and they left their northern frontier in New Mexico weakly protected. The Navajos proved to be a force to reckon with.

In 1819 a treaty was concluded between the Navajos and Spaniards. Narbona's strategy had worked. Boundaries were established, though not clearly

defined, and the Spaniards wanted the Navajos to become pueblo dwellers and Catholics. These points were disagreeable to the Navajos, but Narbona had an even more serious problem at home. He knew the small war parties of a dozen or more men would discourage the ranchers from moving in too closely, and he was certain that the Navajos would never build pueblos. He rode home, worried deeply about the drought which had hit his region.

His lush fields were shriveling and drying under the burning desert sun. His huge herds of horses, sheep and cattle were dying from thirst. Water was more precious than ever.

Praying that the drought would vanish after a season or two, Narbona and the people of his region stayed at home. They journeyed far with the herds to find water, and distributed with care the water they brought with them. But the cold springs of the mountains burned dry, and the stores of dried vegetables ran low. The drought did not end.

Narbona knew he had to move in order to save his family from starvation and his herds from total destruction. It was springtime in the early 1820's.

Navajos from all over the region gathered up their household goods, tied up bundles of seeds, and rounded up their livestock. They followed Narbona as he traveled west through the mountains, then south, seeking water and a safe place to live until the drought passed.

After many weeks of slow traveling, with the livestock grazing along the way, the large band came to the Ganado Valley. There they stopped to rest. They camped and visited with families who lived there, repaired their worn moccasins, and hunted for fresh meat. At night, the fragrance of juniper smoke and the promise of a story lured the children into an eager circle around the great leader. People of the valley came to listen, and as the stars twinkled brighter and brighter above the piñon trees, Narbona enjoyed the excitement he saw reflected in all the shining eyes around him. He told them of the great seige at Cebolleta, and of the battles he had launched from Beautiful Mountain. He told them of the Spanish soldiers, buttoned and buckled up to their chins, while the Navajo warriors rode lightly and free like whirlwinds across the desert. *"They were always considerate enough to signal us that they were coming,"* he smiled, *"by wearing those shiny buttons, so bright we could see them at a great distance, like those stars."* The people laughed at his wry joke.

During their rest in the Ganado Valley, one of Narbona's sons married a Navajo girl of the region. Giving his son a share of the livestock, Narbona left the young couple with the girl's family. Then the rest of the band moved on westward. The Ganado Valley already had many families, and there was no place for such a large group as Narbona's to settle. *"We must get these sheep to good grassland, before their bones stick out like handles for us to carry them by,"* he said, half seriously. But his people saw a smile flicker on his leathery face, and knew they could have no finer leader than this man, who could remind them of their good humor even in the worst situations.

After many days of traveling, they reached the Hopi mesas, hostile country. But Narbona's band must have appeared too large to attack, as the "little rabbits," as the Navajos often called them, did not ride down to pursue them. At the western end of the third mesa, Narbona found water and land, not in use by other people at the time. He decided to stop.

His band might have paid some form of rent for using this land and water to the nearby Hopi village on the mesa top, for the two groups remained friendly and peaceful with each other. Three of Narbona's children married Hopis during their long stay there.

It was a sorely needed time of rest for the old chief. For more than five years his band camped here, with the Navajos' sacred mountain of the west, the San Francisco Peaks, shining to the southwest of them. Much of the people's time was taken with cultivating the ground, planting, harvesting, and preparing food to store for the winters. The sheep grew fat again, herded daily to good water and grass. Beautiful rugs took shape on the looms, and life was peaceful. Once again, through daily life and through the ancient ceremonies, Narbona's people felt restored to harmony with their earth.

Then, in the late 1820's, news arrived. There was snow on the Tunicha Mountains. Narbona's people rejoiced and prepared for the journey back home, eager to see again their pine-shaded mountains and rolling valleys.

By taking a shorter route, the band arrived home in less than a month,

in time to plant their fields. During their homeward trip, a young man had joined them, riding along the trail with them for many days. This young man, Manuelito, married one of Narbona's daughters and moved to Narbona's camp.

But the news that greeted them at home was not happy. Narbona had enjoyed peace for a few years, but Navajos who had remained along the eastern edge of Navajo country had not. The treaty concluded in 1819 had been followed by more battles back and forth across the boundaries of Navajo country. Another treaty in 1823 had proved to be of little value, and now the Mexicans had won the territory away from the Spaniards. Slaving and scalp-hunting expeditions were sent against the Navajos by the Mexican officials. During the years Narbona was in the western part of Navajo country, more than 250 Navajo women and children had been captured and sold into slavery.

Narbona was now into his sixties. He had enjoyed peace for the past several years. Now, as the most admired leader among the Navajos, he wanted to find peace for all of them. In 1829, he requested the Mexicans to furnish a military escort so he could visit the Mexican governor in Santa Fe, without losing his scalp along the way. He had already tried to show his good will by sending his messengers to Jemez to settle a matter of horses stolen by some Navajos.

As a peacemaker, Narbona continued making the dangerous journeys through enemy country in 1832 and 1833. The talks between Narbona and Mexican leaders had little effect, except that his own camp was not attacked. But other Navajo families were still constantly alert, for the price of Navajo slaves was rising, and traders were making a good deal of money from selling them. In 1834, many families were victims of raiders from far and wide — Abiquiu, Cubero, Cebolleta, Sandia, Jemez, and Cochiti.

Narbona divided his time between comforting broken and homeless families, and lecturing the Navajos who kept stealing livestock. Many times he convinced younger men to return the livestock they had stolen.

But in February, 1835, Narbona once again had to fight. A direct attack on Navajos was planned. Nearly a thousand New Mexicans were riding to kill and burn all they could find. Narbona's scouts learned that the troops were coming through Bééshlichí'ii Bigiizh (Copper Pass), later to be known as Washington Pass.

Narbona planned his campaign carefully. He called together 200 warriors, a large number for a Navajo war party, but a small number compared to the Mexicans' troops of a thousand.

"*We will await them,*" he told the the warriors, "*in small groups along both sides of the trail. They will be strung out in a line, like a long branch. We will cut that long branch into short pieces, just right for firewood.*" Not a leaf rustled, not a twig snapped, as the 200 Navajo warriors moved into their positions behind the large rocks and bushes lining the trail up through the mountains. They saw the dust cloud at a great distance, and quietly watched the Mexicans approach. The Mexicans rode in a double column as they began the ascent up the pass. They looked tired, and their clothes and faces were

covered with dust. The column leaders began dismounting as they reached the higher part of the trail, to allow their horses to climb easily. *"Those foolish Mexicans,"* thought Narbona watching them come toward him, *"must learn to leave us alone. This will be a good lesson."*

The two leaders in the Mexican column turned their heads in curiosity when they heard the owl's hoot. Then the Navajo arrows bit into them and they fell. Confusion and terror hit the Mexican troops, and they fell right and left in the rain of arrow fire. Suddenly, Narbona signalled his men to halt. *"We have killed most of them,"* he said. *"We must leave a few alive to clean up this trail."*

His victorious fighters were jubilant, eager to rejoice their victory. Narbona allowed them their celebration, listening with tolerance, and remembering his own young days as a warrior. But as their strong young voices grew hoarse from the singing on the third night of the Enemy Way, and before the first gray of dawn showed in the east, he arose to speak.

"You have been courageous, my younger brothers. Your strength has been that of the bear, your skill that of the mountain lion who steps softly before he springs upon his victim. You have drenched the enemy in his own blood. But now you have poured enough blood, and it is time for me to remind you that war is not the true way of the Navajo. It has been necessary many times to attack the enemies who have stolen our children and who have burned our fields and our homes. It is my hope that the battle you have just won will teach our enemies how to tread with caution along the borders of our land. Soon I will ride the many miles to Santa Fe to talk to the governor of the Mexicans. I will tell him what my grandfathers taught me, from the time I was in my cradleboard. The Holy People gave us our lifeways. They gave us the Beauty Way as the seed from which all our beliefs would grow."

The sun rays spread out on the horizon, as if by the leader's command, as he raised his arms. The soft light of early dawn shone and the ridges and valleys of his old face smoothed out.

"We must take care of that plant which has sprung from that seed. Again, we must seek our way along the path of beauty. Long ago, in the days before my grandfather's grandfather was born, we were friendly with those people who lived differently from us. We learned from each other, traded goods, and even intermarried. In time of trouble we joined to help each other. We must remember how to do this, for the Mexicans will not vanish in the dark. Even when they go, another people will come to take their place. We must live in harmony with our neighbors. That is what I will tell the governor. Take my words with you and give them to your families, and to all the friends of your families, my children."

The battle at Copper Pass was the finest victory Narbona had won, but he was not eager for admiration as a war leader. He wanted the battle to have one effect on the Mexicans. He wanted them to respect the Navajos' rights to live as peaceful human beings.

Later that spring he made his journey to talk to the governor, and assured him the Navajos desired peace. But the governor's reassuring words held little truth. In the fall, Narbona learned of another campaign planned against his region. Once again he led the warriors.

Traveling north along the Rio Chaco, Narbona's band came to a high headland of sandstone at the big bend of the river. From behind this high rock, they watched as the Mexican troops straggled toward them, laughing and joking, moving along in scattered groups of two and three. When the Mexicans were near enough to be prime targets for the Navajos' iron-tipped arrows, Narbona struck. Lightning-fast came the Navajos, catching the Mexicans completely off guard. Again, victory came quickly for Narbona and his fighters. Though many of the younger men were eager to chase the retreating soldiers, Narbona knew that pursuit could lead them into the face of deadly Mexican guns farther down the trail. He wisely held his warriors back.

For three more years the battles raged back and forth. Thousands of sheep were taken from the Navajos of Ojo del Gallo, Chuska, and Canyon de Chelly. Hundreds more Navajos were captured or killed.

The Mexican government encouraged private citizens to become scalp-hunters, paying a high bounty for any black scalp. Other Indians and even Mexicans became victims along with the Navajos. They were likely to be attacked at watering places where they took their livestock, or along trails where a scalp-hunter could lie in wait.

In late 1840, Narbona conferred with other headmen. Together they decided to sound out the Mexicans once again on peace terms. After meeting at Canyon de Chelly, they sent messengers to Jemez. Governor Manuel Armijo was willing to talk of peace with Narbona, but as the leaders talked, the governor did not tell them clearly all the terms of the treaty which they signed in midwinter of 1841.

Thinking the treaty was the way to peace, Narbona, now seventy-five years old, rode home and continued his personal campaign for peace among his people. He rode from camp to camp, urging the Navajos to stay off the raiding trails, asking them to return Mexican captives and livestock, and convincing many to remain peaceful.

Not all were willing, though. Many of the young men were serious doubters by now. Too many treaties had meant nothing to them, and they had rarely had time to enjoy peaceful living. Hundreds of their wives and children were slaves to the Mexicans. Many of their friends had met death and dishonor at the hands of scalp-hunters. Manuelito, Narbona's son-in-law, led this younger, vengeful generation of warriors.

Peace-seeking Navajos released their captives and waited in vain for their own women and children to be returned.

Finally, Narbona went again to the Mexican governor. He argued that his people had released captives many times, yet none of the Navajo slaves came home. But the words of the 1841 treaty told the reason: The "entire Navajo tribe . . . is obliged to turn over all captives." But as to the return of Navajo slaves, none was guaranteed.

Instead, the treaty said any Navajo slaves "who succeed in escaping their masters, the Government will not take action to reclaim them."

Narbona knew the raids of the warring younger Navajos would cause the Mexican government to distrust his own pledge for peace. He knew also that many Navajos truly wanted peace and were willing to abide by the treaty. He rode to Santa Fe to assure the Commandant General that the Navajos wanted to remain in peace. On this mission, Narbona was asked by the Utes to represent them, too, in their wishes for peace. The marauding Utes of the old days were afraid to go to Santa Fe!

Perhaps the days of selling Navajo children for 150 pesos each were coming to an end. Narbona and the other peace leaders hoped so.

But the battles raged on, even through another treaty in 1844. Suddenly, in August of 1846, the Territory of New Mexico changed hands again. Narbona had lived through Spanish and then Mexican rule of the country. Now, he

heard, there were new white men in charge. Cebolla Sandoval, the Navajo from Cebolleta who often carried messages for the New Mexican officials, now brought an invitation for Narbona to go to Santa Fe to sign a peace pact with the new Anglo-American government.

Though he was eighty, Narbona wanted to make the long trip again. However, he knew that only recently two other Navajo peace parties had been attacked and killed along the way to Santa Fe, by Pueblo Indians. Narbona replied that he would sign the peace papers but in the safety of his own homeland. Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearney, commanding from Fort Marcy in Santa Fe, agreed to this. He would send word soon about the meeting time and place.

During the days after this invitation, Navajo messengers brought more and more news about the goings-on at Fort Marcy. Curious about the newcomers, Narbona decided to take a secret journey to Santa Fe.

He carefully chose a few companions, and they set out on a back trail which took them into the mountains north of Santa Fe. Moving cautiously down an old hunting trail, they found a vantage point in the hills outside Fort Marcy and observed. After watching the regimental drills, the parades, and hearing the thunderous cannons, Narbona talked seriously with his friends. They decided they could not possibly win in any war against this well armed, highly organized army. Peace, they agreed, was the path to follow.

Narbona returned home and prepared to make the best showing possible for the American army messengers. The people of his encampment were busy during this time. Horses were groomed and decorated. The finest garments were brought out, and new moccasins were made. All the silver jewelry was polished to a gleaming finish.

When Captain Reid's small military party arrived, Narbona rode out to meet him, accompanied by nearly 2,000 Navajo men and women on horseback. They presented an impressive sight to the American troops. Young Navajo men guided the troops' horses to good pasture about five miles out from the camp. Soon, Captain Reid's men and the Navajos were engaged in trading, gambling, and dancing. Impressed by the hospitality of the Navajos, their great herds of sheep, and no doubt by their vast number, Captain Reid approached Narbona respectfully in the council meeting. He asked the aged leader to be present at a meeting between Navajo headmen and representatives of the United States Government in late fall at Bear Springs (near the present Fort Wingate).

Narbona was ready to agree to this treaty conference but a current of doubt ran through the younger men who followed Manuelito and other war leaders. Narbona's wife, the only woman allowed at this solemn meeting, sat listening to the leaders talk. It occurred to her that there were only a few soldiers present, and many Navajos who could easily overpower them. Why didn't they try this?

She arose and spoke her thoughts. Narbona quickly dismissed her from the meeting. He had seen the power of this new government at Fort Marcy. He knew the Navajos must agree to attend this meeting at Bear Springs.

Shortly after Captain Reid left Narbona's camp, Narbona became ill. Still the old leader knew he had to attend. On November 22, 1846, 500 Navajo horsemen rode into Bear Springs, carrying the ailing Narbona on a litter. Narbona greeted Colonel Alexander Doniphan who was representing the United States Government. Then he joined his companions among the Navajo headmen: Zarcillos Largos, Pedro Jose, Caballado Mucho, Cayetano, Jose Largo, Archuleta. Of course Cebolla Sandoval was there, too. He had guided the soldiers to the meeting place. Manuelito, also, had come with his father-in-law.

Peace terms were discussed and the Navajos concluded the conference by agreeing to a mutual exchange of prisoners and property taken since the new government had come into control three months earlier. They agreed to stop raiding and to return to a peaceful, agricultural life.

The leaders signed the treaty. Now it would go to the United States Congress in Washington, D. C., to be made official.

As the meeting disbanded, Narbona and his men turned homeward on a bright, cool November day. The crops were harvested, and food was stored for the winter. It was the season of the ancient ceremonies again, time to renew the individual's feeling of harmony with himself and nature, time to rest inside by the open fire. Soon, Narbona would begin telling his little grandchildren the winter stories of the Navajos, the age-old tales from which children would learn how to become wise and healthy adults. His grandchildren might be the first generation in a century to grow up without threat or fear of scalp-hunters and raiders. He had faith in this new treaty, the first ever signed by Anglo-Americans and Navajos.

But the treaty was never ratified by Congress. The far west with its "Indian problems" would have to wait while Washington dealt with problems closer at hand. This frontier was too distant from Washington, and Washington was occupied with problems which were leading to the Civil War.

New Mexicans still found their trade in Navajo slaves highly profitable and continued to attack Navajo camps. Manuelito and many of his generation disagreed with the decision for peace. They stayed on the war trail, driving off thousands of sheep from New Mexican ranches, and releasing Navajo slaves whenever they could.

Between 1846 and 1849, Navajo headmen met many times to talk of solutions to the problems. These older men believed in Narbona's story of Fort Marcy and Anglo-American power. The younger men had yet to see for themselves the awesome scene at Fort Marcy. Narbona and his council signed another treaty in 1848, but this one, too, was never made official in Washington.

Five military expeditions marched against the Navajos during those three years from 1846 through 1849. Many Navajos now left their homes by the open fields and took to the canyons and mountains to avoid being attacked by the soldiers.

Most of the people remained safe, but they had to watch as the soldiers drove off their sheep and burned the cornfields. Food stores grew smaller, and the danger of starvation greater.

Though Narbona wanted to press for another peace treaty, a lasting one, no Navajo messenger was willing to risk the journey through hostile country to carry such a message to Santa Fe.

In August, 1849, scouts rode into Narbona's camp. The commanding officer of the Territory of New Mexico was only a few days' ride away up the Rio

Chaco. He was on his way to a peace meeting at Canyon de Chelly, and he expected the Navajo headmen to be there, too.

Acting quickly, Narbona gathered the other men of his domain. He and Jose Largo were not strong and well enough to make the journey to the canyon. But they wanted to name proxies to represent them. They requested a meeting here with the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel John M. Washington.

As Washington and his troops advanced down the Rio Chaco, word passed quickly from one Navajo camp to the next. All those men and horses were destroying the fields along the way. The Tunicha Valley would be next. Narbona had his men round up fifty sheep, fifteen horses, and ten mules to send to the troops. He asked them to leave the cornfields unharmed. But Washington sent word back that his army horses and mules would have to feed in the Navajo fields. So the Navajo families along this route gathered what food they could in a short time and ran up into the mountains for safety.

As the troops neared Narbona's camp, the headmen sent a band of young men to greet them and to ask for a meeting. Though no treaty had yet been

made official, Narbona was ready to keep his word as given at Bear Springs. He instructed his young men to round up a thousand sheep and some cattle to drive out to the army camp, as captured goods being returned.

When this party reached the camp they met with Washington. He told them that the government expected the Navajos to keep the terms of the Bear Springs treaty. He also agreed to a meeting with Narbona.

The following day, August 31, 1849, Narbona assembled hundreds of warriors to accompany him and the other headmen. They rode to the guard lines of the army camp. One onlooker at the camp described Narbona this way: "Another man who was quite old and of very large frame, had a grave and contemplative countenance, not unlike General (George) Washington."

James Calhoun, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico Territory, spoke to the Navajos through an interpreter. As they listened, Narbona and his fellow headmen agreed to point after point. They promised their loyalty to the new government, agreed to live peacefully within boundaries set by the government, and agreed that military posts could be established in their country. They also accepted the protection offered by the government in the event that other groups molested them. Narbona, Jose Largo, and Archuleta signed papers naming Armijo and Pedro Jose as their representatives at the forthcoming Canyon de Chelly meeting.

The council was over, and the Navajos walked back to their horses, ready to go home.

Narbona was pleased. He had his opportunity to talk with the white men, and he had shown his willingness to cooperate. They, in turn, had seemed ready to believe in Narbona's word. Surely this would result in a real peace treaty.

After dozens of peace talks, and thousands of miles on horseback to attend them, Narbona felt that at last peace was within reach. As he walked toward his horse, the eighty-three-year-old leader lifted his eyes to the dark, forested mountains of his home.

Soon there would be great patches of gold and red on the high ridges, when the aspen and oak turned in the fall. It would not be an easy winter. Too much of their crop had been ruined by the troops. But they would survive, and in the spring they could plant, at last in peace.

He had just reached his horse when he heard a commotion. One of the soldiers had spotted a horse he thought was his among the Navajos' mounts. He claimed it had been stolen from him only a short time ago. The Navajo rider said that he'd gotten it from a Spanish-American. Colonel Washington quickly sided with his soldier and ordered the Navajo to return the horse. Frightened when the soldiers started toward them, the Navajos raced their horses away toward an arroyo.

Washington ordered his men to fire their rifles into the departing Navajos. More than 100 army riflemen fired after the horsemen. When the Navajos stopped at some distance to gather up their dead and wounded, Washington ordered cannon fire into their midst.

Narbona was among the last to leave the camp, and was in the direct line of fire. He was mortally wounded. Seven other Navajos were killed on the spot. Narbona died only minutes later.

His family prepared him for burial, carefully arranging his favorite possessions around him. Toward sunset, two of his sons carried Narbona's body, wrapped in a buffalo pelt with his jewelry, his buckskin war helmet, and bows and arrows, to drop it into a deep crevice. They stayed for four days and nights on a nearby hill, mourning for Narbona.

The man was gone, but his mark was forever engraved on the history of his people. The treaty to which he had given his consent was signed at Canyon de Chelly in September. The following year it was ratified by the United States Congress.

During his long life, Narbona had gained and used many skills to protect his family from enemies of many descriptions. He had gained legendary fame by showing great courage and skill against the enemy. He had saved the people of his region from starvation by leading the long journey through Hopi country to water and new fields. He had sought peace honestly among leaders of three different nations which had ruled New Mexican territory, and he had kept

his promises on many treaties by persuading many of his countrymen that peace was the best path to follow. Navajos far and wide paid him great respect for his knowledge of when to fight and when to press for peace. As an elderly man he had risked the difficult journey through enemy country to see for himself the new white neighbors. He had reported back faithfully of their power. On the day he died, he put his mark on the paper which resulted in the first treaty to be ratified between the Navajos and the United States.

Narbona lived the honorable life of a great man, during the most difficult century the Navajos have ever known.

28

ANTONIO CEBOLLA SANDOVAL

Tótsohnii Clan--People of the Big Water

In 1807, three years after the Navajos' seige at Cebolleta, the Navajo Antonio Sandoval was born into a small band living about twenty-five miles north of Mount Taylor.

Before he was big enough to ride a horse, Sandoval listened to the stories his father and grandfather told. Until 1800, the country around Mount Taylor had belonged to the Navajos. They had raised crops there, and grazed their sheep in the foothills. Now there was a bustling Spanish settlement on its slope – Cebolleta – a frontier town full of Spanish soldiers. It was an eyesore to the Navajo people who still farmed only a little distance away on the slopes and plains surrounding the mountains. This land had been their country for centuries.

In 1744, the Spaniards had sent their priests, men in brown robes bearing Christian crosses, among the Navajos. Most Navajos lived from Mount Taylor to the north for several hundred miles in those days, Sandoval's elders recalled.

The Navajos had welcomed the Spaniards, offering them tortillas, tanned buckskins, and other gifts. They had their children baptized in the Spaniards' church, hoping to convince the newcomers to let them live in peace. The Pueblo Indians, too, had welcomed the newcomers at this time. But as the Navajos watched what became of the Acoma, the Laguna, the Taos, Zuni, and many other of their Pueblo friends, they knew that the life of a mission Indian was not the life they wanted.

"We are grown up and cannot become Christians, or stay in one place, because we have been raised like deer," the Navajos had finally told the priests and soldiers.

After the priests and soldiers came the settlers, bringing official papers, land grants, saying they owned pieces of Indian land.

Time and again in the late 1700's, Navajo warriors attacked the settlers who had moved into the river valleys with their sheep and cattle. Often, they fought off the terrible Utes, whom the Spaniards had sent against the Navajos. They saw their fields burned, their men killed, and their children stolen. They watched the Pueblo Indians become their enemies, fighting alongside the Spaniards.

Too drowsy to keep his eyes open, Sandoval listened as he drifted to sleep . . . "and always we tried to settle matters peacefully first, by talking," his father was saying. "When that did no good, we fought, as we did when they took our land to build Cebolleta."

Sandoval's family built its brush shelters on the plains, where warm fragrant breezes riffled the tall grass in the summer. Silvery mountain peaks towered, like guards, in nearly all directions. Still too young to have a horse, the boy often watched longingly as his father and other men gathered to ride south on raids.

While his father was away, Sandoval learned to help his mother and aunts. Sometimes he went with them in the cool mountains to dig wild potatoes, and gather hackberries.

One morning, he earned a new name—Tl'ohchin, Onion. He was pulling up wild onions and tried his first taste of the raw vegetable. As he bit into it, tears came to his eyes and he quickly spat out the onion. "*Tl'ohchin*," his mother teased. Later the Mexicans would call him the same name in Spanish, Cebolla. He learned to walk along the dusty trails with the sheep, taking them to water. When he had a few moments to himself, he liked to sit in the fragrant shade of the brush shelter and watch the bigger boys braid reins for their horses.

The months passed quickly, filled with all the things a young boy had to learn. There were golden autumn afternoons of picking sticky piñon cones, cracking open the tiny brown shells to get the nuts. One afternoon, as the crisp fall breeze fluttered red oak leaves to the dust, Antonio Sandoval scrambled up a high ridge with several other boys. Looking out from a small ledge, he could see the San Mateo Mountains stringing northeast below him. A sun-drenched mesa jutted up from the valley floor, the huge defensive wall built by Navajos long ago rising from its top. Hogans were scattered along the mesa top, safe from enemy attack behind the wall. The mesa was empty and quiet now.

He felt like a bird with wings, being so high above the valley. As Sandoval looked around nearby, he saw that he was standing in front of several large boulders. No one, looking up from below, could see him if he hid behind the rocks. He thought, "*This must be one of the places my mother has spoken of.*" Such places as this and the fortified mesa were used, not very long ago, by Navajos in danger of Ute attacks. Kicking at the dust, he discovered some dried corn cobs along the back of the shelter. He sat down, leaned against the mountain, and imagined. The clouds overhead changed shape as he watched, turning from fleecy sheep into horses, then into a band of Utes with arms raised and braids flying. Soon they became Spanish soldiers with round helmets and straight shoulders, marching right down toward him. Sandoval jumped when a wet snowflake hit his arm, and he heard his friends calling him. Winter was coming. The fire at home would feel good tonight.

The Spaniards had promised, in a treaty in 1805, not to interfere with Navajos who were farmers and stock-raisers. Navajos agreed not to molest Spanish settlers. But the settlers, now grazing their flocks deeper into Navajo country, were interfering. So Navajo warriors took the only action that seemed to have any effect—raiding. They were expert at this, and used a strategy that seemed to constantly puzzle the Spanish soldiers. Approaching a settlement, the Navajos would send out a few riders to attract the soldiers away from their posts. While the soldiers raced after this decoy, a horde of raiders quickly surounded the settlement and attacked. A Spanish soldier wrote in 1812:

> How often the troops are worn out, vainly pursuing the wild Indians; and when the troops have withdrawn from the settlement in pursuit, . . . the Indians suddenly attack, thus making sport of their pursuers!

From a raid that fall, Sandoval's father brought home a Spanish girl. She was quiet and frightened-looking, thought Sandoval. But as the weeks passed, his mother taught her how to watch the sheep, where to get water for cooking, and how to clean the wool for spinning. The girl said little around the family, but as the warm days of spring came, Sandoval was sometimes sent with the girl to get firewood from the mountain slopes. On these trips, the girl began to talk. Curiously, Sandoval listened to the strange language she used, and tried a few phrases. He felt embarrassed when she laughed outright at him, but determined he would learn quickly so she would not laugh any more. As he practiced his new language, the girl seemed kinder, like an older sister. Now when she laughed, he could laugh too. He learned Spanish quickly.

Soon he was big enough for his first pony. He quickly learned to pull buckskin strips into neat braided reins for his horse. The world seemed to grow before his eyes as he began to ride out with his bow and arrow, hunting rabbits and porcupines for his mother's cooking pot. He was now allowed to go with the older boys when they practiced shooting their arrows high over trees and big rocks. But in the eyes of his family, he was only seven, still a little boy. He still had to stay home when the men rode out to raid.

Sometimes they had prayers and singing at his home. All the warriors gathered to cleanse themselves and prepare for the war trail. They took only a lit-

tle dried meat or a few seeds along to eat. More important than food, Sandoval observed, were the medicine pouches, containing several kinds of special pollen, feathers, arrow heads and stone figures. That and a bracelet of bear, mountain lion, and eagle claws, were as important as bow, arrows, and spear to a warrior.

Sandoval was too young to understand why they were filling their quivers with so many arrows, but as he grew older he listened carefully when the men returned. Sometimes they brought sheep and horses back with them. And sometimes they brought back the bodies of warriors who had been killed.

"More white men are moving into our country. They are bringing their sheep to fatten on our grass, and building houses along the rivers where we used to hunt and graze our sheep," his father explained.

An alert and lively boy, Sandoval was eager for the day when he could join his father's raiding parties. *"Be patient. The time will come soon enough,"* his father told him. *"It is more important now to learn about taking care of your sheep and the fields. Learn all you can now, so that you will be able to take care of yourself and your people."*

This, the boy did. He helped his mother plant her small fields, and he practiced with his bow and arrow, riding his horse like the wind across the foothills. But he listened most eagerly to his father's tales of bravery, and watched attentively as the warrior traced pictures in the dust to show how an attack was made.

He was only nine when a fierce new enemy drove the women and children of his family to the old hiding place up in the rocks. In 1816, the Comanches began attacking the Navajos and other southwestern Indians. Comanche war parties swept down to burn fields, and capture or kill anyone who had not escaped into hiding.

All their work in the fields had gone to waste, observed Sandoval's mother, watching smoke rise from the valley below.

Many Navajo families moved west, hoping to find safety in the Chuska-Tunicha Mountains. Then Sandoval's family sought shelter on the fortified mesa, which the boy had seen from his mountain perch.

Navajo leaders suspected the Spaniards had started this Comanche warfare. In 1818, they launched a war using their old stronghold on Big Bead Mesa as a retreat. They rode against Cebolleta, attacked settlers near Cochiti Pueblo, and crossed the Rio Grande to kill settlers at Sandia.

Finally, in August, 1819, news came to the mesa-top shelter where the women and children of Sandoval's band had been hiding for many months. The Navajos and Spaniards had signed another treaty.

Nearing twelve now, Sandoval was glad to be moving back down to his home country. His strongest wish at the moment was to go hunting with the men in the golden months ahead. His family settled on the slopes of Mount Taylor, not far from Cebolleta.

35

Happily, Sandoval prepared his arrows for the hunt, for deer and antelope were abundant in the area. Proudly he showed his father how well he could ride and send his arrows flying accurately. Eagerly, he helped carry logs for the V-corral into which they would drive the game. At last the time arrived when the autumn chill frosted the early morning air. He loved the chase as they drove the graceful animals across the slopes and down into the corral. There, he watched the experienced hunters sort the animals, kill several and release the rest back to freedom.

His horse became his favorite companion, and Sandoval discovered that the Spanish town of Cebolleta was only a short ride away through the foothills. Now, when he went out chasing rabbits, he first detoured in the direction of the town. He followed the high trails that led him to a good viewing place. He could look into the village without being seen.

Fascinated, he looked down into the rutted street. Several men, their striped blankets pulled tightly about them, led donkeys laden with wood along the trail into town. A few mud buildings lined the central square, the squat adobe mission dominating one end of the gathering place. The cross atop the mission cast a shadow through the morning mist, across the strangest assortment of people Sandoval had ever seen in one place. He saw Spanish soldiers, their jackets worn but bright with gold buttons, their helmets flashing in the sunlight. There was a trader, clattering to a stop at one edge of the square, his wagon loaded with colored cloth, bells, packets of tobacco, hoes, and rifles. Several Spanish ranchers bargained with the trader for rifles.

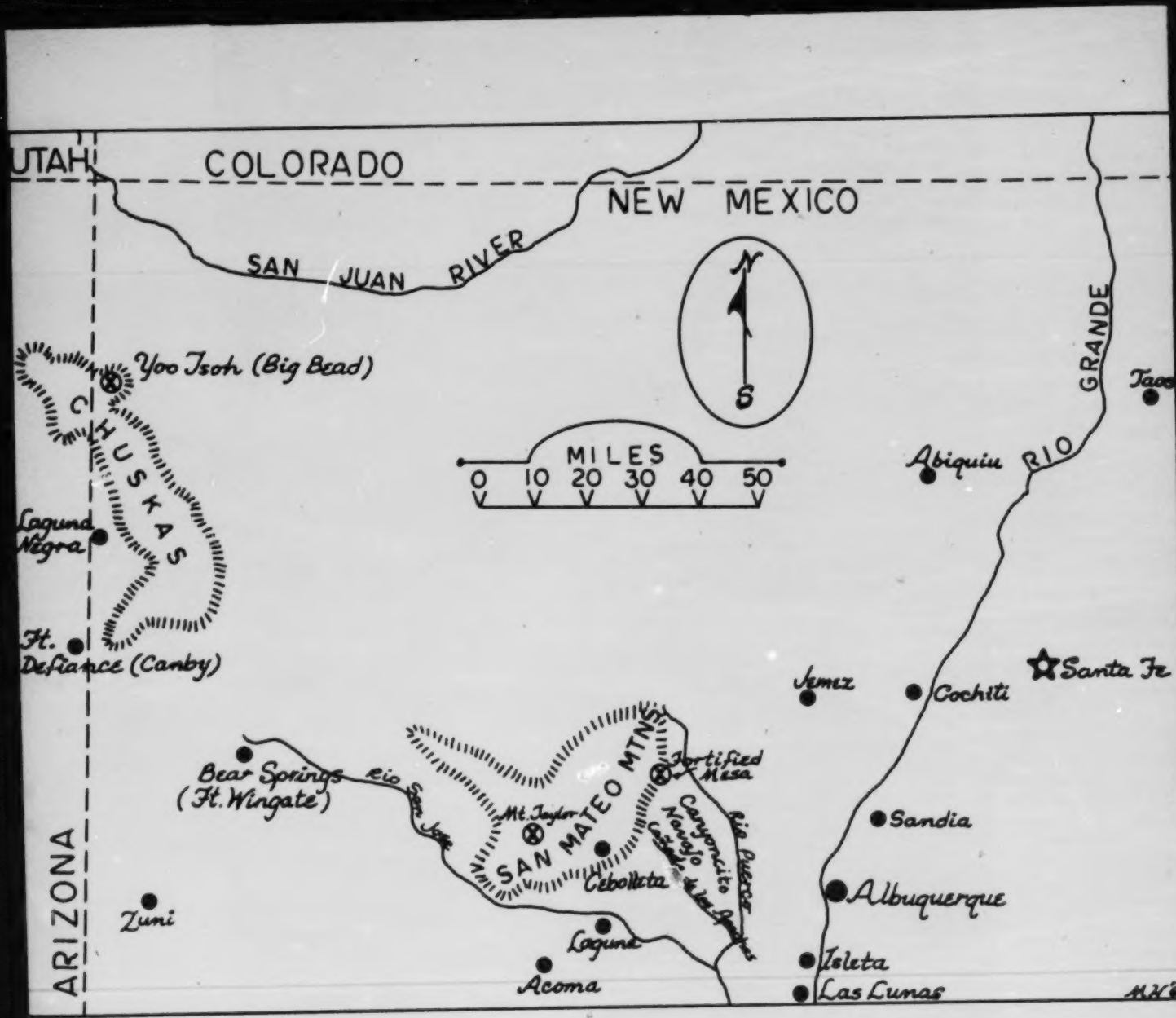
Suddenly, Sandoval shivered and crouched lower. From the shadow of a building stepped a small party of Comanche Indians, leading horses laden with buffalo hides, jerking along two young children tied with a rope. *"Navajo slaves!"* Sandoval whispered. His first urge was to sneak away as quickly as he could, but curiosity held him motionless to the bargaining over the Navajo slaves.

After an eternity of observing, Sandoval realized that the shadows were almost gone . . . the sun was nearly straight overhead. And he had no rabbits yet! He watched for a moment more.

The Comanches were accepting a bolt of cloth, and turning back to their horses. The two children were separated and tied to posts at the side of the square. Sandoval listened carefully. His Spanish was good, and he could understand a little of what the ranchers were saying. He understood them say they were going to leave their new slaves tied, while they finished their business with the trader.

Living in slavery to a Spaniard would not be a happy life, Sandoval was certain. His father had told him that children as young as four and five had been captured. Spaniards did not always treat their slaves kindly, like members of the family as Sandoval's "big sister" was considered.

Sandoval rode toward his camp that evening with three rabbits, glad he was not a slave. He remembered his father's words: "Learn all you can . . . take care of yourself and your people."


UTAH
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
SAN JUAN RIVER
RIO GRANDE
N
S
MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
Yoo Tsoh (Big Bead)
CHUSKAS
Laguna Negra
Ft. Defiance (Canby)
ARIZONA
Abiquiu
Taos
Jemez
Cochiti
Santa Fe
Bear Springs (Ft. Wingate)
rio San Jose
SAN MATEO MTNS
Mt. Taylor
Fortified Mesa
Canyoncito
Navajo
Cebolleta
rio Puerco
Sandia
Albuquerque
Zuni
Laguna
Acoma
Isleta
Las Lunas

38

A new phase of his education began for Sandoval, now a strong young man and an excellent rider at age fourteen. It was 1821, and the world seemed to turn upsidedown overnight, as the Mexicans revolted and overthrew the Spanish government. Suddenly, pressure on the Navajos was greater then ever. Mexican citizens were promised a bounty for every Navajo scalp they brought in, and Navajos were considered the best of all Indians for the slave market.

Now Sandoval was initiated into the ways of the warpath, along with many other young men and even girls. The Mexicans would not leave them in peace, in spite of another treaty in the fall of 1822. Boundaries of Navajo country were drawn up in this treaty, leaving Sandoval's people like a small island separated from the main portion of their tribe. They were surrounded by unfriendly pueblos, Mexican soldiers and scalp-hunting traders and ranchers. Most of the Navajo nation was, by this time, settled along the Chuska-Tunicha Mountain range and beyond to the west, with the San Juan River to the north, and the Little Colorado on the south. But boundaries meant little to Mexican ranchers. They drove their stock across the borders to graze. They formed small militia groups, ranchers attacking in bands like soldiers, seeking slaves for trade or personal use.

The first ten years of Mexican rule were violent years for Navajo people everywhere. They were particularly terrible for the small band of several hundred Navajos who had managed by negotiation to hold on to most of their land around Mount Taylor. Often the victims of raids and campaigns, they were forced to defend and retaliate. The ink was barely dry on a proposed treaty in 1823 when a massive Mexican campaign marched against the Navajos. A most repulsive stipulation of this treaty was that the Navajos convert to Catholicism, and worse, that they "reduce themselves" to being pueblo dwellers. Navajos lost little time in disregarding this piece of paper.

Sandoval loved the danger and excitement of a raid, when he and his horse like one spirit swept down into a settlement and sent the people scattering in fear.

But an enemy campaign against his home was another matter. A young adult now, in the 1820's, he wondered how he was supposed to clear and plant fields, build up his herd, and fight off the encroaching Mexicans at the same time. He prayed for the day when the raiding bands of Navajos from the west would halt their warfare and allow him to live in peace, without the worry of Mexican retaliation. But there was something more to fight against. During Sandoval's younger years, less than a dozen Navajo children's baptisms were recorded in the church records, indicating that few Navajo slaves were taken between 1807 and 1821.

Now, between his fourteenth and twenty-first years, more than 250 Navajos were taken from their homes to the slave markets. Many of these were children only three, four, and five years old.

Caught in the midst of cultures, enemies, and his own plans, Sandoval had to maintain a delicate balance. He sometimes felt like he was balancing on a narrow ledge, with the danger of loose boulders from above and the emptiness of

space below him. But he managed to build up his herd of sheep, and a fine string of horses. He felt proud of his small field of tobacco and his corn crop. He began to master the turmoil around him, by calling up all the skills at his command. He had an easy use of the Spanish language when Mexican soldiers came seeking stolen livestock, an ability to banter with them, taking on the trader's mannerisms he had observed so often from his perch above Cebolleta. He had his father's wise advice: *"Learn all you can . . . take care of yourself and your*

people." He had a strong love of the free life, the wild chase after deer and antelope, the joy of winning a Navajo horserace. He had knowledge of where to find food when the fields were burned, or when he had to help get women and children up into the safety of the fortified mesa, as the warning of a raid echoed along the trails. He chose a wife to match his love of adventure, a girl who often rode with him on the warpath, acting as a decoy to draw the soldiers out in pursuit.

Sandoval's life was far from peaceful, but it was plentiful. He was seventeen when an American visitor to New Mexico in 1824 wrote this about the Navajos:

> Their power and bravery are proverbial among the Spaniards. . . . They have fine flocks of sheep, abundance of mules and herds of cattle of a superior kind. They cultivate corn, tobacco, and cotton which they manufacture into cloth. They have gardens and peach orchards . . . articles of their woolen manufacture equal the quality of ours . . .

This writer went on to describe the men's handsome clothing of tanned deerskin, the finely woven baskets, and the fine silver work which decorated Navajo bridles.

Only a few years later, a Spaniard compared the Navajos with some other tribes:

> Money is all powerful with the Yutas (Utes). It is the only thing that has induced them to make peace with us . . . The Apache tribe is the most obnoxious and cruel of all . . . They always go naked, they kill and rob most treacherously.

Of the Navajos, he wrote: "This tribe is so highly civilized that it should be united with the Spanish government . . ."

Sandoval admired an old headman, Narbona, a magnificent warrior, but a leader who sought peace whenever possible. Sandoval determined to do no less for his own people. He acted as interpreter several times during 1829 and 1830 when Narbona and other headmen visited Governor Jose Antonio Vizcarra in Santa Fe.

Sandoval was barely twenty-three in 1830, when some Mexican soldiers rode into his camp, sent by the governor to search for stolen horses. If Sandoval had the horses, the Mexicans never found them. But he gained favor soon by returning stolen Mexican livestock which he recovered from other Navajos. His powers of persuasion grew as he worked with Narbona.

In 1833, with the old chief, he rode among the western Navajos, recovering more livestock to return to the Mexicans. He listened to Narbona's plea for peace among these Navajos. Sandoval began to add his own speech, telling what he knew of the Mexican army and the scalp-hungry ranchers.

Sandoval believed in Narbona's way of talking with the enemy first, negotiating for peace. He also believed in turning to the war trail when talking did not result in the desired peace.

For his visits to the governor's palace in Santa Fe, the young leader adopted a striking set of clothes. He had acquired a bright Mexican army jacket, gold buttons and braid decorating the front. He wore his hand-stitched moccasins, Navajo bowguard, and quiver of mountain lion skin. But he added a leather pouch like those the Mexican land-owners carried, and white cotton trousers. Topped by a fine fur hat, Sandoval was ready to talk with the governor. When he stripped down to Navajo battle gear for the war trail, he stood far less chance of being recognized as Cebolla, as the Mexicans called him.

Sandoval found himself on the warpath often, for even while they were talking peace, the Mexicans were ordering their troops on campaigns against the Navajos.

During the early spring of 1834, Navajo raiders retaliated, stealing a huge herd of cattle from a Mexican ranch. The warriors rode down the foothills near a small village, San Fernandez, driving the cattle toward the mouth of a canyon. This was the kind of encounter Sandoval loved. Leaving a few warriors to guard the cattle, the Navajo band began to race headlong into the village streets. Suddenly rifles fired on them and they hastily retreated. A party of Americans visiting the village had fended the raiders off, while the Mexican residents scrambled for hiding.

As the Navajos rode back to drive their stolen cattle into the safety of the canyon, a sudden burst of noisy whooping came from the brow of a hill. Galloping down full speed, a band of Taos warriors cut the Navajos off from the canyon. In a flash, the Navajos gathered some four hundred yards from their enemies, then rode against them, gaining speed as they fanned out. Charge after charge they attempted with this fanning strategy, shooting their arrows only when they were within thirty or forty yards of the Taos band. Regrouping around their leader, the Navajos began another charge. Approaching the Taos line in fan formation, they suddenly converged, and like the point of an arrow, broke through the line. By the time the surprised Taos warriors recovered, the Navajos had disappeared with more than half the cattle, safely into the canyon.

Navajo raids were greatly feared by the New Mexican ranchers, and they complained angrily to their officials. During the following summer, the Mexican governor encouraged numerous slaving expeditions into Navajo territory. Sandoval had little time to enjoy his son's first years. Born in 1834, Alvino was two years old before his active father stayed home for any length of time. In that year, 1836, Sandoval accompanied Narbona and several other headmen to Zuni for another talk with the governor. The Navajo leaders promised their cooperation in punishing members of their tribe who had been raiding constantly for the past several years.

To Sandoval and the others, the reward they gained from their promise was well worth the effort it would take to keep it. The governor instructed his soldiers not to harm the rancherias of these men during the large campaign

they were planning soon against the Navajo nation. The next three years were devastating for most Navajos. Hundreds were killed or captured. Thousands were left near starvation with their winter supplies stolen and their fields burned. At least 10,000 sheep were reported as taken from the tribe.

News of the flourishing ranches of Sandoval, Narbona, and other peace-seeking Navajos who had been spared, quickly circulated. In 1838, Navajo war leaders and peace leaders convened. In July, 1839, they requested a peace treaty of Governor Manuel Armijo.

Sandoval was a successful rancher, thirty-two years old, by this time. The role he had played in dealing with both Navajos and Mexicans earned him a new duty. He was made a "captain" by the Mexican governor. His new job was "to govern and maintain the warriors of the Navajo nation in good order."

A gleaming sword was his new symbol of success, given to him by the governor in honor of his new position. What Sandoval wanted most, however, was secure title to the land his people had lived on for centuries. Decked in his colorful Mexican trappings, the energetic leader rode regularly to Mexican settlements, trading for new farm implements, more horses, and other goods a prosperous land-owner needed. He worked at building up his stature among the Mexicans, hobnobbing with leaders in Cebolleta, Santa Fe, Socorro, and Albuquerque.

Then he requested a land grant, the papers like those the Mexican ranchers held, to show legal ownership of property. The governor advised him to ride to Mexico, a long and arduous journey through country held by other warring tribes, to appear in person before the authorities who could give him his land grant. Lesser men would have given up, but the persistent Sandoval followed these instructions.

When he finally had his land grant in hand, he showed it proudly to his wife and members of his small band. The people close to him were pleased, but Sandoval had quite a different reception from the rest of the Navajos and from the Mexicans.

While he had pursued land ownership for his people, the rest of the Navajo leaders had been pleading with the Mexican governor to release their wives, sisters, and children from slavery. They had met only defeat in this, and many had returned bitterly to the raiding trails. The governor refused even to talk about releasing slaves. He insisted that "the conduct of the Navajos since the treaty has not been good." Navajo warriors pillaged every settlement they could get to from Socorro to Abiquiu along the Mexican frontier.

It was 1840. Sandoval felt the cool distrust of the Mexican government. He was accused of not bringing his tribe to peace. In September that year, Don Juan Ramirez of Cebolleta enlisted sixty citizens to attack Sandoval's rancheria. Sandoval and his immediate family escaped unharmed, but when he returned to his home he found twenty-six prize horses were taken, along with a Mexican slave, and several young Navajos. Sandoval was angrier than he had ever been

at his Navajo brothers to the west. Because of their violent attacks, the Mexicans accused him of failure. They had even attacked his home.

He knew he would have to give much more attention to those western Navajos who had caused him such misery. After a bitter winter of trying to get his livestock back and the captives released, the discouraged leader rode to the Navajo Naachid, the important council where all the headmen gathered to

decide what action to take at the next treaty meeting. Sandoval spoke honestly of the losses he had suffered, persuading the leaders to work for peace. Word of this reached Governor Manuel Armijo. During the course of the treaty talks in 1841, the governor ordered his frontier commander at Jemez to tell Sandoval he was pleased with the good work he was doing toward establishing peace.

Sandoval played a desperate game during the next four years, for Navajo war leaders persisted in their attacks on Mexican stockmen. He rode many times back into the country west of the Chuskas, sometimes persuading a headman like Jose Largo to come to Santa Fe with him, to assure the governor the Navajos truly wanted peace. At other times, unwelcome among the war leaders, Sandoval left after a violent harangue, a threat that he would personally bring the Mexicans after them if they did not halt their raiding.

These were the threats of a worried man. What was to stop the New Mexican settlers from organizing another attack on his Mount Taylor band?

What was to stop the governor from taking away his precious land grant? He had to win the cooperation of the Navajo war leaders, if not by peaceful persuasion, then by their own tactics.

In April, 1846, Sandoval talked with his friends and family at his Mount Taylor home. The thirty-nine-year-old leader had to make a firm decision; he could no longer carry words back and forth between the Navajos and the Mexicans. No good was coming of it. On his last visit to Santa Fe, the governor had made it clear that Sandoval might be held responsible again if peace were

not soon established. Carefully, Sandoval considered the Navajos' point of view. Mexicans were pushing constantly, trying to win more and more land, and succeeding in capturing hundreds of little children for slavery. But he, Sandoval, had faced the same threats for years, and his own family was intact, living on the land his grandfathers had farmed. He had fought as fiercely as any Navajo, but, he had also mastered the Mexicans' game of words. Because of this, he thought angrily, his Navajo "brothers" called him an enemy. They, too, were his enemies, he decided.

Later the same month, he asked the governor for permission to enlist sixty men from Cebolleta to campaign against the Navajos. He would lead the militia group himself, directly to Navajo strongholds. The only payment he

could offer was whatever his men could steal or capture. During his highly successful raid, Sandoval reminded himself often that his Navajo victims were enemies, not brothers.

Dressed like a Mexican, with bright jacket and gleaming sword, he led his Mexican troops, gave orders in Spanish, and seemed more Mexican than Navajo. Only his superior horsemanship gave him away. He attacked as he always had, like the spirit of an angry wind.

Accepting payment for the slaves he had taken, Sandoval sternly cautioned the Mexican rancher who bought them against mistreatment. Nothing would stop him, he threatened, from attacking the Mexican's ranch as swiftly as he had attacked the Navajos.

In the warmth of the July sun, Sandoval was enjoying the new horse he had acquired, betting on himself to win the next race his band had gathered for. In a brief moment of peace, he listened to the clinking of turquoise and silver being tossed down onto the blanket. Many were betting on him. He would not disappoint them. He swept victoriously out and back to the line, then stilled his excited horse, and watched the Mexican messenger approach. The governor wanted him to come to Santa Fe immediately.

Sandoval the diplomat nodded agreeably. He would go to Santa Fe, soon. But Sandoval the proud father beckoned the Mexican to move nearer to the race course. His son, Alvino, a strapping lad of twelve, was lining up with other youngsters for the next race. Alvino's pony tossed his head impatiently. With pleased assurance, Sandoval tossed his silver belt on top of the betting blanket. He picked it up along with his other winnings a few moments later.

Alvino rode with Sandoval to the governor's palace, where Manuel Armijo greeted them kindly. In a long and flowery speech, the governor thanked Sandoval for his fine work and his faithfulness to the Mexicans. He promised to pay him soon for his labors. Then he delivered his real message: American invasion was expected soon. Sandoval should lead no further campaigns against the Navajos.

The Americans arrived, led by General Stephen Watts Kearney. On August 18, 1846, he rode with his troops into Santa Fe, and not a shot was fired. After the flurry of celebration, in which many Mexicans were included as friends and neighbors, General Kearney settled down to the pressing matter of governing this large and unpeaceful southwestern territory. Mexicans poured in with complaints of Navajo, Apache, and Ute raids, and thousands of dollars worth of losses in livestock, a picture that signalled action to the general. He called for Sandoval. Through a Mexican interpreter, he assigned Sandoval the job of surveying the headmen of his tribe—all of them. He sent Sandoval west to find out if the principal men of his tribe were "inclined to make peace."

Whether Sandoval dared, in fact, to venture into the areas where he had so recently raided is unknown. But the report went back to General Kearney that

Sandoval "had seen all the head men of his nation" and that they were ready for peace.

Scouting parties were quickly formed. American soldiers set out from Santa Fe to see for themselves the "infamous" Navajo nation. After visiting Sandoval's home at Mount Taylor, a soldier wrote:

> Sandoval . . . is rich. He has 5,000 sheep, and 100 horses. His situation is one of the most beautiful, on an elevated plain, 3,000 feet above the level of the country, and the mountain rising to snowy peaks behind it. Springs of pure water gush from the rocks, and find their way in rivulets across the plain to the precipice, down which the waters leap, scattering their spray to the winds. A view of the green grass and fine trees, with his beautiful fields of corn and wheat, make one almost forget that it is the abode of an untutored Indian.

Untutored indeed! Sandoval, now nearly forty, knew better than most the problems of both sides—embattled Navajos and encroaching Mexicans. He had dealt with both sides for years.

The Americans had much to learn about Sandoval, and they spent many words arguing over his behavior. Some thought of him as an untrustworthy outcast from his own tribe. Several decided that, as an outcast, Sandoval was a valuable friend to the Americans. One official saw him as a dependable leader, useful to the Americans, and invaluable to his own people. Sandoval was the one link they had with the legendary warriors and peace leaders of the Navajo nation.

As Sandoval guided the first party into Navajoland, Lieutenant James H. Simpson suspected that Sandoval was only pretending friendship. Writing in his journal, Simpson accused his guide of misdirecting the troops, though Sandoval's party arrived at its destination safely.

In November, 1846, Sandoval guided the troops to Bear Springs. There, with Narbona and a dozen other Navajo leaders, he marked the first treaty between the United States and the Navajos. Hoping to impress both sides with his good intentions, Sandoval rode back and forth on his horse before the large gathering, delivering a heartfelt oration to his countrymen in which he explained the United States' purpose and intention.

A number of American parties were ordered out to scout Navajo country between 1846 and 1849. As often as he could manage, Sandoval sent his own messengers to warn the Navajos of the approaching soldiers. Captain Croghan Kerr began to suspect this was happening, and in 1849 accused Sandoval of treachery.

A colorful figure in his unusual "official" clothing, Sandoval appeared unlike other Navajos, as the Americans saw him. His manner was not nearly as restrained as that of other headmen, and the Americans learned quickly that he was disliked by many Navajos.

Mainly intent on keeping the land he had worked for, Sandoval decided

to help the Americans subdue his willful tribesmen. Their raiding had continued, spurred on by constant raiding for Navajos by New Mexicans.

Sandoval led the soldiers to Narbona's camp in August, 1849. He knew the aged leader would again impress the Americans with his desire for peace. He was sickened, but dared not show it, when they killed the revered headman in an unexpected fray over a horse. After this disaster, he guided the troops through the mountains and down onto the plain that led to Canyon de Chelly. There, Sandoval signed the third American treaty, along with Mariano Martinez and Chapitone, leading headmen. Each of the treaties carried a different list of Navajo signatures. It was the beginning of a confusing era for both Americans and Navajos. The Americans had yet to understand that no single leader or group of leaders could speak for the entire tribe. They learned soon, that while some Navajos spoke sincerely for peace, others were persuaded to follow war leaders like Manuelito, who continued raiding and retaliating.

Sandoval had few friends left in the main tribe, but he continued to send warnings of American expeditions to a few he considered allies. Zarcillos Largos, the peace chief, was one man whose trust he hoped to win.

In January, 1850, Sandoval sent such a warning, and then prepared to introduce himself to the new American governor, John Calhoun, in Santa Fe. He was determined to gain the trust of this man, too. As a guide, he would have easy access to information, in time to warn his friends. Likewise, Sandoval could also influence expeditions to march against the troublesome members of the tribe.

In June, he volunteered to guide a party of soldiers to pursue Navajos who had run off 15,000 sheep from ranches along the Rio Puerco. He sent his Navajo observers to locate the warring band. When they returned, Sandoval informed the army that the raiders were camped within three days' march of Cebolleta. He advised an American lieutenant to strike in early August when the troops would find "plenty of water, their corn and melons ripe, and the whole party at home with their flocks and families."

By taking a leading role in the still-active slave trade, Sandoval made certain that the Americans saw him as their friend—and the Navajos' enemy. In this he was highly successful, as one American missionary wrote in March, 1851:

> "A famous half-tamed Navajo Chief named Sandoval, who resides in this vicinity, came into town today to sell some captives of his own nation . . ."

Governor Calhoun himself observed his loyalty, recording that "Sandoval, our Navajo friend near Cebolleta, returned . . . from a visit to his Navajo brethren with eighteen captives, a quantity of stock and several scalps, having lost one man in the expedition."

Sandoval's Navajo victims complained bitterly that he "stole everything we had, our horses, wives, children, and even the sheepskins we slept on. . . ."

Soon after this, Sandoval visited Governor Calhoun to request arms for his

band, so they could joint the next military expedition against the Navajos. Colonel D. T. Chandler sided with Sandoval, though one of his lieutenants warned:

> Sandoval may be . . . at war with one portion of his tribe but at peace and in communication with the other . . . by giving information of our movements to the last, it will be communicated to the whole.

Chandler pointed out that the hostile Navajos were "desirous of taking Sandoval's scalp." He also observed that Sandoval's livestock had been carried off by Navajo raiders, and that he was "undoubtedly at war with the Indians. . . ."

In spring the following year, 1852, Sandoval and his people faced a severe water shortage. A group of Laguna Indians had moved upstream of the Mount Taylor Navajos, cutting off the water which normally flowed to Navajo fields. Sandoval took forty-seven of his group to Santa Fe. Acting Governor John Greiner interviewed them. After hearing their complaint he sent them to Indian Agent S. M. Baird. Sandoval and his band decided they would prefer to settle west of the San Mateo Mountains, rather than squabble with their Laguna neighbors. Baird reported to the acting governor:

> I gave him (Sandoval) license to do so . . . This at once settled the question between him and the Lagunas.

Meanwhile, Navajos living near Cubero asked the American army officers to let them join Sandoval's band. Sandoval's popularity, and his problems, as a Navajo leader were growing. Many Navajos continued to strike where they knew how to win—against the settlers. In May, 1853, Alvino Sandoval was spotted in a raiding band which ran off 5,600 sheep from a Mexican rancheria near Las Lunas. Zarcillos Largos and other headmen thought Sandoval himself had spurred the raiders into the attack.

Colonel Edwin V. Sumner wrote to Governor William Carr Lane:

> I have suspected this fellow (Sandoval) for a long time . . . and I have no doubt that he has had something to do in getting up these difficulties . . . he is a scoundrel.

Governor Lane challenged Sumner to bring formal charges against Chief Sandoval, if he thought he could prove them.

In the meantime, Major Henry Lane Kendrick had gone on a scouting trip through Navajo country. He had threatened the people with war, promising that the Mexicans, the Pueblos, the Americans, and Sandoval's people would ride over them, killing the men, capturing the women and children, and taking the livestock. The Navajos told Kendrick that they greatly feared Sandoval, and wanted to "get rid of him."

It might have been this report that secured Sandoval's position with the Americans. They decided to keep him in their trust.

"For services as interpreter and guide in the recovering of sheep stolen by the Navajo Indians during the months of July, August, and September" of 1853, Sandoval was paid $120 by the U. S. Government. Had he encouraged his band to steal sheep so that he could "find" them and return them? Only a few months later in spring, 1854, Navajos attacked Laguna Pueblo, seeking livestock. Again, Sandoval's band was suspected of the raid.

52

Alvino accompanied his father to Preston Beck's grazing camp on the Pecos River in October. He had ridden with his father on many missions with the Americans, starting in 1846 when he was just twelve. Now, at twenty, he appeared to have much of his father's nerve, but little of his caution. He tried to take a hat from Beck's herder, wanting it for himself. When the herder resisted, Alvino lanced him through the arm. Another black mark was added to Sandoval's record, when the rancher complained to authorities.

As 1855 arrived, settlers lodged more complaints with the new governor, David Merriwether. The governor worked that winter and through the spring trying to arrive at peace with another treaty. When he traveled to Laguna Negra, north of Fort Defiance for the final treaty signing, he observed, "Every band except that of Sandoval was fully represented. . . ."

Though the governor's party encountered members of Sandoval's band as they were riding back to Santa Fe, the Navajo leader was still absent. Again, Sandoval was under suspicion.

". . . Keep an eye on Sandoval and his band. They do not belong to the Navajo Nation. . . ." an army captain wrote to Colonel James H. Carleton. In 1856, however, Sandoval was reported to be on his way to Albuquerque to talk with Carleton. He had helpful news about Manuelito's recent raid for firearms and livestock.

Shortly after this, in March, Sandoval and his people suffered an attack by ten Mogollon and Coyotero Apaches who drove off sixty-five horses. The fiery leader led his Navajos in pursuit, and recovered sixty of the horses. Two evenings later, Sandoval was surprised to discover that he had been raided again. This time, the Apaches had stolen 102 of his horses. By the time Sandoval caught up with the marauders, two of his prize animals had made a good supper for the Apaches. He attacked the band and got back the other hundred.

That summer, Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville requested Sandoval's services. The headman and his band were only too happy to guide the Americans on a campaign against the Apaches. While Sandoval was away, a band of Utes attacked Sandoval's home camp, killing four men and two women, and capturing five children.

Sandoval rode immediately to Albuquerque when he learned of the slaughter. Complaining angrily, he gained the promise of military protection. The turn of events found Sandoval and his band in the good graces of the United States Army. There, Sandoval decided, they would stay.

Members of Sandoval's band began riding regularly with the army, though often the rations were not as plentiful as those they had at home after a big harvest and a good raid. The Navajos' buckskins served them well, and their tightly woven blankets endured the ravages of a cold winter. Indeed, the Navajos appeared far more comfortable after a long campaign than their army "superiors" whose meager rations and worn-out boots brought complaints from many weary soldiers.

Some army officers preferred to subdue the Navajos by a show of military force, by leading columns of uniformed and armed men through the deserts and canyons of Navajo country. The Navajo nation was certain by 1857 that it did not want all-out war with the army. But many tribesmen were constantly goaded into angry action by New Mexican ranchers and politicians who saw in the Navajo wilderness a fortune in grazing land. Citizens beseiged the Indian agents and military officials with complaints—often exaggerated—of Navajo plundering. An unfortunate incident ignited the powder keg in July, 1858.

A Navajo, angered after a quarrel with his wife, took bloody revenge by killing a Negro slave at Fort Defiance. The slave's owner, Major Thomas H. Brooks, demanded that the murderer be captured, threatening Zarcillos Largos and other peaceful headmen with war if they did not bring the culprit in within twenty days.

While the Navajo leaders made one plea after another, the murderer escaped into hiding—and was later thought to have found safety among Sandoval's band. Sandoval, worried over the threat of war between the United States and the Navajos, hurried to Fort Defiance. Zarcillos Largos had finally promised to bring the murderer in. He left on the mission. Once again, Sandoval was a go-between. He rode into Fort Defiance daily with progress reports. First, the murderer was cornered near Laguna, then he was heading into the Chuska Mountains. Finally he had been chased and caught, but killed in the process. When the Navajos finally brought in the body, it was immediately identified as that of an old Mexican slave, not of the Navajo murderer.

War preparations began, and Sandoval's brief alliance with his tribesmen ended. He was called to Santa Fe to consult with Bonneville "about the country in which the troops will have to operate." By cooperating, Sandoval hoped to insure the safety of his own people on their land. He appeared to succeed at this. Superintendent of Indian Affairs James L. Collins wrote, on September 27, that "Navajos under the chief Sandoval, numbering about 400, (are) entirely neutral in this contest. That band has always remained quiet, and acted in good faith with us. . . ."

Colonel Dixon S. Miles, commanding U. S. troops in Navajo country, was keenly disappointed at the orders he received not to attack Sandoval. He accused Sandoval of harboring the murderer who had started this war. Miles added in his letter to Superintendent Collins that during Sandoval's recent visit to Santa Fe some of his band had slipped off during the night to steal seventy-five mules from ranches near Albuquerque.

Sandoval's people were immune during the war which followed, but two other tragedies left the leader anguished and worried. Alvino, at twenty-four was killed by the Isleta Indians "as the result of a drunken frolic" that fall. On the heels of that, Acoma warriors killed a dozen women and children of Sandoval's band who had been living near Acoma Pueblo. At the height of his misery, the fifty-one-year-old leader rode to Las Lunas to report the events to

Lieutenant Whistler. On November 8, Whistler reported that Sandoval "left last night very much in fear of the Pueblo Indians." The lieutenant had learned from the Mexicans that Acoma and Laguna Indians were talking about a joint attack on Sandoval's band. He swiftly sent a message to the would-be attackers, ordering them to drop their plans, "as Sandoval's band were considered at peace."

In exchange for this protection, Sandoval offered to keep runners out at all times, to give the lieutenant information of approaching Navajo war parties. He also recovered 1,500 sheep recently lost by the Isleta Indians.

Sandoval moved his band to a location thirty miles west of Albuquerque, and soon was joined by some Navajos from the western region who wanted safe harbor from the war.

In early December, an armistice was signed at Fort Defiance. Because he was not considered an enemy, Sandoval was not there to sign it for the Navajos. His ally, Superintendent Collins, wrote on December 8 that "Sandoval and his people, in consideration of his past fidelity and good conduct will be permitted to occupy the country they now occupy . . . until otherwise provided in the future, but in all other respects are to be considered part and parcel of the Navajo nation."

Though he was an energetic man, young at age fifty-two, Sandoval felt as if he had lived not just one life, but four. First he had been a small Navajo boy, delighting in his father's tales of bravery. His later childhood years had been fraught with danger from Spanish and Pueblo attackers, who had forced his family into hiding. At fourteen, he had watched a new power take over, and by the time he was twenty-one had learned to interpret for Navajo leaders who wished to talk with the Mexican officials. He had perfected many skills, and had learned to deal easily with the Mexicans. He had earned kind words from the Mexican governor just before the entrance of the American army in 1846. The Americans had brought Sandoval a whole new pack of problems. Never had he felt so alienated from the main portion of his tribe, so insecure, nor so distrusted, as with the Americans. Yet even among them, he won his supporters, and managed to take care of his small band of friends. They were safely and legally established on land that had belonged to their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, while most Navajos had been pushed farther and farther west, away from their original holdings. Though many Navajos distrusted him, he had worked, fought, and suffered to take care of his people. Sandoval was ready for a little relaxation.

His eyes twinkling, Sandoval gathered his gear together and took his wife, nephew, and friends on a hunting trip to the Rio Puerco, back to the pleasures he had known as a boy. There would be good grazing for his fine horses, and weather was prime for hunting.

The wild horses he spotted from his hunting camp lured the adventurous leader to the chase. He picked a mount from his own herd, a partly trained

horse still salty and wild at times. The horse bucked wildly as Sandoval tried to mount it, threw him off and kicked him badly. Sandoval lay still, unable to get up. His friends gently carried him to the shade of a tree, where he lay silently for several days. In pain, he lay listening to the soft, urgent chanting that drifted over him. He whispered a few words. He wanted to go back to Canyoncito, back to the land he had just been granted. The hunting party prepared for the trip, and moved out slowly, trying not to cause their leader any more pain. Finally, he was at his own camp. There he died, less than a week after being injured.

His wife polished his fine Mexican sword with soft deerskin. She drew the crinkly, yellow papers, his old Mexican land grant, from the hiding place. Silently, unwatched, she walked some distance from the dwellings with these prized possessions. She buried them in the earth, hiding them well. No one has found them to this day.

The dashing, headstrong leader of the Mount Taylor Navajos was gone. Several months passed before a small group of his faithful followers visited Superintendent Collins to report his death officially.

After they departed, Collins wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

> . . . . Sandoval was an Indian of more than ordinary capacity. He was for many years one of the . . . principal warriors of the nation . . . but he finally separated from the nation, and became the head chief of a band numbering about four hundred, with whom he had great influence. Since the occupation of New Mexico by the American troops, he has been regarded as friendly, and has been . . . a spye (sic) and guide . . . against his own nation as well as against the Apaches. It has been his misfortune to have many enemies who charged him with theft and all the crimes known to the calendar, but so far as I know no robbery has been traced to him since our occupation of the Territory, and very few to his people . . . he gave shelter to a number of Indians who properly belonged to the war party, but as they refused to engage in hostilities we did not think Sandoval should be held responsible for doing what any other person would have done for his people under the circumstances. The band has not elected a successor to Sandoval . . . The intention is to let them choose their own ruler.

Four years later, in August, 1863, Sandoval's nephew led fifty-one members of the band to Fort Sumner. A year and a half later, ninety-six more of Sandoval's people were collected for the long imprisonment. Sandoval was no longer there to insure protection for them, but his influence had lived on. The official papers which accompanied the last group from Canyoncito respectfully requested the commanding officer "to grant every privilege possible to them."

Privileges were unavailable to every Navajo, as it turned out, and it was with relief that Sandoval's band returned to Canyoncito early in the summer of 1868. General William T. Sherman warned ". . . they can go and live among the Mexicans in this territory, but if they do they will not be entitled to any advantages of the treaty."

Barboncito, Navajo spokesman, likewise treated them coolly, ". . . . if they remain with the Mexicans I cannot be held responsible for their conduct."

But Sandoval had bequeathed his people a proud heritage, their land and their independence. They chose to return to his last home. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren carry on their tradition at Canyoncito, in the land of their ancestors.

58

ZARCILLOS LARGOS

Naat'ą́ąnii Náádleel--Becomes Chief Again

Tabaha Clan--Water's Edge People

The afternoon sun drifted down through the pine boughs, dappling the dusty forest floor. A chipmunk suddenly skittered to life, leaving the small oak branch, where he had been sitting as motionless as a twig, to carry a pouchful of acorns to a hollow hidden deep in the shadowed trees. High overhead, a crow screamed, shattering the autumn tranquility among the mossy boulders, the lacy red and gold ferns, and singing breeze near the forest roof. As the crow's raucous cawing became a far-off echo, a new sound took its place.

The rider sat unmoved for several moments almost as if he had heard nothing. But he had heard the sound, and now he softly nudged his horse forward a few paces into the shadow of a larger tree. Far below lay the sunlit trail, with tall grass trampled and dried into its deep ruts. Soon, the newness of the trail would be worn away, and the remaining grasses along its route would be trampled and chewed until only the brown earth remained to catch the winter snows and summer torrents.

The sound grew louder, and the rider watched as the army wagon jolted and clunked along the trail below. The trace of mules strained to keep the creaking wheels moving forward, dropping into a deep rut, pulling out and over a rocky hump. The men, weary of riding on the hard wooden seat, walked alongside and behind, steadying the wagonload of spruce and ponderosa logs. Behind the first wagon clattered two more, carrying the same cargo. The United States Army soldiers who guided the wagons were sweaty and grimy. They looked far less imposing now, thought the Navajo rider who was observing their toil, than they had five years ago at Bear Springs.

He, Zarcillos Largos, had been the first to put his mark on the treaty at Bear Springs in 1846. Because his old friend, Narbona, was weak and ailing, the job of being spokesman for the Navajo nation had gone to Largos. He had understood that the soldiers were to protect and defend the Navajos against the Mexicans, the Apaches, and all other enemies.

That was a fine promise, Zarcillos Largos had thought. For many years the Mexicans had been laying deadly traps along southerly trails, hoping to take Indian scalps to turn in to their officials in return for payment. Many Navajo children were growing up not knowing what peace or freedom really was, for even if they were not captured as slaves, they were taught early to be on guard all the time against ambushes and raids. So this promise of the Americans to protect the Navajos was a good one.

But Zarcillos Largos was puzzled and angry at the American officers when they told the Navajos to stop their war against the Mexicans, and return all livestock and captives they had taken. He spoke out boldly:

> Americans! You have a strong case of war against the Navajos. We have waged war against the Mexican people for several

> years. We have plundered their villages and killed many of their people. We have taken many prisoners. We had just cause to do this. You lately have completed a war against the same people. You are powerful. You have great guns and many brave soldiers. You have, therefore, conquered them. The very thing we have been attempting to do, that you have done yourselves.
>
> We cannot see why you have cause to quarrel with us for fighting the Mexicans on the west, while you do the same thing on the east. This is our war. We have more right to complain of you for interfering in *our war,* than you have to quarrel with us for continuing a war we had begun long before you got here. If you act justly, you will allow us to settle our own differences.

The American leader, Colonel Alexander Doniphan, had then spoken. The United States had conquered this territory, and was obligated now to protect *all* the people within the territory, Mexicans included, Doniphan told the Navajos.

Zarcillos Largos considered this, then replied, "If New Mexico be really in your possession, and if it be the intention of your government to hold it, we will stop our raiding. We will no longer make war upon those people. We have no cause to quarrel with you. We do not want a quarrel with so powerful a nation. Let there be peace between us."

He intended to stand by his words. This was an important promise, one he hoped would bring an end to the constant worry so many of his people had suffered for so long. But there had been no real change after 1846, for the American government did not make the first treaty official.

In spite of this, Zarcillos Largos and other peaceful headmen had convinced many of their countrymen to bring forth their captives. After two more treaties in 1848 and 1849, Navajos traveled long miles across their land, bringing Mexican captives to the Indian agent's office. Many of these captives had grown to feel like members of their Navajo families, and did not want to return to the Mexicans. A government report told the feeling of many of these captives as expressed by one Mexican: ". . . the Navajos were his brothers and his friends and with them he desired to live."

Still there was no official treaty, and the Mexicans, many of whom had paid as much as $200 for a slave, refused to part with their Navajo captives. Usually, the reason given was that the Navajo slaves had been baptized in the Catholic church, and were now spiritual children of the church. It would be impossible to return them to the "heathen" life from which they were taken.

By 1849, two treaties had been signed between the Navajos and the United States. Zarcillos Largos had worked hard for peace during those years after the Americans came, especially in trying to convince the stubborn warriors of the tribe to stop their attacks on New Mexican settlers. Some listened to him, but only for a short time. In late summer, 1849, when

Narbona was killed by the American soldiers, Zarcillos Largos lost faith in the American promises, and did not sign the third treaty that fall. He had fought the Mexicans many times at the side of Narbona. Now he would fight again. The Americans had not kept their promises to have Navajo slaves freed or to protect the Navajos from Mexican slave-hunters. Ranchers were still sending their flocks to graze in Navajo country. Zarcillos Largos could not control the young Navajo warriors in the face of all this, and now his heart was beginning to join theirs. He would have nothing more to do with the Americans and their treaties, until they kept their promises to help the Navajos.

By now, September, 1851, the situation had become worse, not better, and those men down along the trail with their wagonloads of logs were building a new military fort just downstream a way.

Zarcillos Largos watched as the last wagon disappeared around the bend. Among his own people he was often called Naat'ą́ąnii Nádlee', Becomes-Chief-Again. Since Narbona had been killed, more and more Navajos looked to him for leadership. The Mexicans and Americans knew him as Zarcillos Largos, Spanish for Long Earrings. The Mexicans had given him this name for the beautiful earrings of turquoise and white shell beads he always wore. Now they danced from his ears as he quickened his horse to a trot. He wanted to see how the new fort was coming along.

Only a few weeks ago, he had led a determined band of warriors in attacking the supply wagons which were on their way to the site of the fort. They had wounded several soldiers, then had left after giving this warning. Many of Largos' men still used bow and arrow against army rifles. In the rocks behind his hogan were hidden the scalps of many enemies he had killed this way. Now he was worried about the hundreds of white men who kept moving into his country. Thoughtfully, he considered his next step as he rode along the familiar trail.

Usually, he rode this way only when he was moving his flocks from his winter camp near Oak Springs to his farm near Red Lake . . . or when he wanted to visit the sacred springs in Canyon Bonito before he performed a ceremony for someone. Now, he halted his horse on the forested ridge and stared at the scene below him.

Rows of adobe bricks baked hard in the sun, and hundreds of logs had been measured and trimmed. Part of the low slope had been leveled off, and a long rectangular structure was taking shape on the site — only yards from the sacred springs. The soldiers were heaving the new loads of logs onto the ground, and they greeted the other workers with noisy shouts.

Naat'ą́ąnii Nádlee' watched and listened, disliking the thunder of the rolling logs, the loud talk of the men, and the ugly scar on the earth near the springs where the slope had been cleared.

His face was a mask of disbelief and disgust, but as the minutes passed, his eyes lifted until they seemed to be looking intently beyond the fort, the valley and the mountains, far into the sky. The bitter lines around his mouth

63

eased, and his face became relaxed, almost happy. The clamor of the building site was shut out now, and the slope below was again the velvety green place he had first visited as a young man, taken there by his uncle, who was teaching him the ancient healing ceremonies of the Navajos.

Naat'áanii NáádIeeI remembered what a fine teacher his uncle had been, patiently listening to his nephew repeat hundreds of lines of prayers. He had taught the young man the uses and names of all the medicine plants on the mountain, and where to find the colorful dry materials for the symbolic paintings. Naat'áanii NáádIeeI had been with his uncle during many ceremonies, observing and helping to paint the special symbols on the patients' bodies. He had learned to sit in a quiet, holy place for many days, praying and offering pollen to the Holy Ones. His uncle had been a kind man, well-loved and respected by the many people he had healed.

How wonderful he had felt after helping his uncle in a Mountaintop Way Chant one winter long ago. He had sung many chants without making a mistake. His hand was steady and sure, his symbols correct, as he helped make the painting on the sand smoothed out on the floor of the medicine hogan. Nine days and nights he had worked alongside his uncle, watching carefully so he would learn every detail he would need to perform this ceremony himself some day. And when it was finished, the patient's family was pleased. Naat'áanii NáádIeeI was proud to have taken part. He was ready to go home and sleep.

As he was about to leave the ceremonial hogan, his uncle motioned to him. *"My nephew,"* he said, *"you must help me again. I will be at your grandfather's home after five more nights, and you must be my assistant."* Then he picked up a small deerskin bag, and drawing it open, took out two beautiful loops of turquoise and white shell beads. *"Wear these now,"* continued the older man. *"You are becoming a man to respect."* Now the young man was certain he had performed well, for his uncle was sparing with praise like this.

Zarcillos Largos had gained much respect as the years passed. He became known as a fine medicine man and a powerful warrior, as well as a strong spokesman for peace. He was called on many times to perform the healing ceremonies at his command, teaching his nephew and other young men, just as his uncle had taught him. But in the time of sorrow which had followed Narbona's death, he had returned to the war trail, and performed the Enemy Way ceremony, too. This ceremony, which strengthened the warriors before a battle and which cleansed them upon their return, was what the young warriors were asking for now. But he had left his youth on the war trail and entered middle age as a man of peace. His brief return to the war trail had been in revenge for the killing of Narbona, and in anger at the unkept American promises.

Now as he looked down at Fort Defiance rising on the slope below, he made the decision which had been bothering him. Many soldiers had marched through his country, their horses and mules devouring crops and trampling fields. The Americans had just sent a new military commander to New Mexico Territory, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner. The American War Department saw that "drastic plans" were needed to strengthen the military power in the

southwest. This new fort was Sumner's idea, after he had marched into Canyon de Chelly to impress the Navajos with seven companies of mounted troops, infantry and artillery. After marching only a few miles into the canyon, he had withdrawn "fearful of the unknown terrain."

However, many American soldiers were coming to the new post at Fort Defiance, and it looked like these newcomers planned to stay among the Navajos. Zarcillos Largos knew he must find a way to make them keep their promises. The Navajos could not continue fighting, not with the American army as a next door neighbor.

Zarcillos Largos decided to return to the peace trail and knew, as he rode home, that it would be a far more difficult trail to follow than the war trail had been. But the way of war, he was certain now, led only in a circle, until the warrior finally returned to his starting place with little of permanent value gained. Zarcillos Largos did not want to live or die doubtful of the value of his life. He had made medicine for the warriors, as they had wished. Now they had an American cannon aimed at their hearts.

Zarcillos Largos returned to his farm near Red Lake, to an autumn of good harvest, and many happy times with his nephews and their families who came to help. Colonel Sumner concluded a treaty that October, the fourth between the Navajos and the United States. Then the first killing frost laid a blanket of sparkling white over the country, and the medicine man was called on to preside at winter ceremonies. Zarcillos Largos began

to keep his vow to work for peace. He spent many hours with Navajo families, singing over the sick, and when the patients were healed, talking about peace. Many argued with him, saying that friends of the Americans like Cebolla Sandoval only turned against their own people, even taking them captive. Sadly, the medicine man understood the plight of many families he visited. The majestic view of grassy valleys and distant cliffs which lay outside many hogan entrances was marred now by blackened cornfields. The scent of juniper fire drifted over empty looms no longer used since mothers and little sisters had been captured by Mexicans or Utes. Zarcillos Largos found it hard to sell American peace promises. But he had expected this response, and continued healing, talking, urging and finally convincing some to work with him.

He was returning to his home one evening after healing a patient four days' ride away. Something felt wrong as he guided his horse through the misty December foothills. He was relieved when his wife appeared at the hogan entrance. But the news she gave him was worse than he had expected. A band of Mexicans had attacked the homes of two of his nephews over at Wide

Reeds, near Ganado. Largos' wife had been on her way to visit their families, but she had heard shooting and had hidden until it was quiet again. Then she had inched forward until she could see what was happening. With her head buried in her hands, she told what she had seen: the crying children dragged out and tied up along with the young wives of his nephews, the young men slain at the small corral before they could reach their hogans, and the sobbing of the women and children as they saw the dead men. Zarcillos Largos ached from the deep pain that swept through him. He walked back to his horse and led it to the corral. There he chose a fresh mount, readied it for riding, and disappeared on the trail which would lead him to solitude.

The small oak trees were bare now, and the forest fragrance was frozen in the winter chill. Life among the ponderosas and ferns was invisible, hidden away waiting out the icy winds and silent snow. The ancient stream within the man surged and thirsted for blood revenge. He relived the horror of the attack on his nephews' families, the visions passing before his eyes until he was with them again, sitting in the warm hogan by the small fire. The childrens' eyes were solemn, then merry, as he told them the story of Coyote

betting his skin with the Beaver People. As the days passed, the cold rocks echoed his sorrow and loneliness. For many years he had listened to the wise old Narbona counseling peace. Now Naat'áanii Náádleeł knew what peace meant. He wanted his family back. He wanted their joy, their laughter, their freedom.

He returned to his home, empty from hunger but strong with conviction. In January, he rode with Armijo, a neighboring headman from the Chuska Mountains, and several other Navajo leaders to talk to Indian Agent John Greiner. Armijo spoke for the group:

> My people are all crying in the same way. Three of our chiefs now sitting before you mourn for their children, who have been taken from their homes by the Mexicans. More than 200 of our children have been carried off; and we know not where they are. The Mexicans have lost but few children in comparison with what they have stolen from us. . . . Eleven

> times we have given up our captives, only once have they given us ours. My people are yet crying for the children they have lost. Is it American justice that we must give up everything and receive nothing?

The new agent knew Armijo spoke the truth, and he wanted to help the stricken men looking at him. But he was helpless to do more than inform "the great white Father" in Washington. Too many powerful New Mexican landowners could complain to Congress that the military was not protecting them if the Indian agents and soldiers took away their slaves.

Colonel Sumner clearly saw the heart of the problem. For many years New Mexican ranchers had been encouraged to raid in Navajo country, in the hope that the Navajos could be subdued, even forced to move away from their home country. James S. Calhoun had arrived in New Mexico in 1849 as Indian Agent, and was appalled at the illegal traffic in slaves. He strongly urged that the laws of the United States Congress be ordered into effect. Calhoun hoped to stop the selling of little children. He posted a notice in Santa Fe, reminding traders of the laws, and forbidding licenses to trade with the Apaches, Utes, and Navajos. The traders had found a lively source of income by selling rifles and whisky to these tribes in exchange for their captives from each other's tribes.

At the same time, Calhoun wanted to organize the New Mexican attackers into orderly militia companies so that they would be ready at a moment's notice to protect the American frontier. He had also begun a series of councils with Navajo headmen, hoping they would be able to restrain their warriors. But the Indian attacks had not stopped. The militia quickly drew many frontiersmen who had been active in the slave trade. Legally now, as militiamen, they could take captives and maintain their source of income.

Colonel Sumner strongly disagreed with the policy of allowing these militia companies to attack and capture all they could. He thought that if Indian attacks were ever to stop, the "private armies" of the militia would have to be stopped first. He favored putting the Navajos under the watchful eye of the regular army, and protecting them from the traders and ranchers. At the same time, he knew that the ranchers would be protected from Navajo raids. However, the colonel was ordered to cooperate with Calhoun. By 1851, Calhoun was Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexican territory. The Navajos now were considered part of the United States, no longer a separate nation, because of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. The slave traders found new paths around the legal restrictions on their trading. Often, one man with a trading license would pass it around to his friends, so that many were taking advantage of a single license. Some traders gained licenses to trade with peaceful tribes, and then rode straight into Ute and Navajo country to continue their trading. It was a vicious circle, and Zarcillos Largos was spending nearly all his time now in trying to break it.

After visiting Agent Greiner, Zarcillos Largos rode to Fort Defiance with another peace leader, Gordo, to assure the army that many Navajos wanted peace.

Then, the snowmelt from the mountain peaks ran down to swell the lakes and widen the creeks. The cornfields grew from tiny green shoots to fields of sturdy stalks. The highest cliffs glowed jewel-like in the long summer evenings. A new rumor sped along the moccasin trails. Zarcillos Largos heard that 500 New Mexicans were planning a raid against the Navajos. It was August when he led a small delegation down through the tall rain-soaked grass to Fort Defiance. The riders moved at a rapid trot, down out of the trees into the meadow, and approached the buildings. Some of the soldiers recognized the great peace chief and quickly informed Captain Eaton of his arrival. The Americans were glad to see Largos again. Captain Eaton greeted the Navajo party with courtesy. Zarcillos Largos was the army's highest hope for peaceful communication with the Navajos. Best of all, Captain Eaton reassured him that no such raid was planned that the army knew of and no raid should be planned in any case. He asked Zarcillos Largos to send out scouts to see if they could find out more about the raid. Then Captain Eaton said again what Largos had heard before in different words: "Our troops are stationed here to protect the Navajos from unjust aggression, as long as the Navajos remain at peace." Nothing more was heard of the raid.

In early 1853 a new agent was sent to the Navajos. Henry L. Dodge surprised both the army and the Navajos by moving in to live among the

Navajos, the first Indian agent ever to do so. Most agents "helped" the Indians from behind desks in Santa Fe or Albuquerque. Dodge moved into a little stone house near Sheep Springs, just east of Washington Pass, at the peak of a new crisis. In March a band of Navajos had killed a New Mexican and his son, captured his two other sons, and had driven off their small flock of sheep. Neither the new governor of New Mexico Territory, William Carr Lane, nor Colonel Sumner wanted war to start over the matter. But both insisted that the Navajo murderer must be caught and punished, according to American law.

Agent Dodge had lived in the southwest long enough to know that there were many more peaceful Navajos than warring ones. He brought with him an expert blacksmith and a silversmith. The silversmith was Juan Cocinas, a Mexican who had lived most of his life among the Navajos, and who had become an army interpreter. Dodge visited among the Navajos, telling them that these men had come to work with the Navajo people. He became friends with peaceful headmen, among them Zarcillos Largos. The medicine man began to like the newcomer, finding that Dodge was ready to listen as well as to talk to the Navajos. From the bond that grew between the two men, each learned about the other's way of life. Dodge used what he learned to keep the army at a distance from the Navajos. Zarcillos Largos could at last show the Navajos an American who would keep promises.

Still, with the warm days of summer passing, the problem of catching the Navajo who killed the herder and his son became more heated. Zarcillos Largos explained to Dodge that he had had nothing to do with the murders or stealing, and that the people of his band were also innocent. But Largos understood his friend's problem. If the murderer were not caught, war might begin. Many on both sides would suffer for the wrongs of a few.

Word of a possible war spread like a brushfire through the region, and during midsummer, the stolen sheep were returned. Zarcillos Largos could promise no more than this. The rest of the matter became another piece of unfinished army business with the Navajos.

Zarcillos Largos was ready to leave the agency office in midsummer, 1853. He stepped out of the small stone house, telling Agent Dodge he was going home to see how his crops were coming along. He called the agent by his Navajo name, Bi'éé'łichíí'ii, Red Shirt. Red Shirt said goodbye to the headman.

Zarcillos Largos felt better than he had in a long time, riding up the dusty trail called Washington Pass. He would be at his farm soon where the wheat and corn were growing tall. The grass in his valley was as high as a horse's belly and a million wild flowers danced like jewels in the summer breeze. Since Red Shirt had come to Navajoland, life had brightened. The threat of war had retreated, like the thunderheads when a fresh wind blows over. Zarcillos Largos felt like a young man again. He would spend the last few weeks of summer with his family.

They were waiting for him in the brush shelter, where the air was fresh, cool, and fragrant with mutton ribs cooking on the fire. By the time he'd

had a full meal of tortillas, meat and ch'il'ahwéhé (Navajo tea), the peace chief had forgotten the worries he had had for so long. His wife had just taken a new saddle blanket off the loom, and joked with him about it. *"Now I'll start another one,"* she laughed. *You are away on your horse so much of the time, this one will be worn out by the time the next one is ready."*

This reminded him of the promise he'd made Red Shirt to lead a delegation to Santa Fe to meet the new governor, David Merriwether. But that would be later, after the crops were harvested.

He enjoyed himself thoroughly for the rest of the summer, riding along with his sheep and cattle as they grazed southward toward Oak Springs. He visited with families camped along the way, teasing with the children, and talking with the adults about their crops, their livestock, and their high hopes for continued peace. After many days of herding and visiting, he knew it was time to ride back to his farm for the harvest.

Soon, the time came for his journey to Santa Fe. He had talked with many men that summer, and they were ready to go with him. Red Shirt would be happy.

A hundred Navajo men made the trip, with Zarcillos Largos leading them. Agent Dodge introduced them to Governor Merriwether in September, 1853. Long discussions followed. Largos told the governor that it would be hard to stop the warriors of his tribe as long as the New Mexican ranchers grazed their sheep in Navajo country. And once again, he told of the sorrow among Navajo families over all the children they had lost to the slave traders.

Governor Merriwether appointed Zarcillos Largos "captain" of all the Navajos, and gave him a medal and ribbon symbolizing this "honor." The peace chief said he would try to work for peace, but that there were a few Navajo troublemakers who would be hard to control. Largos ended by telling the governor of the wish for peace in the hearts of most of the Navajos.

From this meeting, Governor Merriwether began to gain a fair picture of the Navajo people and their problems. He wrote in his report later:

> . . . they are certainly very far in advance of any other . . . Indians in agriculture and manufactures . . . (they) manage to raise an abundance of corn and wheat . . . have numerous herds of horses and sheep . . . and on the whole, live in a degree of comfort and plenty unknown to the other wild Indians of this section of the Union.

His report continued, praising the Navajos' excellent weaving, fine clothing, and handmade agricultural tools. "Favorable as this picture is," he wrote, "it also has its dark side . . . they have bad men among them who cannot and will not be restrained."

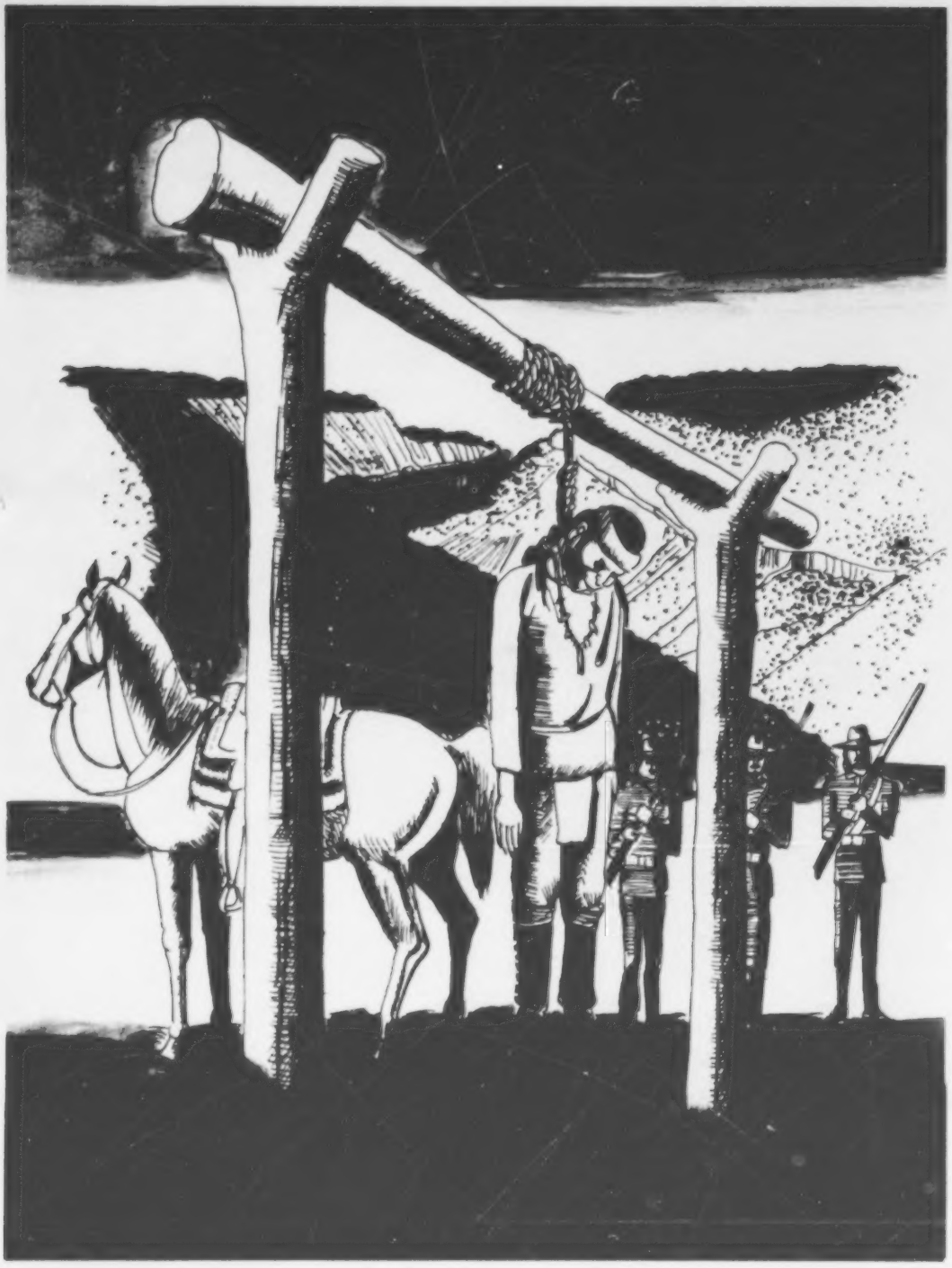
Zarcillos Largos spent so much time working with Red Shirt and Navajo headmen, trying to recover stolen livestock, that his family saw little of him

during that year. He had little time for quiet thought, or for healing the sick, or for enjoying the warmth of his own fire at home. In spring, 1854, Agent Dodge left on a visit to the Rio Grande. While he was away, a band of Navajos drove off another herd of New Mexican sheep. As soon as he learned of this, Largos began hunting for the livestock.

And so the seasons passed, with "Captain" Largos trying to keep his side of the bargain with the governor. They had barely arrived at his fields north of Red Lake to help with the harvest when a messenger arrived. A Navajo had killed a soldier and Zarcillos Largos was called to Fort Defiance. He was warned that war could erupt unless he helped find the murderer. Largos and Armijo scoured the mountains and valleys, and finally caught the man who had killed the soldier. They turned him in at Fort Defiance and there the Navajo murderer was hanged. War had been avoided once again.

As yet, few Navajo slaves had been released, though Governor Merriwether had promised he would work for their freedom. Zarcillos Largos was tiring of his endless missions after troublemaking Navajos. His wife no longer joked about his many days away on his horse. His livestock and fields were in need of his attention. Navajo problems were hard enough for the United States Army and government agents. They were much more difficult for a single Navajo to overcome.

Governor Merriwether wanted to make another treaty defining new boundaries for Navajo country. He also wanted to provide for regular distribution of seeds and agricultural tools, hoping this would keep the young warriors at home, peacefully occupied. The governor conducted a treaty meeting in



73

July, 1855, at Red Lake. It was not far from Zarcillos Largos' farm, but the peace chief refused to attend the meeting. He sent his son instead, and his resignation from being "captain."

"I am too old to fulfill the duties," came Largos' message to Merriwether. Manuelito, a long-time warrior, was chosen in Largos' place.

Merriwether's treaty had sections disliked by the Navajo leaders at the meeting. The governor insisted that Navajo headmen had to surrender any wrongdoers of their tribe. Manuelito argued against this, but even his strong will could not change the treaty. Finally, the twenty-four headmen signed the treaty. Hearing of their decision, Zarcillos Largos appeared later to put his mark on it, too.

In spite of all the good work and promises, the deadly winds of war continued to gather strength. Red Shirt went hunting in November, 1856, and was killed by a band of Coyotero Apaches. Zarcillos Largos again visited the quiet place high in the mountains.

Quietly he offered his prayers, near the gray rocks. It was an answer he wanted . . . peace . . . many more glad days in his fields, the warmth and comfort of summer sun, and the cooling grace of late summer rains. He hoped to see a vision of this for all his people. But the aspen and oak leaves turned from red-gold to a dead, withered brown before his very eyes. The cold stone held no reassuring echo, and the wind moaned with a bitter chill.

The vision came . . . not a breath of air nor a living soul moved across the blackened plains of Navajoland. Only the howl of wolves broke the unearthly silence. The medicine man offered more prayers, until he was empty of hope for a better vision, and weak from his days of fasting.

Red Shirt was gone, and the agents that followed him stayed apart from the Navajos. The military leaders at Fort Defiance changed, too. Major Thomas H. Brooks became post commandant in early 1858. Two peaceful bands of Navajos were attacked, and fellow tribesmen began another period of raids against the frontier settlers. Manuelito insulted Major Brooks by not welcoming him until he had been at Fort Defiance for three months. Even then, the head chief had not appeared eager to talk to the new commandant. Major Brooks burned with ill feeling against Manuelito, reappointed the friendlier Zarcillos Largos as head chief. In July he found his revenge on the Navajos.

Major Brooks' Negro slave was killed by a Navajo. Brooks ordered Zarcillos Largos to find the murderer and bring him in. The old peace chief did not even want to meet with Brooks. But he was called in, and because he had given his word on the last treaty, he finally agreed to hunt for the murderer. Major Brooks set July 20 as the deadline. If the murderer were not caught by then, the United States Army would launch an all-out war against the Navajo Tribe. Zarcillos Largos had eight days in which to satisfy this angry white man. But the murderer had long since escaped and Largos did not know to where.

He suspected that Sandoval had helped shelter the murderer, and could do little about it. Sandoval offered to help Largos satisfy the army, and the peace chief saw no choice but to accept. While Largos and his closest companions searched the mountains, Sandoval rode down to Fort Defiance daily, to tell of the progress of the search. Finally, the body of an old Mexican slave seemed to present the solution. While Sandoval reported to Major Brooks that the murderer had been caught, but killed in the struggle, the search party prepared the Mexican's body and took it to Fort Defiance.

Soldiers immediately recognized the body and said it was not the body of the murderer. Major Brooks was ready for war.

Colonel Dixon S. Miles marched from Fort Defiance on September 9, 1858. With 310 men, some walking and some on horseback, he headed toward Canyon de Chelly. But the Navajos seemed to have vanished into the very

walls of the canyon. As the months of autumn passed, more troops marched against the Navajos. Utes, Apaches, and New Mexicans joined with the regular army. Though some of the first attacks were failures, mainly because the Navajos were "invisible," in later attacks many captives were taken. In one attack, a party of New Mexicans and Apaches captured twenty-one little girls. Fields and hogans were burned, and families torn apart by the capturing of children for slavery.

Zarcillos Largos' vision of blackness and emptiness loomed more real than ever. He was not at his Oak Springs camp when the soldiers arrived. He and his family had spotted them and escaped before they could reach his hogan. But the soldiers found him soon after, harvesting his wheat near Red Lake early one morning. Zarcillos Largos had kept his word as best as he was able, but he was attacked anyway.

When the shots rang out from the arroyo, Zarcillos Largos' warrior-youth came back in a flash. He commanded his helpers in the fields, and they fired back as soon as they could grab their rifles or bows and arrows. As their ammunition ran out, some Navajos began running for shelter. Six fell dead before they could get to the hogans. Suddenly, Zarcillos Largos was hit. He fell, appearing to be dead. Satisfied that they were victorious, the soldiers began setting fire to the fields. They gathered up Navajo saddles, blankets and other goods and heaped them on a wheatstack, then set it on fire. The golden harvest was now a smoking rubble. The morning sun glistened on the blood running from Zarcillos Largos' wound. But the leader was not ready to die yet.

His wound was not healed, but he and his wife went to work among the Navajos, convincing them to elect a head chief to negotiate with the Americans. Huero, a young man, was chosen. With his wife helping, Zarcillos Largos convinced the Americans to bring about a truce. On December 25, 1858, a formal treaty was concluded between the Navajos and the United States. The old leader was too ill, and still suffering pain from his wound, to attend the truce meeting. He sent his son to sign the paper for him, and later appeared to sign it himself.

Then, in midwinter, word went out from Zarcillos Largos' camp. He was calling the war leaders and peace leaders together for a Naachid, to be held northeast of Chinle at Tsin Sikaad (Standing Tree). This was the old ceremony where war leaders and peace leaders debated over their future course of action, after a war. After several days and nights of meditation, Zarcillos Largos left to preside over the council.

His black vision had come back to him in a dream, and the medicine man set about the ceremony with fervor. He sent twelve young men and women to a salt lake to gather the medicine for the Naachid. He directed the building of the ceremonial hogan, dug down into the earth for this particular ceremony. When the runners returned with the salt, they took their places, the girls along the north wall and the young men along the south wall of the hogan. Then Naat'áanii Náádłeeł began. For eight days he chanted,

instructing the young men and women in the ways of the Naachid, while the fires of a thousand families glowed and flickered outside. On the ninth day, after the sun had risen, the war chiefs and peace chiefs gathered in the brush-rimmed clearing. In the center was a pile of war implements, shields, lances, bows and arrows. Naat'ą́ąnii Náádłeeł knew that among the men gathered there, many favored war against the Americans. He rose to speak:

> It is seven seasons since the last Naachid, held on the flat land on the other side of Chinle. We were called together then by the great Man-of-War to make war against the white men and the Mexicans.
>
> I was much younger then. I agreed to follow the war trail, to make medicine for the warriors. I heard the Mexicans of the Rio Grande cry when we burned their homes. I saw the soldiers fall when we attacked their supply wagons coming to Fort Defiance. In the rocks behind my hogan are the scalps of enemies I have killed.
>
> I have never taken blood revenge for the slaying of my nephews at Wide Reeds, and their women and children now work in the homes of the Mexicans, as slaves. I had to watch my own fields and hogans burn to ashes during the last harvest. With you I have suffered!

Suddenly, as the old peace chief paused, Manuelito jumped up and faced the audience, his face painted for war, the top half white and the lower half black. Known as Angry Warrior, Manuelito flung his arms powerfully: "We will stop this suffering. I will lead the Navajos. We will make war and drive the white men away." He ran around, leaning close to the listeners, stirring them with tales of his bravery and success. For several days, Naat'ą́ąnii Náádłeeł heard Manuelito's war talk spreading among the young men, until finally, the peace leaders were beginning to agree to follow the war trail.

For thirteen days he had been singing, talking, trying to persuade the people to follow the path of peace. Now he was tired. He needed to rest. But he slept fitfully when he finally lay down on the sheepskin. The next day, he rose to speak again, full of sorrow at the outcome of the Naachid.

> I see things differently. No, my blood has not grown thin. No, I am not afraid to fight. But I have learned in these last years of something better than war. From our friend, Red Shirt, I learned of a better trail. You know that when he spoke, it was in truth.

Naat'ą́ąnii Náádłeeł told his audience what he had learned of the Americans from Henry Dodge:

> Look how quickly they overcame the Mexicans. Those you see at Fort Defiance have tens of thousands of brothers at their home camps. They are a great and powerful tribe.

Naat'ą́ąnii Náádłeeł had not wanted to worry his people, but now he had to tell them of his dream, his deathly vision. Nothing else seemed to

persuade them against war. The cold wind rose and swept a fine layer of dust over him as he spoke:

> I have seen this. I do not want to think of it, but it comes to me. Our sacred mountains were covered with black clouds, billowing so not even the Holy Ones could see the peaks. Throughout our valleys and across our mesas not a breath stirred, not a person moved. All that broke the deathly silence, from the mountaintops to the very bottom of the canyons, was the howl of wolves and the whine of the black wind, death.

Naat'áanii Náádleeł left the council, and rode straight to his camp at Oak Springs. Many frightened families left quickly, hurrying to the homes and fields they had left. The Naachid had ended with war, not peace, as the victor. Zarcillos Largos knew he would be killed. He knew the Navajos would be driven from their land. But as long as he had a breath left, he would work for peace.

He had many friends, and he rode from one camp to another talking to them. Throughout the rest of the winter and into spring, Zarcillos Largos persuaded one family after another until nearly 6,000 stolen sheep had been turned in at Fort Defiance. The warriors following Manuelito continued plundering, as they had promised at the Naachid. Peaceful Navajos tried to make up for this, but their efforts did not satisfy the government. The army planned an expedition through Navajo country with 700 soldiers marching in two columns, to impress the Navajos with American strength.

But Major John S. Simonson wanted to talk with Navajo leaders before setting out on this march. He called for three meetings during July, 1859. Navajos would not attend the first two, held at Fort Defiance. The third was planned to be held away from the fort, in the woods. Zarcillos Largos decided to attend this meeting. He and other leaders told Major Simonson that they had paid all they could to prevent war, and refused to sign the paper the major held out. It was supposed to bind them to pay back all property stolen by the Navajos since August, 1858. Zarcillos Largos intended to keep working for peace by persuading his tribesmen to return stolen livestock. But he would not make a promise he could not keep, and he was certain he could not make every Navajo raider take back his captured goods. Besides this, he had signed many papers already, and they had done no good in getting Navajo slaves returned.

Navajo attacks on army supply wagons became worse. Hundreds of Navajos banded together to cut off the supplies badly needed at Fort Defiance, by attacking the wagons traveling from Albuquerque to the fort. Large bands attacked the army's grazing camp, and others stampeded the livestock away from the army guards who were returning the stolen stock to the New Mexicans. Peaceful Navajos who tried to scout and warn the officers at Fort Defiance before these attacks were severely treated. One was badly whipped, and another shot at, though he managed to escape unharmed. Captain O. L. Shepherd

seemed to have no understanding or sympathy for any Navajo. Zarcillos Largos' peace efforts seemed to be in vain.

Army officers who led troops through Navajo country on scouting trips in 1859 advised against war. Captain J. G. Walker warned that "a war made upon them now by us would fall heaviest upon the least guilty – would transform a nation which has already made considerable progress in civilized arts into a race of beggars, vagabonds and robbers."

But in April, 1860, nearly a thousand Navajo warriors attacked Fort Defiance, and the last shreds of good will disappeared. The long-threatened war began.

Zarcillos Largos was killed soon after this, as he was riding home from a peaceful mission to Hopi country. A band of New Mexican and Zuni raiders spotted him along the trail to Oak Springs. They opened fire. The old peace leader took cover behind his fallen horse, shooting back until he had no ammunition left. He killed four of the attackers before they finally killed him.

Through Zarcillos Largos' work, war had been prevented or delayed many times. He had kept his promises to work for peace, even when many Navajo warriors and American soldiers provoked war. A brave man who spoke his thoughts honestly, and a courageous warrior who fought when he had to, Zarcillos Largos fulfilled his duties as a leader, even to his last breath, on the peace trail.

MANUELITO

Hastiin Ch'ilhaajinii--Man of the Black Plants Place

Bit'ahni Clan--Folded Arms People

Since moving down to Narbona's camp from his home near the Bear's Ears (Utah), Manuelito found life there much to his liking. His father-in-law was an exciting man to be around, a man who spoke fearlessly among the Mexican enemies.

His wife, Narbona's daughter, admired her handsome young husband. She only wished he would spend a little more time at home. For the sixteen-year-old Manuelito seemed always to be riding down to the big rock, where he spent hours shooting his arrows higher and higher, perfecting his skill. If not there, she knew he would be out by the old juniper, beating every other young man in countless foot races and wrestling matches. Manuelito was eager for his initiation on the war trail. He practiced constantly, hoping the older men would find him worthy for the next battle.

Narbona took the young man along on a peace mission to Santa Fe, for he wanted his son-in-law to understand the value of peace, and the ways of attaining it, as well as the thrill of the war trail.

Manuelito cared little for the endless talks inside the dark adobe room where the Mexican governor received visitors. But he found enjoyment of another kind. When he stepped boldly out into the sunlight, he laughed to himself at the reaction of the timid citizens of the small Mexican town. They jumped in spite of themselves at the sight of the imposing young Navajo. He held his face stern and solemn, never looked to left or right. He could feel the shock of his appearance, and delighted in frightening the passers-by. He laughed later, *"Those little Mexicans – they jump around like rabbits!"*

He was, indeed, quite a young man. Well over six feet tall, he walked straight and broad-shouldered, his well-fitting buckskins rippling along his sinewy arms and legs. He draped a fine blanket across his shoulders, and kept his quiver bristling with new arrows.

"You walk around like some naat'áani, some headman, and you have not even been on one raid yet," his young friends joked with him.

Photograph courtesy of the National Archives

"I walk like a headman now," he replied seriously, *"so that when I become one, I will already know how to behave."*

He hoped to prove himself soon, when they attacked the Mexicans, as Narbona had promised they would do if the Mexicans continued to take Navajo slaves and scalps. He passed the months impatiently, listening to the seasoned warriors, and in privacy, imagining war strategies. Narbona recognized the signs.

"He is young, eager to show the enemy all his strength," the old leader said calmly. *"He will be a fine warrior very soon. Later, he will be ready to learn the ways of peace."*

The waiting was not long. Shortly after the first snow fell in the winter of 1835, Manuelito was seventeen. Word spread quickly through the region that a thousand Mexicans were coming to attack the Navajos.

Manuelito listened as Narbona laid out his battle plan, for the trail that led through the mountains west of Dibébito' (Sheep Springs), Copper Pass. This would be a close battle, and Manuelito prepared his war weapons eagerly.

He brought out the eagle and owl feathers which he had been gathering for several years. These were fastened to his war helmet of mountain lion skin, and to his fine new shield of buckskin. The medicine man showed him how to paint the protective snakes on the soles of his moccasins. "Now you will be as wily as the desert snakes in approaching your victims," the medicine man assured him.

The young man spent many hours in the sweathouse, singing with his companions, until all felt cleansed and strengthened for the coming attack.

In his thick buckskin warshirt, new moccasins, and battle helmet, Manuelito felt like a new person, the warrior he had long dreamed of being.

Narbona's plan worked perfectly, with his men grouping along both sides of the narrow trail. When he gave the signal to cut into the Mexicans' line, Manuelito loosed a wild cry and sent his first arrow against the enemy.

In the fury of noise and dustclouds that arose, the young warrior released arrow after arrow, deadly and accurate against the surprised Mexicans. Among the Mexicans were Pueblo fighters, and these fared a little better, accustomed to the way of arrow fire. A Pueblo warrior quickly dodged up the bank into the bushes, aiming his Mexican rifle at the Navajo warriors a few yards above him. Manuelito had no time to warn his companions, so he lept down upon the Pueblo enemy and grabbed his rifle arm, clubbing him until he moved no more. Then he cut away a piece of the dead man's scalp.

Snatching the rifle from the slain fighter, Manuelito dashed back to his position. Then he heard the signal to move out. Suddenly the battle scene grew quiet, and like a great silent mountain cat Manuelito moved away from the bloody trail.

Later, back at his camp, the young warrior could not even remember how he had gotten home. Shaking all over, he found himself unable even to talk, and something like sickness crept through his body. Then he felt ashamed. "I am not some weak creature . . . I am a warrior," he thought, and he picked up the scalp he had taken, to join in the ceremony with his companions.

His face was dark and steady as he prepared to chew on the scalp, for this act proved him to be a true warrior. He could join any war party now with confidence. The singing was loud and boisterous, as all the young men sang of brave deeds in verses they made up for the occasion. One man began singing about "Hashkéh Naabaah" — Angry Warrior. A surge of pride swept through Manuelito, as he heard the verse. It was about himself killing the Pueblo fighter. On his first war party, Manuelito had distinguished himself, and gained a war name.

At the end of the ceremony, when Narbona arose and spoke his thoughts for peace with the Mexicans, Manuelito disagreed violently. But he said nothing, for all around him he saw the older men nodding their approval. But to himself, Manuelito vowed, *"Those Mexicans! I will never live peacefully with them, with their lies and greed for our land."*

He far preferred war talk to peace talk, and soon most of the young men in Narbona's region knew it. Some began to agree with him when he came around talking. He was nineteen when Ganado Mucho sent out word of a war party he was forming. Manuelito wasted no time in preparing his battle gear again.

He still had the Mexican rifle, but he prepared the poisonous mixture of rattlesnake blood, yucca leaf juice, and pulp from a prickly pear cactus. Into the sticky substance he dipped each arrow, certain it would infect every enemy it sank into.

His wife watched silently, each morning as Manuelito untied another knot from the rawhide strip he had hung up when news of the war party first came. Each knot symbolized one day, and eagerly he untied each "day," even before his all-important race through the cold morning air to bathe in the icy water.

At last the fifth knot was untied, and the young man left quickly, riding with a number of other warriors to meet with Ganado Mucho's band. He learned that they were going to attack the "gah yázhí," the "little rabbits," as Navajos often called the Hopis.

Several hundred Navajo warriors gathered for final preparations about a day's ride away from Oraibi. The feeling for revenge ran high, for the Hopis were said to have murdered Navajos in a treacherous way. Some Navajos who were hungry had gone up to the mesa top to ask for food and shelter. The Hopis had treated them well, giving them all the food they could hold. Then the Hopis had turned on their guests and thrown them off the high cliffs at the edge of the mesa.

"We will build no fires tonight," warned Ganado Mucho. *"We must set our trap for the 'little rabbits' quietly, unnoticed."* Manuelito spoke the Ute language, from his youth near the Bear's Ears. He was sent out, near to the mesa to walk back and forth for many hours talking Ute. The Hopis were friendly with the Utes, and the Hopi spies who heard Manuelito reported to the village that a Ute was coming to trade.

The Hopis of Oraibi decided to prepare for visitors. In the morning, the Navajos were within several miles of the mesa, watching the line of Hopis wind down the trail to the bottom. The Hopis were dressed in white, with buckskin straps slung over their left shoulders and under their right arms.

A small party of Navajos rode up, encircled the Oraibi men and led them back to the main body of Navajos. Suddenly, a young Navajo girl riding a fast horse galloped up the trail into the center of the Oraibi village, signalling the warriors to follow her and slaughter the enemies. A few Navajos were

wounded, but the Hopis fell left and right, and their bodies were scattered over the fields for several miles at the bottom of the cliffs. After plundering the village, the Navajo warriors followed Ganado Mucho away to their homeland.

Manuelito began taking the lead in many raids and soon was famed as a war leader. When Ganado Mucho returned to his vast cattle herds and large family, and when Narbona deserted the war trail, Manuelito joined with Barboncito to continue the fight against the Mexicans. He moved away from Narbona's camp to ride with his warrior-friends who lived south of Sheep Springs. His wife and family went with him, but still his wife saw little of her husband.

The sight of Mexican herders moving placidly along and within Navajo borders with sheep and cattle kindled flames in his mind. He spent all his energy against these enemies. Older men were tolerant, for they recalled the fire of youth. But they tried to persuade him to build up other resources, as well as his war skills. He began to increase his herd of cattle, and the older men were pleased at this sign.

Still, Manuelito arose at every ceremony to tear apart the peace leaders' persuasive speeches against war. An angry fire burned within him, and he refused to put it out.

He built up a network of sub-chiefs, each man specializing in one aspect of warfare. One was expert in making weapons. Another was skilled at getting information. Others led scouting trips and excelled in livestock raids. Of all

the Navajo headmen, Manuelito became known as the best strategist. He dominated the entire eastern section of Navajo country, because he knew how to make the most of his followers' special talents. Even in his peaceful moments, he kept the sparks ready to kindle. And because he was such a superb leader, his warriors came home time after time, victorious.

He was a recognized naat'áani when the Americans came in 1846, and he signed the peace treaty along with thirteen other leaders, most of them much older than himself. He was only twenty-eight years old at the time of the treaty at Bear Springs.

He was glad if this treaty meant the end of the Mexicans, for he was growing weary of their bold raids for slaves, especially since they were able to capture so many.

He worked on building up his herds of sheep and cattle, and he began to enjoy telling stories to the children of his camp, his own children and his young

nephews. Some of his children were half Mexican, for Manuelito had married one of his Mexican captives. Often, he took his young sons and nephews riding with him to the special places, ancient ruins and strange rock formations, and there, in the proper setting, he told them the stories which made the spots famous.

One afternoon, they arrived at the great ruins of Pueblo Bonito, and saw on the northern cliff, Pueblo Alto. "Long ago, before even the oldest man you know was born," Manuelito began, "that was the home of the much-feared monster, The Winner, sometimes called 'Gambler,' . . . called that because he gambled and won away most of the possessions of the Indians who tried to beat him."

But unlike the usual version, in which "The Winner" becomes cruelly victorious in all of his nine games, Manuelito turned the story out so the monster lost. "That is where we got our games," he told the youngsters, ". . . the foot race, the stick game, the basket game, the pole and ring game, and the crooked stick-and-ball game. The Navajos won these away from the monster. Even the Pueblo Indians won games from the monster, and when the Indians were finished, 'The Winner' had nothing left, so he returned naked to his father, the Sun," Manuelito finished.

Manuelito's young audience grew up certain "the gambler always loses."

Manuelito had openly and violently disagreed with Narbona's work for peace, and he had led many young men away from the respected old leader. When the Americans killed his father-in-law in 1849, Manuelito angrily threatened to drive all white men out of Navajo country.

"These Americans are worse than those thieving Mexicans," he stormed. *"The Mexicans respected my father-in-law, and left his camp in peace because they knew he kept his promises. But these white men . . . they do not even care. They kill whom they please. They are arrogant and untrustworthy. I want nothing more of their bargains."*

The Americans had promised to protect the Navajos from Mexican slave raids, but they were making a poor job of it. Manuelito ignored the Americans, and continued to protect himself and his people.

He rode with bold parties of only a few warriors, and drove off hundreds of sheep and cattle from New Mexican ranches. He sent the herders fleeing in terror, and laughed at the sight of them. Then he vanished back into the wild mountainous timberlands—even as far south as the Sierra Escudillas, 150 miles from his home near Dibébito'. But he rested there only long enough to send his men to distribute the cattle among Navajo families. Then he was back into his war clothes, almost ignoring the refreshing cold mountain air and the brilliant star-lit nights.

In the early 1850's he caught a Mexican slave-raiding band off-guard in Navajo country, near Salt Springs. The Mexicans were squatting in the dust, while their horses grazed at a short distance. One of them was drawing in the dust with a short stick. They were unaware of the Navajo eyes watching them

intently from behind a rock partway up a butte only a few hundred yards away. A whirlwind gusted up, carrying the scent to Manuelito's horse, but the war pony was well trained and stood motionless and quiet. *"Yes, Racer, stay silent. We will have our fun in a few moments,"* Manuelito said softly. *"They are keeping their guns close to them. We will wait until they move away from them."* One man held his rifle loosely, but most of the weapons were leaning, barrel up, against the piñon tree and nearby rocks. One of the Mexican's horses nickered suddenly, frightened by a lizard. The man holding the rifle moved quickly toward the horses, and the other men turned their heads to watch.

"Now!" commanded Manuelito. His warriors rode like thunder down upon the stunned Mexicans. The Mexicans had time to grab their weapons, but a rain of lead and arrows caught them. The Mexican who was tending his horse fired back, but fell without injuring any of Manuelito's band.

"They have little use for slaves now," said Manuelito grimly.

By early summer 1853, Zarcillos Largos, Ganado Mucho and other peace leaders were working earnestly for peace with the Americans. They spoke to Manuelito, trying to persuade him to stop his raiding.

"Brave younger brother," Zarcillos Largos said, *"you have exhausted yourself fighting in our cause. We have all felt the pain of slavery and of the burning of our homes. Starvation and death have become prominent members of our families. It is not healthy for one to become so friendly with them nor to live on their terms. Your mind travels too narrow a trail, and your feet will begin to stumble along this war trail. Come, we will have a Blessing Way. On the path of beauty you will restore your strength."*

Manuelito and his followers had caused many problems by attacking, killing, and stealing from the settlers of New Mexico. His acts proved again and again to the Americans that the well-meaning peace chiefs could not control the stubborn warriors of their tribe.

In July, 1853, Major Henry Lane Kendrick went on a threatening mission through Navajo country. He told all the Navajos along his route that the Americans would wage war against them and take all their sheep, kill their men, and take all Navajo women and children captive.

Zarcillos Largos and other peace leaders worked on Manuelito, persuading him to return many of the sheep and cattle he had stolen. They assured the warrior they would not turn him in to the military authorities, although the army had told them to do this with wrongdoers among their tribe.

September came, and Manuelito found himself once again at a peace meeting in Santa Fe. The dark dusty room had changed little in the years since his youth, and Manuelito listened again to the warnings of the officials and the pleas of the Navajo leaders. He knew the importance of Governor Merriwether's words when he appointed Zarcillos Largos "captain" in charge of keeping the Navajos peaceful.

Manuelito would be endangering this respected Navajo leader by continuing to raid and attack the settlers. The warrior agreed to try settling matters by talking rather than by fighting.

In July, 1855, Zarcillos Largos resigned from his position as captain, and refused to attend Merriwether's meeting at Red Lake. Manuelito was a strong young man, a man who needed to feel important, so Largos stayed away and hoped that Manuelito would find satisfaction in leading his people to peace.

Manuelito was named "head chief" by Merriwether at the peace meeting. But he did not like the treaty terms, particularly the condition that required him to turn over all wrongdoers. He would have had to turn himself in, according to the Americans' view. Manuelito did not think of himself as a wrongdoer, for he had fought only in retaliation for all the wrongs committed against the Navajos. But his arguments against the treaty did not persuade the governor to change the document. Finally, Manuelito signed the treaty along with the other headmen.

Zarcillos Largos was relieved. His strategy seemed to be working. Manuelito would be a fine chief, a strong protector of the Navajos . . . if only his fiery tongue did not get him into trouble.

Manuelito soon found another enemy to vent his anger on. A band of Comanches stole his favorite horse, Racer, and the warrior pursued the thieves. Manuelito and his band chased them hundreds of miles northwest up into Utah territory. The Comanches, however, left the Navajos behind, and waited until they turned to go home. Then the Comanches doubled back and rode southeast to attack Manuelito's camp. Manuelito fought back and sent the Comanches scattering, but he suffered a gunshot wound on the left side of his chest.

A captive Mexican blacksmith who had been with Manuelito's band for many years managed to extract the lead ball, but the wound was serious. The great leader was only in his late thirties, and now his life was seriously in danger. He lay with a high fever for many days, hardly aware of the singing going on over him. Zarcillos Largos was praying and administering medicines, and Manuelito's band was chanting with the medicine man. All Manuelito saw was a haze of faces, gentle, worried faces. Then he dropped off to sleep.

His fever cooled, and the faces became clear, relief lighting the eyes of all his friends. Manuelito recovered. He recovered in time to become angry all over again, this time at the entire United States Army.

He strode into Agent Henry Dodge's little stone house in June, 1856, demanding to know why the Navajos had been ordered to remove all their livestock from the grazing lands around Fort Defiance.

"Your army has horses and wagons, mules, and many soldiers. They are capable of hauling in feed for their own livestock. We Navajos have only our feet, and must take our sheep and cattle wherever there is good grazing, and that land around the fort has been ours for many years," he told the agent.

He threatened the agent, saying that he could muster a thousand warriors in less than a day. That was more men than the fort had soldiers. "Your army is welcome to drive the Navajos off the grazing grounds—if they think their force is strong enough," he added sarcastically.

Fort Defiance added extra soldiers for a while, but the Navajo livestock remained there to graze. Agent Dodge was killed several months later on a hunting trip. While Zarcillos Largos mourned the death of his friend, Manuelito saw little sense in worrying so much about a white man.

For a short time he joined with Largos to recover stolen sheep, a vast change in behavior for the avowed warrior. He even visited the new commander at Fort Defiance, in March, 1858, to say that he would remove the Navajo livestock that were grazing at the hay camp near the fort. Major Thomas H. Brooks had no idea what a remarkable change this was for Manuelito. Instead Major Brooks took the chief's visit as an insult, because it did not come until three months after Brooks had taken command.

Brooks' temper matched Manuelito's, and the two held each other in low regard. Finally, Brooks reappointed Zarcillos Largos, and Manuelito was no longer head chief.

Manuelito was just as glad to be rid of the troublesome job, which had required him to act more tactfully with the army than he liked. Still, Largos was gaining years, growing old, and perhaps too weak to be a strong leader for the Navajos, thought Manuelito. So he stayed with the old peace chief, helping him recover stolen livestock.

In April, 1858, the two led a large band of Navajos nearly to Gray Mountain to find sheep and cattle to take back to the soldiers. Out of thousands of sheep which the New Mexicans claimed had been taken during the past years, the

Navajos were able to take back only 117. A party of soldiers had been sent to recover the same sheep, and met Manuelito and Largos as they were returning. "The rest of the sheep have been eaten or traded away," Manuelito told the soldiers as he turned the livestock over to them.

Though he had promised to see that the Navajo herds were removed from the hay camp at Fort Defiance, Manuelito had not yet accomplished this. He had barely gotten home to one of his camps, south of Ganado, when he learned that the army was driving off all the animals at the hay camp. Many of the cattle were his, and Manuelito went quickly to the fort to argue with the officers.

Surrounded by his faithful warriors, Manuelito stood his ground. "The water there is mine, not yours, and the same with the grass. Even the ground it grows from belongs to me, not to you. I will not let you have these things," he stormed.

Major Brooks replied firmly that the army would defend its rights to the hay camp, by force if necessary. He dismissed Manuelito, telling him that he and his band were no longer considered friends of the Americans.

Troops were ordered to slaughter all livestock not removed from the hay camp by midnight. Manuelito lost many sheep and cattle during that night.

Outright war came soon after, in the fall. Manuelito's camp on the Little Colorado, south of the Ganado Valley, was one of the army's first targets. A large band of Zunis volunteered to help the army, and 160 Zuni warriors rode against the camp. But Manuelito had heard of this in time to escape, and while his hogans and fields burned to the ground, the war leader was alive and safe.

When Zarcillos Largos sent word of the Naachid, later in the winter, Manuelito prepared to attend.

He bided his time, sitting silently with the war leaders at the great gathering. Winter weather had descended upon the flat land north of Chinle. Clouds covered the sun day after day during the ceremony, but Manuelito sat, unflinching, clad only in his breechcloth. He listened to Zarcillos Largos lamenting the killing of his nephews, and the sad plight of the Navajo people whose homes and fields had been burned. Manuelito and the other war leaders grew angrier as the moments passed during the old peace chief's speech. Suddenly Manuelito sprang to his feet.

Like a furious whirlwind, he ran around near the crowd, shouting at them. "We will stop this suffering! I will lead the Navajos. We will make war and drive the white men from our land!"

For four days, Manuelito kept up his campaign among the younger men, urging them to follow him. He was successful. It was a worried band of peaceful Navajos who hurriedly left the ceremony while the warriors made their plans.

The warriors struck at Fort Defiance, 500 strong, behind Manuelito in February of 1860. They sent their flaming arrows into the haystacks at the grazing camp. The soldiers numbered only forty-four and fought bitterly to

turn back the Navajo attackers. Manuelito quickly led his men back into the hills.

In April, he and Barboncito rallied a thousand warriors and struck directly at the fort. They moved in before dawn stealthily, undetected, and at close range surrounded three sides of Fort Defiance. Then they overran the military quarters, taking shelter behind the fences and woodpiles, driving the soldiers back into the small kitchen and laundry quarters.

Only as the gray light of early dawn began to show did the soldiers gather

their wits and begin an organized defense. Finally, the sky turned rosy as the sun came up, and Manuelito signalled his men to disappear back into the mountains. Two companies were ordered to pursue them. The order was quickly countermanded when the advance company was mistaken for Navajos, and shot at by the rear company.

New Mexicans relished the opportunity to increase their slaving expeditions against the Navajos. After all, the Navajos were obviously not living up to any

treaty promises. Manuelito caught wind of a Mexican raiding expedition in mid-summer and led his warriors to ambush the fifty Mexicans in the Chuska Valley.

Manuelito's band arrived in plenty of time to prepare the surprise attack. They dragged fallen logs and huge boulders to the edge of the high slopes of the mountains and then they sat down to wait. When the Mexican party was close enough, the Navajos let their arrows fly. The warriors remained above sending their logs and boulders crashing down on the Mexicans who were climbing up the slopes. Forty Mexicans lay dead when Manuelito finally called off his men.

Military expeditions marched against the Navajos the rest of the year. Like spiders spinning a complex web, the soldiers criss-crossed the land of the Navajos, killing and burning. Bands of Utes, Apaches, New Mexican ranchers, and Pueblo Indians joined the free-for-all, and the Navajos suffered more than ever before.

Finally in February, 1861, General R.E.S. Canby knew the Navajos were devastated, too beaten to fight any more. He signed a treaty with thirty-two headmen on February 15. Manuelito signed the treaty.

Fort Defiance was abandoned and its troops sent to the new Fort Fauntleroy in the Zuni mountains that spring. By the end of April, Manuelito could graze his cattle outside the kitchen door at the abandoned military post.

The Utes, too, were glad to see the fort unprotected. They became bolder in their raids against the Navajos, and the Navajos fought back. Navajo raids against settlers mounted, and Manuelito found it easy to take up his warlike habits again. The bloody situation in the southwest snowballed, until General James H. Carleton ordered war against the Navajos and Apaches in 1863. They were to be rounded up and taken to a reservation at Fort Sumner.

Kit Carson began his campaign of legendary horror against the Navajos, and Fort Defiance was again opened for service, under a new name, Fort Canby.

While Carson's troops literally burned down Navajoland, and managed to round up thousands of Navajos, Manuelito dodged from one spot to another, determined to keep up his personal war against the army. Seeing the fields burning, and the Navajos turning themselves in at Fort Canby for lack of food and clothing, Manuelito began stashing small supplies of corn and other dried foods along his trails, from the headwaters of the Little Colorado to the Grand Canyon. He would not be forced to surrender because of an empty stomach. For a year, from summer of 1863 until spring of 1864, Manuelito moved too fast for the army to catch him. The army tried to keep track of him though, and that spring, a soldier wrote to Kit Carson:

"Manuelito (fifth chief) will be in in four days, bringing with him his people and herds . . ."

The great war chief had found safety in the Grand Canyon for a while, but many hungry Navajos had decided to turn themselves in to Carson, before another bad winter. Manuelito agreed to lead them to the fort. True to his words to the soldier, Manuelito arrived at Fort Sumner with nearly 1,500 Navajos in March, 1864. He proved his value to the army, and returned to Navajo country, promising to bring more of his people to Bosque Redondo—Round Forest, as the fort was sometimes called.

If his people wanted to go to Bosque Redondo, that was their decision.

Meanwhile, Manuelito had discovered a way to remain free for a while longer in his homeland.

These hunted ones of Manuelito's band survived for many months, through the rest of 1864 and into 1865, at times with nothing more to eat than Manuelito's hidden supplies of dried corn. Then, in February that year, Manuelito was camped west of Zuni with his family and the rest of his band. The Utes attacked them, scattering the surprised Navajos and stealing much of their livestock. Manuelito had about fifty horses and forty sheep left after the attack.

He led his people far west, to camp near Black Mountain. But again, the Utes found Manuelito, and attacked brutally, killing many of the men, and taking most of the surviving men, women, and children as captives. It was fall, 1865. Manuelito, and a few others, who had been away on a hunting trip,

remained free. But this was a despondent band of Navajos, hiding in a desolate land, for all the fields and homes that Kit Carson could find were burned. The thought of a cold winter with little food was cruel, and Manuelito mourned the loss of many of his relatives and faithful companions. Still, he outwitted the soldiers and remained free, though often hungry now. Throughout the years since 1863, many Navajos had tried to persuade him to surrender, thinking that if all surrendered perhaps they would not be imprisoned for long. The army had even sent Navajo headmen to talk to him, hoping they could bring him to Fort Sumner.

In late summer of 1866, Manuelito found himself facing another cold, hungry winter of hiding, and hoping the Utes would not attack again. He knew that life at Fort Sumner was miserable. The headmen had told him how little food there was, and how far they had to walk to find firewood. Comanche war parties constantly attacked small groups of Navajos who left the fort to go hunting. Mexican raiders lay in ambush, too, waiting to capture more slaves from Navajo wood-gathering and hunting parties. Many Navajos had already died of exposure and starvation, especially the young children and old people, for there were not enough blankets issued for each person to have one. The fields around the fort refused to produce good crops for the Navajos who tried to plant corn and pumpkins there. The coffee beans issued by the army puzzled the women, who tried to boil them soft, as food to fill their empty stomachs.

The Navajos at Fort Sumner needed all the strong, healthy leaders they could find, and Manuelito was a strong man, even after suffering three bad

97

winters, two Ute attacks, and the loss of much of his band and many family members. Mexicans and Pueblo raiders joined the Utes, and all attacked deep into Navajo country, taking slaves from among the small bands they found hiding in the twisting canyons and towering mountains.

Ganado Mucho's son turned himself in at Bosque Redondo during July, 1866, and reported to the army that Manuelito, Barboncito, and others were still hiding in the Sierra Escudillas. Manuelito by that time was wounded and weak. He agreed to turn himself in, later when he regained his strength. He did not want to risk sure death by traveling through Mexican and Pueblo country in poor physical condition.

Finally, on September 1, 1866, Manuelito and twenty-three companions rode down to Fort Wingate, and surrendered. The forty-eight-year-old warrior held himself tall and proud, as he led his small band to the army. A month later, he arrived at Fort Sumner.

The fort was far worse than he had imagined, and his people far more tragic. It filled him with shame and sorrow to see once-strong women, now thin and weak, trying to comfort their starving children, trying to sleep and keep warm on a thin layer of gunny sacks at night. He rode with more able-bodied Navajos to hunt game and gather firewood. They had to go more than twenty-five miles out from the fort, as the mesquite roots near the fort had long ago been used up. Comanche bands attacked fiercely, and Mexicans awaited the Navajos along their wood-gathering trails.

It was as deadly to go out hunting for food and fuel as it was to stay at the fort and starve.

Manuelito endured his people's misery for a year. Then, in October of 1867, he persuaded 350 men, women, and children, to desert the fort. Other bands left, too. But the army officers who tracked them found many Navajos already trying to return to Fort Sumner, for life outside the fort was no longer free, either. Too many enemies lay waiting to kill and capture the proud Navajos.

Back at Fort Sumner once more, Manuelito and the other headmen counciled with Barboncito. Putting aside what little pride they had left, they pleaded with Barboncito to speak for the Navajos in council with the white military leaders. They desperately wanted to go home, but they needed protection, freedom from more attacks.

For an anguishing moment in the council meeting with General W. T. Sherman on May 28, 1868, Manuelito and his friends thought they were never going to see their homeland again. General Sherman tried to talk them into moving onto a reservation in Oklahoma, near the Cherokees.

But Barboncito refused even to consider any other home but his own, and finally, the headmen felt certain they would be going home soon. By June 1, the Treaty of 1868 was ready for signature. Barboncito, Armijo, Delgado, Manuelito, and then twenty-five more headmen signed the document.

Soldiers rode along with some of the small bands which departed as they were ready, but the trail home was still dangerous. Slower-moving parties, many

99

on foot, never got home. Mexican raiders captured them, adding to the great number of Navajo slaves they already held.

Only 7,304 Navajos were counted in at Fort Wingate that summer. More than 1,500 Navajos never came back from exile. Death and capture had taken a terrible toll.

Manuelito took the remaining members of his family back to his old home near Tohatchi, south of Sheep Springs. With him still were his Mexican wife, a son and a nephew. Glad to be free again, Manuelito began anew to build up his sheep herd, and his family labored long in the fields, trying to coax them back to life. But, along with many others, they suffered terrible years of drought and poor crops. Along with hundreds of his tribesmen, Manuelito went time and again to the Navajo agents trying to locate his relatives who had been captured by Utes and Mexicans.

Extremely poor living conditions following years of miserable imprisonment at Fort Sumner had a predictable effect on many young Navajo men. Shamed at the thought of receiving their small allotment of government clothing, angered at the impoverished condition of their families, and full of Navajo pride and desire for self-sufficiency, bands of Navajo raiders formed. They stole sheep and cattle from settlers along the Navajo borders, just as in the old days.

Manuelito understood their ways, but he knew they were traveling a hopeless trail. The young raiders swept Mormon and Mexican settlements seeking horses, and they drove home herds of sheep. In 1871, food became so limited in Navajo country that children began dying of starvation. Raiding bands increased, in the desperate hunt for food, and for livestock which would produce more food. Trying to hold back the surge of thefts, Nathaniel Pope, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico, advertised for 10,000 ewes to be delivered to Fort Defiance for the Navajos by September, 1872.

Manuelito and other headmen were called to a meeting that summer at Fort Wingate, by Major General Oliver O. Howard. Manuelito faced the raiding problem openly. "I will go myself to stop these raids," he proposed. "I have brought in many sheep and cattle stolen by the Navajo raiders. I will continue

to do this, returning stolen livestock to the Mexicans. I will get all the animals I can for you," Manuelito vowed. "But when I say there is no more stolen livestock on this reservation, you must believe me."

For a year, Manuelito was chief of the first Navajo police organization. Though they received neither the pay nor the clothing that had been promised them, they went to work immediately. Under Manuelito's leadership, they were so effective that Navajo raids nearly stopped within the first five months. L. E. Dudley, the new Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico advised that the force be paid, then cut back to thirty members. The added expense of the police force was no longer necessary, he thought.

Seven months after it was started, the first Navajo police force was legally disbanded. They had done their job, and were no longer needed. Superintendent Dudley did suggest that if trouble arose in the future, a Navajo police force would be the best means to stop it. The force never quite stopped, though. It was still active, even though the members didn't receive pay for their hard work for many years.

No longer head of the police, Manuelito was chosen for other work for his people. In 1876, the old headman journeyed to visit the President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, in Washington, D.C. He spoke for his tribe's need for more land, for much of their old grazing land had not been included in the Treaty of 1868, and much trouble was starting with the non-Indian cattlemen over land they didn't want to share. In 1878, an additional strip of land was granted the Navajos. This was followed by more grants in 1880, 1884, and several in the 1900's. Manuelito again had led the way.

With Ganado Mucho he launched a different kind of attack against Navajo troublemakers. The two saw only argument and disagreement ahead for their people. Many Navajos hated the new way of life. They had lost a great deal of land, and suffered near-starvation. They were not about to send their children away to school. They had lost too much already, without giving up their children as well.

Manuelito was convinced now that education was the ladder by which the Navajos would again rise to independence, and regain their pride. He and Ganado Mucho began a campaign against Navajo "witches and thieves" who were causing all the trouble. In 1878 more than forty Navajos were rounded up and killed.

Manuelito sent two of his own sons away to an Indian school in Pennsylvania, in 1882, hopeful for their futures.

Then the Indian agents, still trying to set the slavery problem straight, began hunting for captives, both among the New Mexico settlers and among the Navajos. In 1883, Agent Denis Riordan faced a strange situation. No sooner would a Navajo release all his slaves, than the slaves would escape from the agent and return to their Navajo homes.

Manuelito was sternly ordered to free his Mexican slaves, and Agent John

Bowman faced the same puzzle. The Navajo chief did not refuse in anger, as Bowman expected. Instead, he replied quietly, "I claim no control over them in any way. They are not slaves. They are members of my family, at liberty to go anywhere or do anything they wish."

The agent then faced Manuelito's Mexican wife, offering her the choice of moving to Fort Defiance and placing her children in school there, or of remaining with her "master." Manuelito held back an urge to laugh when the upset agent looked puzzled at her answer: "I far prefer to remain in captivity with my 'master'."

Then, in the same year, one of Manuelito's sons became ill at the school in Pennsylvania. He was sent home, where he died soon after. Manuelito became violently angry at the school. He demanded that all Navajo children be sent home to their parents.

But the tide was too strong to turn. Manuelito had carved the beginning of a new trail. Though he was suddenly turned against education, his tribe was moving steadily up the ladder.

He spent the last ten years of his life unhappy, certain that he had done the wrong thing by encouraging education, and by taking back all the livestock stolen by the young raiders of the tribe. Whisky was small comfort for his misery, but he drank it anyway. All around him his people still believed his words "Education is the ladder," and they sent more and more of their children to school. They followed Manuelito even though he refused to lead them any longer.

He was a disheartened man, seventy-five years old in 1893, when he became very ill. Measles and then pneumonia brought the weakened old man to his deathbed.

In his fever, the years seemed to fade as he watched the sunlight play in small patches on the hogan wall. He saw the faces around him, his friends and family. He thought he heard Zarcillos Largos say, "Come, on the path of beauty you will restore your strength." Manuelito closed his eyes in peace.

His death saddened many Navajos who had found strength in his strength. But his life had given his people a new trail to follow, and they walked it proudly, as Manuelito had walked.

Photograph courtesy of the National Archives

104

BARBONCITO

Hastiin Dághá--Man with the Whiskers

Mą'iideeshgiizhnii Clan--Coyote Pass People

Barboncito looked at the thin, hungry faces crowded around him, Navajo faces almost too weary to hope any more. Yet he saw the hope, flickering, pleading, here and there among the faces.

It was May 28, 1868, and Barboncito knew the time was near for another council with the white men. Today, in a few hours, he would walk to the headquarters at the fort, and talk again for 7,000 Navajos who wondered if they would ever again live within the safe and sacred boundaries of their homeland.

His homeland – he longed to see it! He remembered sitting on a cliff, near the mouth of the Canyon de Chelly, where the drop down to the sand was not far. That was seventeen years ago, the lifetime of a young man. But Barboncito had not been a young man then. It was midsummer, 1851. He remembered watching the crow's dipping flight, until the crow landed to investigate a small, shiny object in the sand. Barboncito watched the crow add his ragged tracks to the mass of footprints on the sandy canyon bottom. Soon the late summer rains would flood the canyon floor, leaving no trace of man, only endless ripple patterns to decorate the white sand.

"We Navajos . . . could we move like that, like a flood to wash away the men who made those tracks," he had pondered. The soldiers, seven companies of troops led by Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, had left quickly that time. Barboncito and the other canyon families were grateful the soldiers had turned back before marching into the canyon. The soldiers heard only a few owl and whippoorwill cries, but the Navajos had heard the call to return to their homes, scattered at the bottom of the cliffs and spires.

"When will the soldiers return?" wondered Barboncito. They had left only a shiny button, fallen from a soldier's jacket, that time. What would they leave behind the next time?

His eyes moved, and finally rested on a rock shelter part way up the opposite wall of the canyon. That was a sacred place, only one of many sacred

places in the canyon. But there, in that rock shelter, Barboncito had first begun his life as a medicine man, awed by the power of the rocks as they echoed his prayers. He was now qualified to perform the Beauty Way and many other ceremonies. He loved this part of his life. He felt renewed himself, after singing over a patient. Even the towering red walls of his canyon home seemed to reflect the glowing peace he gained from each ceremony.

It had been so many years, so many lives ago, since Barboncito had felt that peace. He had tried to stay free of the tangled web that had bound Zarcillos Largos to the white men. He had tried to stay free of the burning anger Manuelito suffered because of the white men.

But the web had spun tighter, until Barboncito was near the center of it, dangerously near the enemy. In 1858, his hopes for peace were dashed, like a boulder careening over a cliff to shatter at the bottom. The soldiers had marched into the canyon again in that year. Barboncito and his friends had disappeared, and the canyon looked empty to the soldiers.

But a few days later that fall, a huge war party of Utes had thundered down into the canyon. They knew better than the soldiers where to find the Navajos. Barboncito and a few others managed to escape, and they rolled boulders down on the Utes hoping to save the families caught by surprise in the canyon. Barboncito heard the screams for days and nights after the attack. The fathers of twenty children lay dead, while the mothers and children were beaten, tied, and dragged away. Like flaming skeletons, the hogans and brush shelters withered to ashes, choking the canyon with smoke.

The soldiers came back to the canyon in November, 1858. That time, Barboncito rode forward boldly to meet them. He told the leader, Colonel Dixon S. Miles, that he spoke for all the headmen — that all wanted peace. Zarcillos Largos, too, had told the soldiers this. The determination of the two headmen had brought about an armistice that November. Barboncito had avoided the Americans for many years, but this time he was glad to sign the paper for peace.

Now ten years later, Barboncito looked at the desperate people around him. That paper he had signed, and the treaty in 1861 he had also signed, and all the promises he had kept had ended only in death and near-death for thousands of his people. But he would try again this morning to persuade the white men to let his tribe go home.

Barboncito stood up, and looking at the sorrowful faces around him, spat in disgust at the gunny sack he had been sitting on. *"Those make terrible beds,"* he scowled. *"But save all of them, for you will need them to carry your loads home in."* He did not smile, but the firm look of determination caught the eyes of those around him. Murmurs of hope arose, as Barboncito went to uncover his last pair of moccasins. He pulled them on, and spoke again, *"This is my last pair. I have saved them for many months. These I will wear out, walking home with you."* At that, a few smiles broke out, and Barboncito went to the headquarters.

He stood with his friends among the seven Navajo headmen present: Manuelito, Delgadito, Largo, Herrero, Armijo, and Torivio.

He wished he could talk directly to the white men, General W. T. Sherman and Colonel Samuel F. Tappan. But he would have to depend on Jesus Arviso to interpret for him. Jesus would speak in Navajo and Spanish. Then another man, James Sutherland, would put the Spanish into English for the two commissioners.

"Take great care with the thoughts I speak today, Jesus," Barboncito said quietly. *"They must travel on wings to carry us back to our homeland."*

General Sherman began to speak:

> The Commissioners are here now for the purpose of learning and knowing all about your condition and we wish to hear from you the truth and nothing but the truth. We have read in our books and learned from our officers that for many years whether right or wrong the Navajos have been at war with us . . .

The words came through to Barboncito, slowly through two interpreters. As General Sherman began to speak again, Barboncito's mind went back . . . "right or wrong the Navajos have been at war with us."

"Yes, was it right or wrong?" wondered Barboncito as he waited for more translation. He had avoided fighting and he had avoided the peace talks, until finally, after the treaty in 1858, he had begun to work with Zarcillos Largos.

Many times he had faced sullen and bitter Navajo families, and he had persuaded them to give up the few horses or sheep their young men had stolen. He had worked at correcting the wrongs of the young raiders until he could stand it no longer. He saw too many Navajos poor, hungry, and not understanding why the Mexicans were allowed to steal their children. Yet, it was wrong for the Navajos to steal from the Mexicans.

Then, at the Naachid, Manuelito had spoken strongly. His fire caught Barboncito, and Barboncito turned his thoughts to driving the white men out of his country.

He joined with Manuelito in April, 1860, and together they planned the greatest attack the Navajos had attempted in half a century. In the dark hours of an April morning, more than a thousand Navajo warriors crept down to surround the sleeping Fort Defiance. The only sound that arose was a whispering breeze.

The soldiers, surprised out of sleep, had finally begun to fight back, but they were battling swift shadows. Barboncito kept his warriors moving, behind fences and woodpiles, always just ahead of the soldiers' fire. As the gray light of dawn rose, Barboncito, Manuelito, and their warriors vanished, back up into the mountains from which they had come.

"Right or wrong . . ." thought Barboncito. He had thought it was right at the time, for all the work he had done to keep peace had brought only war in the end. How many Navajo families had he taken livestock from to satisfy the Americans' demands?

Finally, after the Naachid, he had stopped haunting the families. How else were these Navajos to make a new start, after their own fields and herds had been ruined by Mexicans, by Pueblo raiders, by Utes, and finally, by the American Army? *"And our children are still slaves,"* he thought, *"but perhaps they are the fortunate ones, for they at least have food in their stomachs . . . not like the hundreds who have died here."*

General Sherman's words were coming through Jesus Arviso now, and Barboncito listened:

> We find you have done a good deal of work here . . . but we find you have no farms, no herds and are as poor as you were four years ago . . . before we discuss what we are to do with you, we want to know what you have done in the past and what you think about your reservation here.

Barboncito began speaking, slowly, strongly:

> The bringing of us here has caused a great decrease of our numbers, many of us have died, also a great number of our animals. Our grandfathers had no idea of living in any other country except our own and I do not think it right for us to do so — as we were never taught to.
>
> When the Navajos were first created, four mountains and four rivers were pointed out to us, inside of which we should live. That was to be our country and was given to us by the First Woman of the Navajo Tribe. It was told to us by our forefathers that we were never to move east of the Rio Grande or west of the San Juan rivers and I think that our coming here has been the cause of so much death among us and our animals. First Woman, when she was created, gave us this piece of land and created it especially for us and gave us the whitest of corn and the best of horses and sheep.

Barboncito paused, hoping that Jesus would carry the words through correctly. He remembered how long he had hidden in the mountains far south of his canyon, south where he had joined with an Apache band, just to be free in his own country.

Sadly, he had returned to his canyon one late afternoon. It was empty, quiet, and he could not find a single ear of corn nor even a peach tree to help his hunger, for the canyon was burned and the people gone. General Carleton had sent one message after another, ordering Barboncito and his followers to surrender. But the tough wiry Navajo had refused each time, though food and clothing were offered. He would rather die than leave his country. Barboncito also refused to fight, insisting he would remain in his homeland peacefully, even if the soldiers came after him.

From 1863 until 1866, Barboncito had held out. Manuelito had done the same, and both had suffered many hardships. As the years passed, they had found life far less free than they had hoped, for the Utes and Mexicans scoured Navajo country, hunting for the few remaining Navajos, for the slave business still flourished. Barboncito sadly watched Manuelito leave the mountains in the fall of 1866. Food was scarcer than ever, and the Ute raids more plentiful. Barboncito was nearly alone, with few comrades left to ease the emptiness. Two months passed, and in November, 1866, he had finally surrendered.

Right or wrong, he wondered now, but it was too late to say. Now the interpretation was finished, and Barboncito spoke again:

> You can see them (he motioned to his fellow headmen) ordinary looking as they are. I think that when the last of them is gone the world will come to an end. It is true we were brought here . . . we started to work . . . we have always done as we were told to. If told to bring ashes from the hearth, we would do so, carry water and herd stock. We never refused to do anything we were told to do.
>
> This ground we were brought on, it is not productive. We plant but it does not yield. All the stock we brought here has died . . . we have done all we could possibly do, but found it to be labor in vain . . . For that reason we have not planted or tried to do anything this year. It is true we put seed in the ground but it would not grow two feet high. The reason I cannot tell, only I think this ground was never intended for us. We know how to irrigate and farm. Still we cannot raise a crop here.

It was true, and Barboncito's voice rang with the urgency of the hunger. Even now, there were children barely alive who probably would not survive the journey home, if they were allowed to go. The first season, they had planted corn and pumpkins for this was the food they counted upon to carry them through the winter. The crop had prospered, growing dense and green, and the women had waited patiently for the proper time to harvest, though their children cried with hunger. But the cutworms had harvested first, and there was no corn to store for the winter. Doggedly they tried again the following spring, and again the worms ruined the crop. During the third summer they watched the corn grow, two inches, a foot high, two feet high. But the clouds massed low overhead that midsummer and a hailstorm slashed the crop to useless shreds. Barboncito recounted all of this to the commissioners, and continued talking:

> The Commissioners can see themselves that we have hardly any sheep or horses. Nearly all that we brought here have died, and that has left us so poor that we have no means wherewith to buy others. There are a great many among us who were once well off. Now they have nothing in their houses to sleep on except gunny sacks. True, some of us have a little stock left yet, but not near what we had some years ago, in our old country.
>
> For that reason my mouth is dry and my head hangs in sorrow to see those around me who were at one time well off, so poor now. When we had a way of living of our own we lived happily. We had plenty of stock . . . and when we wanted meat, nothing to do but kill it.

The trouble of ten years ago over Manuelito's cattle came to his mind, for Barboncito had finally taken his friend's cause to the white men in Santa Fe. Manuelito's cattle, grazing where they had grazed for many years, were suddenly a sore point to the soldiers. The army hay camp was established

near Fort Defiance, where Manuelito's stock was located. Army threats against Manuelito only brought Manuelito's anger against the army, and he had refused to move his livestock. He had even threatened outright war against the army. But the soldiers drove away and slaughtered much of the livestock, in spite of Manuelito's angry promise to fight. To prevent war, Barboncito had risked the danger of the long ride through Pueblo country, through Mexican country, and into the white men's town. He had had little close contact with the Americans before that time, and he had been worried about their reaction to his boldness.

By this time, 1868, he had spoken to white men many times. Only a month ago, in April, he had gone to Washington, D. C., and had even spoken to the United States President, Chester A. Arthur. Now, the only thing that worried him about talking to white men was that there were so many of them . . . and they did not seem to understand that the Navajos wanted only to be left alone in peace. Now he must make them understand that one point.

Barboncito motioned again at his fellow headmen:

> They were once rich. I feel sorry at the way I am fixed here. I cannot rest comfortably at night. I am ashamed to go to the commissary for my food. It looks as if somebody was waiting to give it to me. Since the time when I was very small until I was a man, when I had my father to take care of, I always had plenty.
>
> Since that time, I have always followed my father's advice — and still keep it: *to live at peace with everybody.*

He paused, for he wanted the commissioners to feel the importance of this vital point. He watched the commissioners closely, as they heard his words in English.

The two white men listened. One shifted around in his chair, and the other moved some papers around on the table in front of him. General Sherman nodded a small "mmhm" indicating to Barboncito to continue.

Barboncito held his face impassive, not wanting to show his disappointment. He waited another moment, searching his mind for another way to reach the two commissioners. They hadn't felt the importance of Barboncito's words. He had to try again; he had to succeed. Jesus Arviso jolted his thoughts by asking, "Grandfather, are you finished? The commissioners want to know."

With a stern "no" to Jesus, Barboncito began again, telling once more how hard his people had tried to make crops grow at Fort Sumner:

> We have done all we possibly could to raise a crop of corn and pumpkins, but we were disappointed. I thought at one time the whole world was the same as my own country, but I was fooled.
>
> Outside my own country we cannot raise a crop, but inside it we can raise a crop almost anywhere. Our families and livestock there increase, here they decrease. We know this land does not like us — neither does the water. They have all said this ground was not intended for us . . . I believe now it is true what my forefathers told me about crossing the line of my own country. It seems that whatever we do here causes death. Some work . . . take sick and die. Others die with the hoe in their hands. Some go to the river, in to their waists and suddenly disappear. Others have been struck and torn to pieces by lightning. A rattlesnake bite here kills us — in our own country a rattlesnake before he bites gives a warning which enables us to keep out of its way. If bitten, we readily find a cure — here we can find no cure!

Barboncito was far from finished, but he allowed the interpreters to give this much to the commissioners. Then he quickly continued:

> When one of our big men dies, the cries of the women cause the tears to roll down to my moustache. I think then of my own country . . . When we came here there was plenty of mesquite root which we used for fuel. Now there is none nearer than the place where I met the Commissioners, twenty-five miles from here . . . in the winter many die from cold and sickness and overworking, in carrying wood such a long distance on their backs. For that reason we cannot stay contented where we now are.
>
> Some years ago I could raise my head and see flocks of cattle in any direction. Now I feel sorry I cannot see any. I raise my head and can see herds of stock on my right and left, but

they are not mine. It makes me feel sorry thinking of the time when I had plenty. I can scarcely endure it.

Barboncito paused briefly, remembering bitterly his friends who had been killed in trying to get to the Mexicans' livestock, to feed their families. The cattle grazed temptingly in sight of the Navajos, who choked down the commissary's unfamiliar wheat flour and coffee beans. Corn meal they could have cooked a hundred different ways. But wheat flour was strange to them, and the Navajos at Fort Sumner could find no way to make it palatable.

Barboncito continued:

> I think all nations around here are against us — I mean Mexicans and Indians. The reason is that we are a working tribe of Indians, and if we had the means, we could support ourselves far better than either Mexican or Indian. The Comanches are against us. I know this, for they came here and killed a good many of our men. In our own country we knew nothing of the Comanches.
>
> Last winter I heard it said that there was a Commission coming here. Now I am happy it has arrived for I expect to hear from that Commission today the object of its coming here. We have all declared that we do not want to remain here any longer. If I can complete my thoughts today I will give the General my best thanks, and think of him as my father and mother.
>
> As soon as I heard of your coming I made three pairs of moccasins. I have worn out two pairs of them since, as you can see for yourselves I am strong and hearty. Before I am sick or older I want to go and see the place where I was born. Now I am just like a woman, sorry like a woman in trouble. I want to go and see my own country.
>
> If we are taken back to our own country, we will call you our father and mother. If you should only tie a goat there, we would all live off it, all of the same opinion. I am speaking for the whole tribe, for their animals, from the horse to the dog, also the unborn. All that you have heard now is the truth and is the opinion of the whole tribe. It appears to me that the General commands the whole thing as a god. I hope therefore he will do all he can for my people. This hope goes in at my feet and out at my mouth. I am speaking to you (he looked at General Sherman) now as if I was speaking to a spirit, and I wish you to tell me when you are going to take us to our own country.

They could not miss his point that time, Barboncito was certain. He had promised them the same high respect which a Navajo pays his own parents. He prayed they would believe him, for his voice was growing tired, and his mind was growing weary of searching for so many ways to say one simple thing. Bosque Redondo had forced an alien and miserable way of

life upon his people, and they wanted to go home, take up their independent and self-sufficient way of life, to hold up their heads in pride at the work of their own hands. Barboncito vowed to himself that he would keep the promise of respect to the American government. He would have to speak to his own people very strongly about this point, for he never wanted another Bosque Redondo. Barboncito listened to General Sherman, relieved at the first words which came through:

> I have listened to all you have said of your people, and believe you have told us the truth. You are right. The world is big enough for all the people it contains, and all should live at peace with their neighbors. All people love the country where they were born and raised . . .

Then Barboncito listened cautiously, trying to weigh the next of General Sherman's words.

> . . . but the Navajos are very few indeed compared with all the people in the world — they are not more than seven leaves to all the leaves you have ever seen. Still we want to do to you what is right — right to you — and right to us as a people. If you will live in peace with your neighbors, we will see that your neighbors will be at peace with you. The government will stand between you and other Indians and Mexicans.

General Sherman then held up a large piece of paper, motioning to Barboncito to move closer to look at it. The Navajo leader moved forward, slowly. Was this the paper of peace which would send the Navajos home again? Curiously, he looked at the paper while General Sherman spoke:

> We have a map here which, if Barboncito can understand, I would like to show him a few points on it, show him his own country, places inhabited by other Indians, the four mountains spoken of and old Fort Defiance.
>
> For example . . . in our own country nearly every family raises a crop or works at a trade . . . everybody does something for a living. Those who work hard get rich. Those who are lazy are poor.
>
> For many years we have been collecting Indians on the Indian Territory south of the Arkansas, and they are now doing well and have been doing so for many years. We have heard you were not satisfied with this reservation (Fort Sumner) and we have came here to invite some of your leading men to go and see the Cherokee country and if they like it we would give you a reservation there. There we will give you cattle . . . and corn . . .

Barboncito's heart dropped; his ears pounded. His mind was spinning. Desperately he tried to listen to the rest of General Sherman's words, but he barely heard them:

> It will be much cheaper there than here; give you schools to

> educate your children in English or Spanish and take care of you until such time as you will be able to protect yourselves. We do not want you to take our word for it but send some of your wisest men to see for themselves . . .

Barboncito did not want to believe the words he was hearing. What did General Sherman think the Navajos were — children? Babies that needed a cradleboard, constant watch by a worried mother? Anger and despair flooded through Barboncito. He had all but promised his people they would be going home soon. Cherokee country? That might turn out to be worse than Bosque Redondo, and it was far away from home.

General Sherman was still talking:

> If you do not want that, we will discuss the other proposition of going back to your own country, and if we agree we will make a boundary line outside of which you must not go except for the purpose of trading — we must have a clearly defined boundary line and know exactly where you belong to. You must live at peace and must not fight with other Indians. If people trouble you, you must go to the nearest military post and report to the commanding officer who will punish those who trouble you. The Army will do the fighting. You must live at peace. If you go to your own country the Utes will be the nearest Indians to you. You must not trouble the Utes and the Utes must not trouble you. If, however, the Utes or Apaches come into your country with bows and arrows and guns, you, of course, can drive them out, but must not follow beyond the boundary line. You must not permit your young men to go to the Ute or Apache country to steal. Neither must they steal from Mexicans.
>
> You can come to the Mexican towns to trade. Any Navajo can now settle in this territory and he will get a piece of land not occupied, but he will be subject to the laws of the country. Our proposition now is to send some of you at the government's expense to the Indian Territory south of Kansas . . . or if you want to go back to your own country you will be sent, but not to the whole of it, only a portion which must be well defined.

Barboncito saw the grim Navajo faces around him, saw them multiply into 7,000 faces, all the people whose hopes of going home depended on him alone . . . now. He faced General Sherman with great dignity and spoke.

> I hope to God you will not ask me to go to any other country except my own.
>
> It might turn out another Bosque Redondo. They told us this was a good place when we came, but it is not!

He stopped abruptly. He had already presented the best case he could, and now he waited with a heavy heart. General Sherman began to talk again:

> We merely made the proposition to send you to the lower Arkansas country for you to think seriously over it. Tomorrow at 10 o'clock I want the whole tribe to assemble at the back of the hospital and for you then to delegate ten of your men to come forward and settle the boundary line of your own country which will be reduced to writing and signed by those ten men.

Barboncito felt his heart take wings. He wanted the talking to stop now, so all his people could hear the news immediately. But General Sherman was looking at him, waiting for more words.

He worked to keep his voice strong and full — not trembling with joy like some woman. He replied:

> I am very well pleased with what you have said, and if we go back to our own country, we are willing to abide by whatever orders are issued to us.
>
> We do not want to go to the right or left, but straight back to our own country.

"That is all we have to say today. Tomorrow we will meet again," General Sherman finished. He and Commissioner Tappan stood, pushing their papers together into a pile. Barboncito took this as the signal to leave, finally, gratefully.

The people were waiting, a ghostly hush over the whole camp, the tension of uncertainty, of hope, of 7,000 personal prayers and plans . . . and fears. The sun had moved more slowly that day than it ever had before, but the people had waited patiently. Now the door to the small headquarters opened. Into the sunlight with a proud stride came the Navajo leaders. Their chins high and their backs straight, they walked with dignity. Though Barboncito's mouth was a firm straight line, the deep creases around it tried to smile, and the people prayed they were not mistaken.

As each of the seven leaders returned to his own camp, and relayed the news, excitement spread like wildfire. Thousands didn't even hear the news — they knew it by the great noise and activity centered around the headmen.

Barboncito suddenly felt exhausted, and wanted most of all to lie down in the shade of his shelter, and sleep. But hundreds of his friends gathered around him, eager to hear from him exactly what had happened in the meeting. And so the great orator began again, telling almost word for word what he and General Sherman had said to each other. With Barboncito, the people lived through the agony of the moments when General Sherman invited the Navajos to live on Cherokee land. With their leader they rejoiced at his final words: they were going home!

But he still had work to do that evening, a Navajo council to decide upon the Navajos who would approve the boundary, and who would sign the treaty. Representatives from all parts of Navajo country crowded into Bar-

boncito's shelter, and thousands more began the patient waiting again, gathering in small knots, with Barboncito's followers re-telling the day's story as they had heard it themselves from their leader. Many small children wondered what the great excitement was about, for the fort had been their only home. Parents began telling their young ones marvelous tales of their country, of fine hunting, the high cool mountains, the warm lush valleys, and food, plenty of food for hungry stomachs.

Young eyes grew huge in amazement . . . *"corn fields that stretched from here to the river . . . and the corn higher than a man,"* said one voice.

"Firewood so plentiful and so near to your hogan that you can gather enough in three days to last the whole winter," added another. At this the children nearly stopped believing the wondrous stories. For at Fort Sumner there was a life and death decision each time a family needed fuel — to leave sick and crying children at home, possibly to die, or to take them along, across the Pecos River on the grueling twenty-five-mile journey and risk drowning or attack. That wood-gathering could be easy and safe was impossible for these children to believe.

But the parents had to talk. They had held back for years, not wanting to teach the children to want something they might never have. For much of their young lives, these children had heard only of the terrible burning and killing in their parents' homeland. This tale they believed, for many still awoke screaming in the night, clutching at their mothers or aunts or big sisters, afraid of the terrible dreams that leapt from their memories. And as sad as it made the parents, they could honestly tell the children, *"See, see you are safe. The soldiers here do not burn our shelters . . . you are safe."* Sickness, hunger, death . . . these things the children accepted. They knew no other

way of life. But the parents spent that night remembering, calling up happy memories and forgetting for the moment all the terrible things that had haunted their country since the Spaniards had begun settling in New Mexico territory.

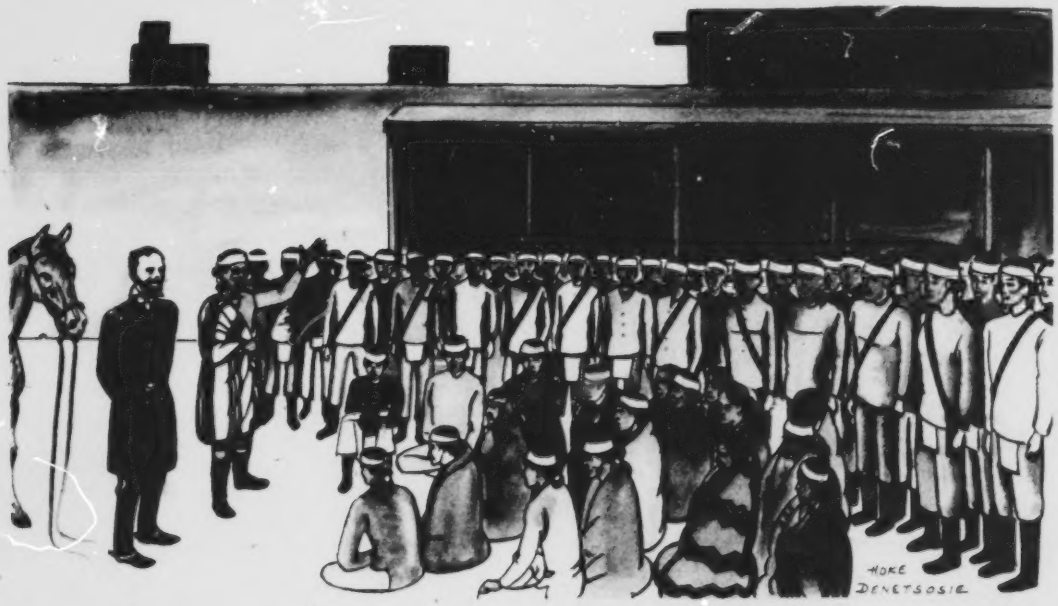
In Barboncito's council that night, four new names were added to the list of men who had attended the meeting that morning: Chiqueto, Muerto de Hombre, Narbono, and Hombro. They selected Barboncito as head speaker again. and with their business concluded, they, too, began remembering.

After talking with the others for a polite time, Barboncito left his shelter, to seek a place where he could be alone and think. The Navajos could not simply pack up and go home, for all that awaited them at home was a blackened land, with no livestock and no seeds for planting. They would need tools to replace those which had burned when their homes burned to the ground. They would need sheep and cattle, horses to help carry home the old and sick. They would need wool from which to make new clothing to

replace the tattered remnants they now wore. The young men would have to understand and agree that stealing to acquire these things was forbidden — unless they wanted to bring destruction upon the entire tribe. Barboncito had many things to clear up with the white men yet.

The sun sent its light over the horizon, and Barboncito shook himself awake guiltily, though he had only been asleep a little more than two hours. He had to be awake, to think clearly starting now, for today the fate of his people rode on his shoulders alone.

Time for the meeting came quickly. More than 7,000 Navajos gathered at the appointed place, and the ten headmen moved forward to take their places.



General Sherman asked the huge crowd if they agreed upon the ten leaders, and the Navajos responded as if with one voice . . . "yes." Barboncito was formally named head chief, and the general went on with his speech:

> . . . Now from this time out you must do as Barboncito tells you. With him we will deal and do all for your good. When we leave here and go to your own country you must do as he tells you, and when you get to your country you must obey him or he will punish you. If he has not the power to do so, he will call on the soldiers and they will do it.
>
> You must all keep together on the march. You must not scatter, for fear some of your young men might do wrong and get you all in trouble.

All these things will be put down on paper and tomorrow these ten men will sign that paper. Now we want to know about the country you want to go to. We heard Barboncito yesterday. If there are any others who differ from him, we would like to hear them.

We also want to hear if you want schools in your country, blacksmiths or carpenters' shops. We want to put everything on paper so that hereafter there may be no misunderstanding between us. We want to know if the whole Navajo nation is represented by those present and if they will be bound by the acts of these ten men . . .

Again the Navajos' voices rose . . . "yes." And Barboncito's words rang out like bells, so all could hear him.

What you have said to me now I never will forget. It is true I never liked this place, and feel sorry for being here. From here I would like to go back the same road we came by, by way of Tecalote, Bernal, Tijeras and Peralta. All the people on the road are my friends.

After I cross the Rio Grande I want to visit the Pueblo villages. I want to see the Pueblo Indians to make friends with them. I then want to go to Canyon de Chelly . . . I will take all the Navajos to Canyon de Chelly, leave my own family there . . . taking the rest and scattering them between San Mateo Mountain and the San Juan River. . . . This is the heart of Navajo country. In this place there is a mountain called the Sierra Chuska or mountain of agriculture from which the water flows in abundance creating large sand bars on which the Navajos plant their corn. It is a fine country for stock or agriculture.

There is another mountain called the Mesa Calabasa where these beads we wear on our necks have been handed down from generation to generation and where we were told by our forefathers never to leave our own country. For that reason I want to go back there as quickly as possible and not remain here another day.

When the Navajos go back to their own country I want to put them in different places. It would not do to put them all together as they are here. If separated they would be more industrious. There is only one family whose intention I do not know — the Cebolletas. I do not know whether or not they want to go back to their own country.

He paused, reviewing his speech. He had clearly told General Sherman his intentions for the Navajo people, and he had named the important landmarks which he wanted included in his people's land. Many more points still had to be settled – hunting, trading, supplies to get the Navajos started

again, and more vital than ever — the return of Navajos who were still slaves to the New Mexicans. Navajo country would need all the willing hands it could get to climb out of the impoverished situation it was now in.

General Sherman was talking about the Cebolleta Navajos: ". . . If they choose they can go and live among the Mexicans in this territory, but if they do they will not be entitled to any of the advantages of the treaty." To the general this settled the matter. But Barboncito had doubts. The Cebolletas had never acted as close brothers of the rest of the Navajos. How could he manage to control them?

Barboncito decided to clear the matter:

> I merely wished to mention it for if they remain with the Mexicans I cannot be held responsible for their conduct. You spoke to me yesterday about putting us on a reservation with a boundary line. I do not think it right to confine us to a certain part. We want to have the privilege of going outside the line to hunt and trade.

"You can go outside the line to hunt – you can go to Mexican towns to trade, but your farms and homes must be inside the boundary line beyond which you have no claim to the land," replied General Sherman.

Now Barboncito's hopes began to rise, for the boundary line would help keep the other people out, yet the Navajos could cross the line to trade peacefully. He would bring up the matter of Navajo slaves now, for it was pressing his mind. Many people had spoken of this to him yesterday, and they wanted an answer. He addressed General Sherman:

> That is the way I like it to be. I return the Commissioners my best thanks. After we get back to our country it will brighten up again and the Navajos will be as happy as the land. Black clouds will rise and there will be plenty of rain. Corn will grow in abundance.
>
> Today is a day that anything black or red does not look right. Everything should be white or yellow, representing the flower and the corn.
>
> I want to drop this conversation now and talk about Navajo children held as prisoners by Mexicans. Some of these present have lost a brother or a sister and I know that they are in the hands of the Mexicans. I have seen some myself.

General Sherman explained that the United States Congress had passed a law against slavery . . . "there was a great war about it . . . We do not know that there are any Navajos held by Mexicans . . . but if there are, you can apply to the judges of the Civil Courts and the Land Commissioners."

"Now," continued the general, "what do you say about schools, blacksmiths and carpenter shops for the purpose of teaching your children?"

Barboncito knew it was his turn to reply. He had been watching Colonel Tappan during General Sherman's answer to the slave question. Colonel

Tappan appeared highly interested in the problem of Navajo slaves, and it was obvious to Barboncito that Tappan was not satisfied with General Sherman's short answer to Barboncito. But they were waiting politely for Barboncito to talk again, so the Navajo leader responded to General Sherman:

> We would like to have a blacksmith shop, as a great number of us can work at the trade. We would like a carpenter's shop, and if a school was established among us I am satisfied a great number would attend it. I like it very well. Whatever orders you leave here, you may rely upon their being obeyed.

General Sherman told the Navajos:

> Whatever we promise to do you can depend upon its being done.

Colonel Tappan leaned toward General Sherman, and the two spoke softly together for a moment. Then Colonel Tappan asked Barboncito, "How many Navajos are among the Mexicans now?"

Barboncito calculated. The slave trade had been going on for longer than his lifetime. "Over half the tribe," he replied. The two commissioners talked to each other again.

"We will do all we can to have your children returned to you. Our government is determined that the enslavement of the Navajos shall cease and those who are guilty of holding them in slavery shall be punished," vowed General Sherman. Barboncito was certain that Colonel Tappan had saved the day for the Navajos, by pressing General Sherman to take the slavery problem very seriously.

Though every Navajo present was prepared to wait through the rest of the day to watch Barboncito and the other leaders sign the treaty, the commissioners ended the meeting then and there. Another meeting was set for the following day, but again, the treaty was not ready for signing.

A tense anticipation began to spread throughout the fort, and the headmen had their hands full keeping the young men in line. Plans quickly formed among the younger people, plans to raid the nearby Mexican ranches for livestock to take home. *"We will never be given a treaty to sign if that happens,"* Barboncito worried. Now his job was doubled: to make certain that the Navajos were supplied fairly with livestock, seeds, and tools to rebuild their native land – and to keep the young men from destroying every hope the tribe had of going home.

He counciled with men he knew might cause trouble, and he sent his messengers to reach others: *"It is a long trail from here to our home, my brothers. We must watch our steps carefully from this point on. Otherwise, we could lose the trail, and never see our homes again."*

After a wakeful night of watching, praying and hoping that the would-be raiders would not try to carry out their plans, Barboncito watched the sun rise on June 1, 1868. The commissioners had promised that on this day the Navajos would hear the terms of the treaty, and if they were satisfied, the

headmen would sign it. The Navajos had added two more names to the ten already chosen to sign the document: Narbono Segundo and Ganado Mucho.

The headmen waited while the treaty was read, article by article, in English, then interpreted into Spanish, and finally in Navajo. Patiently, Barboncito listened. First came the article dealing with wrongdoers, both Navajo and non-Navajo and the American laws which bound them to punishment. Next, Barboncito heard the boundary line described, and rejoiced that it included his beloved Canyon de Chelly. But the boundaries included less than a tenth of the country the Navajos had roamed before.

A school, carpenter and blacksmith shops, and the agency building were the next items of the treaty. The use of land within the boundaries and more about education took up the next two articles.

The sun was nearly straight overhead, and Barboncito began to wonder if the white men had forgotten the seeds, tools, and livestock.

The seventh article reassured him slightly for it provided both seeds and agricultural implements for the head of each family, for the next three years.

The following item promised clothing, and raw materials to make clothing, for every Navajo, once a year for the next ten years, up to the value of five dollars a year for each Navajo. Ten dollars worth of other purchases every year for ten years was promised to Navajos who engaged in farming or mechanical pursuits.

No mention of livestock yet! And the next three articles didn't mention it either. Barboncito hoped he hadn't hoped too soon, for the Navajos could not envision rebuilding their lives without sheep, cattle, horses, and goats. Food, clothing, transportation – all these things depended upon the Navajos' having livestock.

Finally, in the next-to-last article of the treaty the "purchase of fifteen thousand sheep and goats . . . five hundred beef cattle and a million pounds of corn" was authorized "for relief of the needy during the coming winter."

Evenly divided among the people, this would mean about two sheep, or one sheep and one goat for each Navajo leaving Fort Sumner. *"A flock of that size might die from sheer loneliness,"* Barboncito thought wryly. *"It is a small beginning . . . but it is a beginning."*

He stepped up to sign the treaty, and after signing, he moved back to make room for the other twenty-eight signers of the long-awaited paper.

Now there was no holding the young raiders back, and Barboncito could do little but keep his mind on the thousands who were trying to prepare for the long walk home. He had planned to follow the general's orders, and head the long line of Navajos all walking home together.

But no army in the world could hold back the eager ones, the ones who raced out to plunder Mexican livestock and be on their way. And Fort Sumner

emptied itself family by family, band by band, as each was finally ready to leave. By mid-July, 7,304 Navajos had checked through Fort Wingate, nearly home to begin again.

But Barboncito's plans for working peacefully alongside his neighbors in Canyon de Chelly soon vanished. As head chief, he inherited the major problem of every Navajo peace leader before him: the brash young men whose lives revolved around raiding and harassing people on all sides of the reservation.

From the north, the Mormons and the Utes complained. From the east, the New Mexicans complained. From the south, the Apaches continued to stir up bitterness among the white men.

Barboncito attended one long meeting after another at Fort Defiance, trying to solve the problem. "These thieves go out, as if slipping between our fingers . . . giving one excuse after another to leave their homes, hunting and trading among the favorite excuses," he tried to explain to the officials.

Some of the fighting and stealing had been going on, Barboncito discovered, while most Navajos were at Bosque Redondo. The Navajos who had stayed behind in the northern canyons had been forced to raid the neighboring Mormons and Utes. A Navajo headman had been killed by a Mormon, and the Utes had goaded other Navajo men to attack the Mormons.

To Barboncito, the tangled web began to feel familiar. Where were the promises his people had made to General Sherman?

Still, Barboncito thought, no one knew when the promises were made what conditions would be like during these years after Fort Sumner.

As at Bosque Redondo, sickness, hunger, and death stalked the reservation. For the great drought that descended in 1870 knew of no promises for peace and plenty. Again, the people were driven in desperation to stealing, while agents pleaded for more sheep to save the Navajos.

"I cannot promise that no raids will take place," Barboncito told the Mormon leader Jacob Hamblin in November, 1870. "But I will hunt down and return to you the stolen livestock. If I do not return the livestock, it will be because it has been killed."

He wanted the army to place their own guards on watch with him to locate the raiding trails and identify the thieves. "Do this so that you may know, as well as I, who the thieves are," he urged.

Major John Wesley Powell and Jacob Hamblin, both present at this meeting, regarded Barboncito highly. They knew he was doing his best to keep promises for a whole nation of Navajos.

"When we met you, we met a warm friend," said Hamblin.

There were two crossings on the Colorado River which the Navajo raiders used often to get into Mormon country. Barboncito advised the army to watch the lower crossing closely. And he himself rode north to stand the cold, lonely watch against his younger brothers of the tribe.

Weary of all the talk, all the warnings, the long meetings with strangers at Fort Defiance, Barboncito almost welcomed the chance to be alone and think quietly. But the long ride from Canyon de Chelly to the Colorado River was bleak and lonely, full of reminders of the tragedy of Navajo country. Families along his route treated him kindly, almost as a father, for that was how Barboncito appeared to them. In each home he left a feeling of hope, for the people would gather close around him to hear his story of the meeting with General Sherman when the Navajos were almost sent to Cherokee country.

By telling the story, Barboncito revealed his own fears as they had haunted him that day. And with their great leader, the people saw beyond

the fear. With a number of families, Barboncito stayed briefly, long enough to encourage them to have hope, but not long enough to eat much of the meager food supply.

His own hunger made him dizzy, as he continued on his way to guard the raiding trails. Then the icy cold of winter hit, and the great leader felt a weariness he had never known before in all the hard years he had lived through.

From his lonely outpost on a bluff near the river, he called forth his last strength to halt a small party of Navajos. *"My fr[illegible]ds, my brothers! I know why you are coming to cross the river . . . our land is hungry, and offers little food. But it will always be this way, unless you young men give your strength to the fields around your homes. The few cattle you bring home will be gone before you know it, and you will have to risk your lives again and again to steal more. And what is becoming of the small flocks you were given? They are starving, because you have been neglecting them. The Navajos have suffered drought before, and lived through it without making enemies on every side of their land. If you dig deep enough, you will find water. If your thoughts become harmonious, the rain will come. Give your hearts to your own land — not to the trails which lead to your neighbors' land."*

Barboncito had returned stolen cattle and horses before, but this time he was barely able to take himself home. Sick and exhausted, he made the journey back to his canyon in December, avoiding the small fires that beckoned along the way. He had given his strength to these people only a few weeks ago. It would not do to take it away from them by appearing in this condition.

He hardly realized that he had arrived home, and as day became night, as the nights stretched to weeks, Barboncito lay so ill he could not even rise to watch winter give way to the first few days of spring. For eighty-seven days, he lay helpless, sometimes able to sleep and sometimes able to think. He dreamed of the sheer red walls outside the hogan, the times he had nimbly scrambled up them on some childhood adventure. He remembered the day the crow deftly landed to inspect the shiny button lost by the soldier. He still envied that crow! The bold bird could land where he liked and leave when he wished, freewheeling on a high wind current, safe.

Barboncito recalled how hard he had tried to stay free of the web entangling his country, but he had finally given in to his people's cry for leadership. Once drawn to that post, he had never again felt free.

On March 16, 1871, the exhausted leader died. His determination had brought his people home to their own country from Fort Sumner, and the Navajos never forgot him for doing it. The long walk to and from Bosque Redondo was a tragic memory for his people, and what they faced afterward was a tragic fact. It would be a much longer walk into a more plentiful future, but Barboncito had helped the Navajos find the trail.

Photograph courtesy of the National Archives

130

GANADO MUCHO

Tótsohnii Hastiin--Man of the Big Water

Tótsohnii Clan--Big Water People

Ganado Mucho* was too angry to see the sympathy in Agent Silas Kendrick's eyes. Bitterly the middle-aged Navajo complained, *"The people who follow me are my brothers. Like brothers they have worked for you, returning livestock which they had to take away from Navajo families. One after another of my brothers has come to you with my messages, to advise you of raids and attacks planned by some members of the tribe.*

"Now, like my brother who was badly beaten in return for his help to you, I ache. I feel the whip on my back just as he felt it.

"You asked us a year ago to repay an impossible debt, thousands of sheep and cattle. Many were gone before we could return them to you, and now I am glad that they helped to fill the stomachs of my people who were hungry. Those we returned to you for your friendship now appear to be wasted, for friends do not turn upon friends and beat them for no reason."

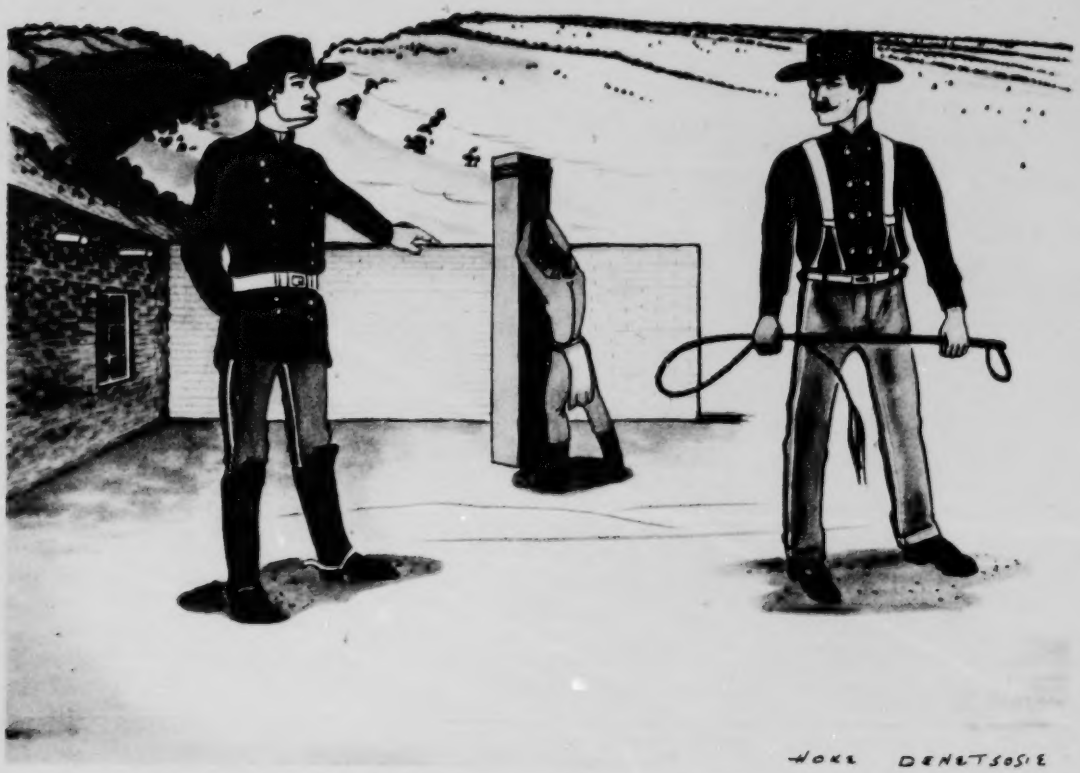
The sturdy headman finished his speech, glared at the agent, then turned squarely and left. The angry outburst was unusual for Ganado Mucho, but he had good reason for suddenly turning upon white men. Ever since signing the treaty a year ago in December, 1858, Ganado Mucho had sent members of his own band from one corner of Navajo country to another, in search of the livestock the New Mexicans claimed was stolen from them by Navajos. Only a few days ago, Agent Kendrick had been driving a large herd of sheep, cattle, and horses back to Albuquerque to return to the New Mexicans. On the first night out from Fort Defiance, though, a Navajo band had stampeded all but eighteen horses. The next morning, a member of Ganado Mucho's band was spotted riding along carrying two army rifles. The lieutenant who was with Agent Kendrick immediately suspected the Navajo, and ordered him to take the rifles to Fort Defiance. He gave the Navajo a note to take with him.

The Navajo rider obeyed the orders, but arrived at Fort Defiance later than he should have, according to the note he was carrying. Major O. L. Shepherd read the note. It told of the stampede and of the Navajo who said he

*Many cattle

had found the rifles. He ordered the Navajo flogged before allowing him to leave the fort.

Ganado Mucho seethed at this, for the beaten man had been telling the truth, and he had only delayed going to Fort Defiance long enough to ask Ganado Mucho's advice about going. For his trouble, he had been beaten so badly he could hardly hold himself on his horse to get home.



Kendrick was grateful that Ganado Mucho left immediately, for he was at a loss to say anything. No apology could repair the damage to this man. Kendrick was as angry at Major Shepherd as Ganado Mucho was, and he had been for some time. The agent picked up his pen and wrote to James L. Collins, Superintendent of Indians Affairs in New Mexico:

> Such treatment as this is what destroys all confidence of the Indians in the poisonous justice or common humanity of government officials . . . Ganado Mucho is one of the most faithful and efficient friends of the whites in the whole tribe . . .

Few Navajos went near the fort again from that time in December, 1859 until mid-January of 1860. When a few finally did go in, it was to ask for more time in which to keep the promises of the 1858 treaty, for finding $14,000 worth of stolen livestock among the tribesmen had been nearly impossible for the Navajo searchers. Even Superintendent Collins had agreed that the New Mexicans had exaggerated their losses.

But Major Shepherd appeared eager to settle the matter his way—by military conquest of the tribe. Manuelito and Barboncito, too, were ready to fight, and word of their planned attack on the army hay camp near Fort Defiance came to Ganado Mucho's ears.

"Juanico, I am too angry at the white men to warn them myself," he said to his clan brother. *"But if Manuelito carries out his plan, it will bring all the rifles of the army down upon us."* Ganado Mucho warned his brother not to go inside Fort Defiance itself, but to signal from a safe distance.

Juanico waited on a hilltop outside the fort at sundown. He told the interpreter who came to greet him that he wanted to talk to Agent Kendrick, but out of doors, not in the fort. Kendrick did not come out, afraid that he might be in danger. But he sent the interpreter back to find out what Juanico wanted.

"All day long I have watched Navajo riders going past my camp, in the direction of the army hay camp. They might attack the hay camp. That is what I want to tell Agent Kendrick," Juanico told the interpreter.

Two mornings later on February 8, Manuelito attacked the hay camp. He might have succeeded completely if Kendrick had not told Major Shepherd to post extra guards. But the hay camp was not the only place under attack. For the army supply trains seemed doomed almost before they left Albuquerque, and many never reached Fort Defiance. Those that did get through the Navajo ambushes limped in with wounded men and few supplies for the army. Major Shepherd prepared to go to war.

Only a few days after Manuelito's attack on the hay camp, another friend of Ganado Mucho appeared at the fort, anxious to talk with Agent Kendrick. Agua Chiquito hesitated before entering the fort, but Agent Kendrick and Major Shepherd promised him he would not be harmed. The friendly chief went inside.

He wanted only to talk to Kendrick, the man he knew respected Ganado Mucho. As Agua Chiquito began speaking through an interpreter, Major Shepherd continued to interrupt, trying to get the Navajo to talk to him instead. Agua Chiquito ignored Major Shepherd, unable to understand his purpose in interrupting. The major exploded with anger and ordered the Navajo leader to leave the post immediately, Aqua Chiquito turned to leave peacefully, but with disappointment that he had not finished talking to Kendrick. Major Shepherd ordered his sentinels to fire at the Navajo, but the stunned Agua Chiquito darted out of the way quickly, and returned home unhurt.

Agent Kendrick nearly tore his hair at the stupidity of the army major. He could see no point in continuing his own efforts to work with the Navajos, for

every time the Navajos tried to cooperate, Major Shepherd blundered one step further toward war. Kendrick wrote his final report as Navajo Agent in February, 1860:

> . . . Aqua Chiquito, Ganado Mucho, Juanico, and several other influential members of the tribe had given every evidence of their sincere desire to bring their people to an amicable adjustment of the difficulties and had rendered many valuable services to me and also to the military. . . . There was every reason to believe in and rely on their good faith . . . But since this treatment of Agua Chiquito not one of these Indians has returned . . . they cannot be expected again to cooperate with us.

Major Shepherd ordered the unhappy agent not to talk with the Navajos again, and no longer gave him a military escort when the agent traveled through the countryside to attend meetings. Furthermore, he informed the agent that war now existed with the Navajo Tribe. Angrily, Agent Kendrick wrote a final letter to Major Shepherd:

> I will give you notice now . . . that I will talk to them (Navajos) when I please outside of the post . . . I will discharge my duties as agent regardless of consequences. . . . I will now notify you that your conduct in reference to the Indians . . . and other circumstances shall bring you before the proper tribunal for adjustment.

But no more chances came for Silas Kendrick to talk to his friends among the Navajos, for the Navajos knew a war was upon them. The agent left his job, helpless to do anything more for the Navajos.

While the army attacks raged around him, Ganado Mucho continued to counsel peace among the Navajos who followed him. He far preferred to enjoy his fine herds of cattle, and his wives and children, than to plunge into a war he knew was hopeless. Like Zarcillos Largos, he feared the black vision that loomed when the soldiers marched through Navajoland to conquer the people.

Finally in February, 1861, General R. E. S. Canby called off the destruction and opened a peace council with the Navajos. Ganado Mucho left his home in the Ganado Valley to ride through waist-deep snow to get to the council at Fort Fauntleroy (later called Fort Wingate). He was glad to see his old friend, Manuelito, among the headmen present, and together they recalled the first war party they had been together on – against the Hopis of Oraibi more than twenty years earlier.

Ganado Mucho tried to avoid talking about the recent battles, for he had refused to join Manuelito and Barboncito in their attack on Fort Defiance the April before.

"I hope you intend to keep your word after you sign this paper," Ganado Mucho barbed his old friend. *"My cattle are beginning to grow thin just watching those soldiers march through their grass."*

Manuelito looked down at his friend, laughing at his wry joke, and then said seriously, *"I will keep my promises as long as they keep theirs, and I will look for you again when this treaty loses its strength."*

Neither had any idea then of the strange paths their friendship would take them along in the next twenty years. They parted after the treaty council with a simple "I'm going home now, brother."

Ganado Mucho was glad to depart for his large camp, which rambled for many miles over quiet hillsides, through a slow-running wash, and into the

meadowlands. East of him rose the Defiance uplift, lush with ponderosa, small oak trees, and tall grass. It filled him with a new peace to graze his cattle there the next summer, knowing that Fort Defiance, only a short distance northeast, was a collection of empty buildings now.

But the peace lasted briefly, for Ute raiders and New Mexican slaving parties became bold now that Fort Fauntleroy was the nearest military post to the Navajos. Ganado Mucho set guards around his camp, and his friends spent many worried days hidden along trails watching for Ute and Mexican war parties.

He steadily refused to send any of his people against these enemies, though Manuelito often asked him to join him in the war parties. He also refused to

run at the sign of attackers, for he valued his land, his people, and his vast herds far too much to risk attack in unfamiliar country.

The enemy attacks grew worse through 1861 and 1862, but Ganado Mucho staunchly held on to his land. He sent small parties out from his camp to investigate from time to time. In summer of 1863, one of his young scouts returned home much sooner than the headman had expected.

"The soldiers have returned," he told Ganado Mucho. *"They are led by a man called 'Rope Thrower' who does not stop to council but only burns down every field of corn he sees."* The young man had questioned a frightened woman who was running away, trying to find shelter for herself and three small children. Kit Carson's campaign had started.

Ganado Mucho decided to find out for himself about the "Rope Thrower," Kit Carson. But he had a great many people and thousands of cattle and sheep to take care of first. He did not want them to be caught at home while he was away, and yet he did not want to risk moving his entire camp at once. The sudden movement of so many people might attract attention and bring the soldiers running for an easy victory.

"The soldiers are now north of us, if what this boy learned is true," he told his people. *"I must find out what direction they are taking. We will then make a plan to find safety, and pray that our trail does not cross that of the 'Rope Thrower'."*

He ordered his people to move out rapidly, but in separate small groups. His herders divided the livestock and took different trails. All were to take shelter in the high mountain meadows southeast of the Ganado Valley. "For the

135

present time, you will be safe there," he assured his worried followers. "I will send word to you about moving again, after I scout the soldiers' trail."

Sending his brother Caballado Mucho (Many Horses) and a son, Ganado Blanco, to see to the safety of the rest of the band, Ganado Mucho set out with Juanico in search of the "Rope Thrower."

Cautiously, they rode northeast, hoping to remain safely out of sight in the mountains while they observed the plains west of the Chuska and Tunicha Mountains. Kit Carson's trail was easy to observe from the high mountains, for he clearly marked every step of his way with fire. As Ganado Mucho and Juanico watched for a number of days, they saw that the smoking trail was leading nearer and nearer to the mountains they were hiding in.

They rode south to the mountains of the Klagetoh area, to prepare their people to move west. While some Navajos joined with the Utes for safety, and others began to turn themselves in for lack of food and clothing, Ganado Mucho drove his people and his livestock far west to the Grand Canyon. Manuelito, too, was hiding there with hundreds of other Navajo families. But the winter of 1863-1864 proved to be too disastrous to a great many hungry families, and in March, 1864, Manuelito agreed to guide them to Fort Sumner. As Manuelito was preparing to leave, Ganado Blanco begged to join with the great war leader. *"I will bring back news of conditions there,"* he promised his father, *"and I will find out where the soldiers are now."*

Ganado Mucho saw the value in this, and knew his son was capable of taking care of himself. He agreed to let Ganado Blanco ride with Manuelito, *"but not all the way to Fort Sumner. Stay in the mountains where we first moved, until it is safe to come back here."*

For the rest of that spring and into the next fall, Ganado Mucho kept his people, and all his livestock, in safe hiding. When they heard of soldiers coming to scout in the Grand Canyon area, they moved east again, to hide at Gray

Mountain. From there, they moved ahead of military scouting parties and eventually found shelter on Black Mountain. By this time, part of his band had split off into smaller parties.

The headman worried about his son, for Ganado Blanco had no way now of knowing where his father was. Caballado Mucho had left, too, taking his immediate family with him. *"We stand less chance of being captured, if we travel separate paths,"* he had said.

Now another winter was approaching. Utes attacked Manuelito's camp at Black Mountain, leaving Manuelito only a few of the sheep and horses he once boasted, and capturing many women and children.

"My friend," said Ganado Mucho thoughtfully to Manuelito, *"we have withstood hunger and cold for many months. Though my cattle are no longer fat and healthy like they once were, I believe even most of them might survive another winter."*

"But hunger, cold, and death *are too much for our people. These Utes are growing even more brazen than the Mexicans, and unless some miracle holds them in their own country, I fear they will cause us much more misery than we have known before. I think we should consider taking our people to Bosque Redondo, where they will be safe from the Utes,"* he added sadly.

It was late fall, 1865. The two men sat talking among the trees on a high bluff overlooking the Chinle Valley. Far below them rested a huge jumble of boulders, dislodged to thunder down upon soldiers by people of the Black Mountain area. Though Ganado Mucho was not certain where his brother and his son were, he had managed to keep most of his people safe from harm. His wives and daughters had complained little, though they had felt hunger and had shivered with cold as much as any. He thought for many hours after Manuelito left. Manuelito seemed determined to remain free at any cost, though life now was hardly free at all.

At length, Ganado Mucho stood up. The last thin rays of early winter sun hovered through the trees, and the weary headman wondered if he would ever have a full meal again. He had been a leader of his people since his young manhood, and he had never strayed from the peaceful ways his father had taught him—except for a few wild raids, the bloodiest of which had been against Oraibi. That particular raid, his father had agreed, was justified, for the Hopis had attempted to attack the Ganado Valley. It was during that raid that Ganado Mucho and Manuelito had become close friends. *"But how different are the trails we have followed since then,"* Ganado Mucho observed.

His own life had quickly filled with looking after his family and livestock. Each family within his band was comfortably settled in a neatly-constructed hogan, and each family helped the other in times of need. Ganado Mucho enjoyed the great satisfaction he felt as leader of the hard-working community. Now, as darkness covered his tracks back to his own camp north of Manuelito's, he wondered how best to serve his faithful followers next.

He stopped quietly in the shadow beyond the tiny fire-lit ring of people, and his decision came quickly. He saw dark unhealthy hollows around the eyes of

his wives and daughters, and grim hunger around the mouths of his people. Who knew when Utes might attack this group, and who in the circle was strong enough now to withstand the battle? Bosque Redondo could be no worse than this. Ganado Mucho began to think out his plan for getting his people there safely, with the livestock herd intact.

He herded his band across the immense valley to the Chuska Mountains, and there he left them while he rode down to Fort Wingate to talk to the military officers. He wanted an escort for his people so they would reach Fort Sumner without danger of attack by Mexican or Pueblo bands along the way. His people waited patiently at the edge of a pine-crested meadow where a solid gray butte stood watch over the valleys below. After many days, Ganado Mucho arrived back at the camp.

"We will go down to Fort Wingate," he explained. *"There, some soldiers will join you and take you to Bosque Redondo. I will keep two boys and two men with me and we will follow more slowly behind you, to herd the livestock to our new home. Soldiers will also ride with us, as the cattle I have are badly needed. Many of our people are hungry at Fort Sumner, and their livestock has long ago been used up. Even their crops failed to yield a harvest last summer, so it is good we are going to help them."*

The party of women and girls was frightened at parting with Ganado Mucho, when it was time to depart from Fort Wingate with the soldiers. But Ganado Mucho reassured them, *"You will travel quickly, and the soldiers will keep you from harm."*

Ganado Mucho's party followed the women's group, but the livestock traveled slowly, and the first group soon moved ahead out of sight.

Among the women's party were several attractive girls nearly of marriageable age. Observing the soldiers' growing interest in the girls after the first day out of sight from Ganado Mucho's party, their mothers began worrying. So far, the soldiers had chosen the trail wisely, avoiding notice by Pueblo Indians and staying away from the tiny Mexican settlements whose fires twinkled like distant stars on the night horizon. They felt safe from attack by these people. But the mothers quickly learned that they were not so safe from the soldiers themselves. They were camped one late afternoon far southwest of the walled mud village of Albuquerque, with the Rio Grande half a day's ride east of them.

The women and children were gathering firewood. Suddenly one pretty young girl darted out of the nearby thicket of juniper trees and ran breathlessly to her mother, who was arranging the firewood in a small pit. Far too frightened and out of breath to speak, the girl clung to her mother and sobbed. Calmed by her mother's soothing hands, the girl's story flooded out. One of the soldiers had caught her alone away from the group. Afraid he was going to shoot her, the girl had frozen, until the soldier had placed his rifle against a nearby tree. As he began approaching her, the girl suddenly broke away and ran. She showed her mother the bruises on her arm where the soldier had tried to grab her.

Her mother immediately put the shaken girl to work on building the small fire, and went to round up the other women and children. All huddled in a close knot for the rest of the evening. When there was work to be done, the mothers issued one command after another to keep their daughters continually busy and always close at hand. *"Feed your little brother. Use these little bushes to make him a soft mattress. Sweep up our tracks with this branch. Come with me to fill our water jugs.* Nor did they allow the girls to wash their hands and faces, or to brush their tangled hair. By the next morning, the attractive young girls were covered with soot and dust from cleaning up the fire pit. Bits of twigs and leaves were caught in their matted hair, and they didn't bother to brush the mud from the hems of their woven dresses. The soldiers' sullen stares followed them, but the girls avoided as much as a glance in their direction. Ganado Mucho's wives prayed that their tactics would work to keep the soldiers away from the girls. And the girls suffered silently in their discomfort at being so unkempt and dirty.

The small band crossed the Rio Puerco at a narrow point where it was only a muddy arroyo. They moved on to the Rio Grande, and there stopped briefly to prepare to cross the river. While two of the soldiers were down at the bank of the broad river, a sudden attack hit the rest of the party. The Mexicans raced in on horseback, left the two soldiers who were guarding the women unconscious and tightly bound. The two soldiers at the river heard the noise and rushed back in time to save most of the women and children in the party. But two of Ganado Mucho's daughters were captured and gone by the time the soldiers arrived back. Their mother, frantic and raging, was already on a horse. She raced after her daughters before the soldiers could stop her.

Ganado Mucho arrived at Fort Sumner, driving his livestock ahead of him. The news that greeted him left him nearly sick with grief. His wife had been located and brought in by soldiers just before he arrived.

He listened to her story long enough to find out where the attack had taken place. Immediately he demanded that the soldiers be sent to find his daughters. The officer in charge agreed to search for them, but promised the grief-stricken headman no assurance they would be returned.

Ganado Mucho's hopes for safety for his band were rapidly dashed, one after another, as the weeks passed. No word came of his daughters, beyond the information that one of the girls had been sold or given to a party traveling southwest toward Mexico.

Summer, 1866, came and still no word of the girls arrived. Then, in July, another tragedy wiped all else from Ganado Mucho's mind. A band of Comanches swept through Bosque Redondo, and caught the Navajos by such surprise that they escaped with 200 horses, and left the Navajo herders dead. The face of Ganado Mucho's young son was frozen in shock and utter surprise, as the headman kneeled over the slain body. On the heels of disbelief, the horrible truth shuddered through Ganado Mucho. He had not seen his brother or son for many months, since they had parted from him. Two of his daughters had been captured by hostile people, and he doubted that he would ever see

—HOKE
DENETSOSIE

them again, though with one part of him he prayed constantly they would return some day. Now his young son, a sturdy and dependable boy, lay dead at the hands of the Comanches. Since his decision to find safety for his people by surrendering, his children had been swept away from him, as dry leaves before a cold wind.

As a leader, Ganado Mucho had never felt the need to use long or eloquent speeches, His actions seemed to be all the example his people needed. When he spoke as a leader, he usually used only the few words necessary to convey his ideas. Now, his ideas about Fort Sumner stormed in his head, like threatening dark clouds piling high.

When he rose to speak at the council on July 15, called by A. B. Norton, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, two days after his son's death, Ganado Mucho's words poured out in torrent:

> Before this, I have been satisfied with being on this reservation, but since I have lost one of my sons I am nearly crazy. I feel very bad. How can we protect ourselves when our enemies are much better armed than we are!
>
> We want to go back to our own country. We will never do bad any more. We want to go back there the same as we are kept here. The land here will never be as good as in our own

> country. The government does not supply us with wood here, and we had plenty there. If the government would put us on a reservation in our own country and keep us the same as here within boundaries, the government would see how we would work.
>
> We think we were born to live in our old country. Disease is more prevalent here than there. The water does not suit us here. We think we were not born to live here. We would not commit depredations there. In case we should, you can watch us. I think the balance of Navajos would come in and live on any reservation the government should lay there . . . We think the water here is unhealthy, so much sulphur and salt in it.

When he finished, Superintendent Norton asked him if the soldiers bothered the Navajo women. A wave of shame flooded over Ganado Mucho, for this matter was among his most bitter memories . . . that he could not protect the women he had promised to protect. "Some of the soldiers molest them," he answered, firmly refusing to add more to this shameful situation.

After months of anguishing events, Ganado Mucho's life was suddenly brightened ten days later. On July 25, Caballado Mucho arrived at Fort Sumner.

For a few moments, joy raced through the headman's camp, as he rode toward his brother. Caballado Mucho had already visited at the headquarters, reporting that Manuelito was still hiding, but was wounded and weak, and probably would surrender soon.

Now he reported to Ganado Mucho that Manuelito had tried to talk him out of turning himself in at Fort Sumner. "But I would not listen to him," the young man said. "I mean to live a straight-forward life, and no more of this running and hiding like a coyote."

Ganado Blanco was still with Barboncito in the Sierra Escudilla Mountains, "but I think before the next winter arrives, you will see him here," Caballado Mucho assured his brother.

Hearing of Manuelito's poor condition, Ganado Mucho concerned himself about his old friend. *"Perhaps some of us who know him well can go to him and persuade him he is badly needed here,"* the headman proposed to the officer at the headquarters building. *"Given time to regain his strength, he will be a fine hunter for deer and antelope for our winter food supply."*

The commanding officer considered this proposal, and that fall of 1866 two of Ganado Mucho's sons were selected to go back to their own country, for the purpose of persuading Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Blanco and other Navajos to join the tribe at Fort Sumner.

With gladness and sorrow mixed, Ganado Mucho greeted Manuelito when he arrived at Fort Sumner in October. He listened while Manuelito recounted his life during the time since the two had parted at Black Mountain. Knowing that Manuelito would find out for himself the daily tragedy of living at Bosque

Redondo, Ganado Mucho told him little except that soon it would be time to go hunting.

Barboncito and Ganado Blanco arrived at Fort Sumner in November, and Ganado Mucho was grateful to have both his son and the great leader at his campfire.

Herding his cattle and hunting filled most of Ganado Mucho's days during that winter of 1866-1867. Though hopes had been high that summer for a good crop to harvest, dark clouds moved in over the green-dotted fields and an unexpected hailstorm slashed the corn and pumpkins to the ground. Neither hunting nor herding brought any peace or pleasure to Ganado Mucho and his friends, for hardly a week passed that some hunting party didn't suffer attack by Mexicans or Comanches. Nearly a thousand Navajos were crossed off the military population count by spring of 1867, and the number of dead and captured threatened to grow steadily. Drownings in the Pecos River became commonplace tragedy, for the deep river had to be crossed in order to find

fuel. Starvation was the common killer of children. Despair and frustration stalked the living.

Ganado Mucho's herd dwindled, but even so, he alone could not feed all the hungry mouths at Bosque Redondo.

In summer 1867, another blow struck the Navajos at Fort Sumner. Grazing pastures at Fort Sumner were all but non-existent by this time, and some herders saw little choice but to drive their horses and mules off the reservation, to the south in order to feed them. Soldiers observing this movement away from the fort thought the Navajo herders were attempting to hide stolen livestock.

A bloody battle ensued, and the Navajos fought bitterly, killing five soldiers and wounding four more. The incident shook Ganado Mucho badly, for he had seen the party of soldiers follow and fire on the Navajo herders, without any attempt to find out first what the Navajos were doing.

". . . It was from the troops the first shot was fired," he said at a council meeting with the military officers. "The Indian has kept silence because he knows he was not to blame, but that blame lies with the troops." Some Navajos had immediately escaped from Fort Sumner, afraid of more unwarranted shooting by the soldiers. Those who had gone from the fort would suffer badly from hunger, thirst, and possibly capture by Mexican slaving parties.

"I feel sorry that this has happened," Ganado Mucho continued, "on the account of the Indians who have gone off, for they will suffer from hunger and thirst . . . I would like to have the general say this shall be forgotten as it shall be on our part."

Ganado Mucho found himself speaking out again, two months later in September, 1867, at another meeting with Superintendent Norton. Barboncito, Ganado Mucho, and ten other headmen rode to Santa Fe for the Council.

"From time immemorial we have been taught to think that our country is all, and the only country we were intended to live in . . . We don't wish to go anywhere else, but we would like our Great Father to let us go back to our own country," came the Navajos' plea again. While Ganado Mucho and his friends were strongly objecting to being "huddled together at the Bosque," the Navajos back at Fort Sumner suffered another attack.

More than 200 Comanches, riding American horses and brandishing rifles, stormed through the small Navajo camps surrounding Fort Sumner. An army lieutenant quickly reassured the Navajos that army troops would come to the rescue. But the vicious battle raged, with never a sign of the army coming to help.

The lieutenant, helpless without any troops to command, observed the Navajos' staunch defense from a safe distance:

> . . . I must express my admiration of their courage and daring. From crest to crest for a distance of 16 miles they gallantly pressed the foe, many of the Navajos being on foot, and unable to keep up, had dropped out, by which the Comanches became greatly superior in numbers.

In a surge of determination, the Navajo fighters beat the Comanches back. The Navajos returned to the main camp jubilant with Comanche scalps and horses. The lieutenant observed the victory signs and noted that as "evidence of the ancient prowess of the now poorly armed Navajos.

"Unless efficient arms and ammunition are furnished the Navajos, I doubt very much the possibility of keeping them on the reservation," he concluded in his report of the attack.

In spite of the lieutenant's advice, and in spite of Ganado Mucho's plea to Superintendent Norton, the Navajos' condition at Fort Sumner did not improve, nor was there any sign that they might be sent home.

Totally frustrated and discouraged, Ganado Mucho agreed with Manuelito's plan to escape from Bosque Redondo. *"This has been the most bitter lesson in my life,"* Ganado Mucho admitted sadly. *"My friend, we will follow the trail away from here together."* It was October, 1867, when Ganado Mucho and Manuelito led their families and several hundred other Navajos off the Fort Sumner reservation.

Cavalry troops were ordered to go after them, as soon as the Navajos' departure was discovered. But the cavalry never caught Ganado Mucho and Manuelito. They located a large part of the escaped band east of the Rio Grande, and from the headman Muerto de Hambre (Dying-of-Hunger) learned that Ganado Mucho and Manuelito had moved ahead with their people, planning to cross the Rio Grande and head for the mountains. The cavalry pursued the two leaders, but never found them. When the soldiers arrived back at Fort Sumner, they found that Ganado Mucho and Manuelito had already returned, thoroughly discouraged from their plan by lack of food and water.

Ganado Mucho carried himself through the rest of that fall and into the winter of 1868, like a turtle which survives only enough to carry its shell. Talk of more council meetings, and even of Barboncito's journey to Washington, D.C., registered little hope in the headman's heart. He had spoken too many times already. He had given the white men enough of his heart, and had no confidence in more talks.

Barboncito and Manuelito greeted spring, 1868, with a glimmer of new hope in their eyes. Silently, Ganado Mucho listened to their talk of going home soon. He prayed that they would have the strength to survive another disappointment.

In late May, when Barboncito tried to talk him into attending the council meeting with General William T. Sherman and Colonel Samuel Tappan, Ganado Mucho refused. *"I do not even feel like a leader any more,"* he answered. *"Where have I led my people . . . and what have I left to lead now?"* he reasoned from his sorrow.

As the peace commission meetings went on, one day, two days, and a third day coming up, Ganado Mucho wanted desperately to believe that the promised treaty would be made. Finally, he consented to be among the chiefs who would sign the document on June 1.

But he stood well back, reserving his faith until the other eleven major chiefs marked their consent on the Treaty of 1868. A feeling of life began to course wildly through his body, as he walked away from the treaty council, and he fought to quiet it, trying not to believe anything more until he was safely back in the Ganado Valley with his people.

It was a far different man who went home in Ganado Mucho's moccasins after the ten years of treaties, of talks, and of tragedies which had ruled the leader's life since 1858. Grief over his lost daughters and dead son had become a constant, gnawing pain which kept the man's eyes forever searching the

horizon. "It will do no good," he caught himself saying aloud, though he had only himself to remind. His wives concealed their sorrow, going quietly about their work.

But it was Manuelito who, in 1869, offered the distraction which relieved at least a part of the sorrow.

"I am sorely tempted to take up my rifle against Fort Defiance again," Manuelito said, watching Ganado Mucho's solemn eyes become curious. He went on to tell his old friend about some Navajos who had been killed by Mexicans recently.

"They were men of Delgadito's band, over near Cubero. The Mexicans stole up like coyotes, and after murdering two men, they drove all the other people out of their homes. They got away with two horses and two mules," Manuelito added angrily. "Where was the army which is supposed to protect us?"

The two men sat talking for a long time, while the women slipped in silently with the evening meal, set it down before the men, and left. The women were

concerned about what Manuelito might be planning, but they were grateful for his effect on their beloved leader. For they had heard Ganado Mucho seriously counciling Manuelito against starting another war. He was beginning to take an interest in the future again.

The future, for Ganado Mucho, was a troubling time. The new Navajo Reservation boundaries cut off most of his old grazing lands. The Navajos were made to live within a block of land which reached just a few miles beyond Shiprock to the east, and only a short distance west of Canyon de Chelly. The southern border did not even include Window Rock in Navajo country.

The Navajos were allowed to trade and hunt beyond the reservation borders but grazing and living areas had to be within the boundaries.

For several years after 1868, Ganado Mucho lived where he had made his home for most of his life, from the Ganado Valley south to the Klagetoh area — outside the new boundary line. His herds were growing again, and needed the vast grasslands of the southern country. From 1868 to 1873, little notice was taken of Ganado Mucho's infraction of the treaty. But when Agent W. F. M. Arny began to work among the Navajos in 1873, he left no stone unturned in trying to make the Navajos live according to the exact letter of the law.

Ganado Mucho was one of his first targets. Agent Arny threatened to withhold the headman's annual allotment of agricultural tools and supplies unless Ganado Mucho stopped grazing his livestock outside the boundaries.

Ganado Mucho was both surprised and angered at the agent's threat. Ever since Manuelito had come to him in 1869, he had worked at trying to stop the Navajo raids across the borders. He had helped bring in stolen livestock, and had counciled peace throughout his area. He had spoken out in meetings with the white men, reminding them that many Navajo women and children were still held as slaves by Mexican ranchers, his own and Manuelito's among them. He had received no satisfaction that these Navajos would be returned. Yet he had steadily tried to please the white men by returning livestock taken by Navajo raiders.

Agent Arny quickly earned the dislike of the Navajos, for he complained that they traded with the Mormons, that they were leaving the reservation to buy whisky, and reported many other actions which were true of only a small part of the tribe.

Agent Arny's constant threats soon sparked Ganado Mucho and Manuelito to action. The two made up a petition for their countrymen to sign, to request the removal of Agent Arny from their land once and for all. When the first petition was ignored by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the two headmen made a second one, this time to President Ulysses S. Grant.

Again, no response seemed to be forthcoming, and the angry Navajos stormed Agent Arny's office and threatened to kill him. He resigned in April, 1875.

But Navajo problems did not solve themselves. Bootleggers beyond the Navajo borders made an easy living selling liquor to Navajos who ventured

out to trade. Young men of the tribe, chained by the drought conditions and by the confines of the boundary line to a meager living at best, restlessly raided across the borders. During a short period before Arny's time, Manuelito and his police force had managed to stop most of the raiding.

However the parade of Navajo agents, good and bad, brought changes too rapidly for Navajo leaders to trust. After Arny came Alex G. Irvine, a reasonable man for whom Ganado Mucho and Manuelito worked willingly. But the peace and progress the Navajos felt with this man as agent lasted only a few years. During his time, however, one major improvement came about. In 1876, Manuelito was invited to talk to President Grant in person, in Washington, D.C. Manuelito urged that more land be added to the reservation. Two years later, Ganado Mucho and Manuelito saw a slice of land added along the western boundary. It was the first of fifteen additions, the last of which would be made in 1934.

But the added slice of land didn't solve all the problems. In 1878, Manuelito convinced Ganado Mucho that there was another solution to part of the trouble. He was certain that some Navajos were using witchcraft to brew trouble for the tribe. Perhaps they were people from whom Ganado Mucho and Manuelito had recovered stolen livestock. Perhaps they were people who saw no way out of the maze of problems other than to encourage the young raiders to bring about another war with the white men.

"Whoever they are," vowed Manuelito, *"we must stop them."* Ganado Mucho had tried to ignore the rumors of witchcraft he had heard from his own band.

Though the ways of "witching" a person were familiar to some Navajos, and the practice was sometimes used as a last resort to settle a problem, Ganado Mucho had never found a need for witchcraft.

Manuelito described the man he had nearly caught in the Tunicha Mountains. "He was shooting the medicine stones into a small figure, shaped like a man," Manuelito said, lowering his voice. "I would have killed him then and there, but troops from Fort Wingate came riding up.

"The soldiers spoke angrily to the man, but they did not take him away," Manuelito continued. "I think the man will try the same thing again, unless we stop him. And I am certain there are many more."

The headmen's witch-hunt was a violent affair, and forty suspects stood only a brief trial before they were slain. At the end of the bloodbath, Ganado Mucho and Manuelito bore the stern reprimand of army officers who had been unable to stop the two on their mission.

Weary of strife, Ganado Mucho finally set his own plan into action in April, 1880. He persuaded Manuelito and eighteen other headmen to ride with him to Fort Wingate. It meant a journey of 200 miles each way, and Ganado Mucho looked forward to riding through the rolling country in the spring freshness. A light rain had settled the dust, and droplets sparkled on the knobby juniper boughs. The scent of piñon perfumed the air, and a feeling of well-being

came over the old headman. He was determined to bring a new breath of life to his people—a new agent.

At Fort Wingate, the headmen met with Captain F. T. Bennett. Ganado Mucho recounted the Navajos' dislike and distrust of Agent Eastman and asked that Thomas V. Keam be sent to replace him. Since the early 1870's Keam had worked among the Navajos as a minor official, and he had tried to gain appointment as Navajo Agent. Agent Arny, jealous of Keam, had written malicious reports about him, accusing him of low moral standards and of living with a Navajo woman, among other things. Though Keam vowed his morals were intact, and though the Navajos requested him as agent several times, Arny's bitter report had kept him from the job.

Captain Bennett listened attentively, and then promised Ganado Mucho he would try to make the situation better. While the headmen were there, he also reminded them of the liquor traffic which some tribesmen were falling victim to.

To this Ganado Mucho replied, "Why does the Great Father not end this evil. If a mountain is in the way he bores through it (talking of the railroad)—and all this shows his might—then why can't he kick these whisky fellows out, dam their springs, and stop the trade?"

Captain Bennett had long tried to control the liquor trade, but bootleggers could bribe the law officers with more money than they received for their official duties.

Captain Bennett did not press the dignified headman further. He admired the Navajo people, particularly for their tolerance when neighbors on all sides of the reservation showed little regard for them.

Pueblo Indians attacked Navajos who tried to pasture their horses in the old familiar valleys. The horses were killed, and when the Navajos requested repayment for their losses, the Pueblo agent was determined that they "should not receive any consideration."

Mexican and Anglo-American stockmen crowded the borders of Navajoland, or so it looked to the Navajos. Some Navajos who had legally homesteaded off the reservation were harassed by their non-Indian neighbors. These Navajos were peaceful farmers, but Agent Eastman was instructed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to bring them back onto the reservation—the army considered all Indians as "hostiles" unless they were within their tribal boundaries. Eventually, General Sherman said that the rule about "hostiles" should not apply to peaceful farmers.

Roughneck coal miners and unprincipled traders added fuel to the fire. Navajos had little recourse when they suspected a trader of cheating them on wool prices. One angry Navajo burned down the haystack belonging to his white employer in retaliation for unfair trading practices.

Another Navajo was killed by coal miners near Gallup, when he tried to recover his horse, which he said had been stolen and sold to a miner. Liquor trading tied more knots into the string of daily problems. A trader could talk

a frustrated Navajo out of his finest sheep, just for the temporary effect of "fire water."

Few saw that the "troublesome Navajos" who frequented the border towns were not representative of the whole tribe. But Captain Bennett knew the Navajos far better than most. "No community of like population will exhibit so small a record of criminal acts of flagrant character as the Navajos," he wrote in a report. The Navajos needed hundreds of supporters like Captain Bennett, but Ganado Mucho was willing to settle for one more—a new agent.

Three years passed before his wish came true. In 1883, Denis M. Riordan was named Navajo Agent. Enthusiastic about his new position, Agent Riordan promised "to sleep on the ground, go on mutton 'straight' if necessary, in fact do whatever the occasion demands in order to make myself efficient in this position . . ."

On January 19, Ganado Mucho and Manuelito arrived at Fort Wingate to meet their new agent. In spite of a severe snowstorm which slowed the 200-mile horseback trip, the seventy-four-year-old Ganado Mucho insisted on approving the new agent himself.

After listening to Agent Riordan's straightforward talk, in which he promised nothing more than to do his duty by the Navajos—and in which he asked the headmen to control the raiding and whisky drinking among their younger tribesmen, Ganado Mucho decided he liked the man. Riordan did not make impossible promises, and he faced the problems honestly.

"It has been dark for so long, for so very long," Ganado Mucho sighed. He looked straight at the new agent, and added, "Now we hope for better times."

Riordan began his duties after writing a report of the meeting:

> . . . I am satisfied that no one with a heart in his breast could see the eager, intelligent, impassioned faces of these people and hear their expressions without being convinced that they were at least entitled to a hearing and in their own way.

The dedicated agent became a favorite with the Navajos, and soon sympathized fully with their plight—for his own government gave little support to Agent Riordan's programs. After a short time as agent he despaired, "There isn't today as much available means . . . to do this much needed work as is in the hands of a corporal in the army."

He wanted money and goods so he could ride out and visit among his people, and so he could offer them help when the sick and aged came to his office. He wanted army help so he could go after Navajo wrong-doers himself, rather than placing the entire burden on the shoulders of Navajo headmen.

In spite of meager support from his government, Agent Riordan was determined. "I am not just going to sit down. I am going to do what I can, of myself . . . I have made up my mind I'll just have to do it myself in the interests of humanity, and call the expenses a dead loss."

He began surveys around the reservation boundaries, and supported the Navajos' plea for more land. In 1884, two large sections of land were added to Navajoland, north and west of the 1868 boundaries.

Ganado Mucho was sorry to see the agent leave his post in 1884, but understood the strain of the agent's job. Riordan never received government payment for all the expense vouchers he submitted in the spring of 1883, and he offered his resignation in June the same year. His burning anger went into his annual report:

> It would require the descriptive powers of a Scott or Dickens to portray the wretched condition of affairs at this agency . . .

He wrote that the United States had never fulfilled its treaty promises, and "it is safe to assume it never will." Agent Riordan accused the government of providing little aid:

> for the sick, indigent, and helpless Indians, the agent being compelled to see them suffer under his eyes and to close his

> ears to their requests, or else supply the much-needed articles at his own expense.
>
> How any man could turn a deaf ear to the sufferings I witnessed here last winter—to the cries of hungry women and children whose only support (sheep) had perished, owing to the severity of the winter, and who were deprived of all means of livelihood—puzzles me.

Riordan's bitter and lengthy report ended with a sarcastic observation about his own living quarters, "Why doesn't the government give an agent here as good a shelter as it gives a mule at Fort Wingate?"

The government would not accept his resignation, and he fought his lonely battle for another year, until spring 1884. If Riordan thought he was totally unappreciated, the aging Ganado Mucho reassured him that he wasn't.

The agent told Ganado Mucho and Manuelito about his final resignation. Ganado Mucho's admiration for the frustrated agent flowed out:

> We were groping along in the bottom of a deep canyon where the sun never shone. We could see nothing but the bare rocky walls. Mr. Riordan took the lead and showed us beautiful valleys, with plenty of water and grass. He showed us how to carry out the new ideas he had been putting into our heads. He taught us how to build houses, dig ditches, and to improve ourselves in many ways.

Ganado Mucho was seventy-five years old when his favorite agent left. He was ready to step back into the shadows himself, for the next two agents, John Bowman, and S. S. Patterson, showed no great promise and the old headman knew that younger men, like Chee Dodge, were better equipped to deal with the problems.

Nine years passed, years in which Ganado Mucho was still sought for advice and leadership. He sometimes went when he was called on, but more and more, he preferred to stay out of the mainstream.

His name was becoming a legend, for youngsters loved the stories of his early days. His attack on Oraibi and his flight from the soldiers during Kit Carson's roundup appealed to young ears.

But these things weren't nearly the memories to Ganado Mucho that his lost children were . . . nor as important as what Agent Riordan had accomplished. He still could not graze his cattle in his old pastures near Klagetoh, though part of his Ganado Valley was now restored to the reservation.

Boundaries or no boundaries, the old man wanted a last look at the rolling hills and pine-ridged meadows. He rode slowly, alone southward toward his past. Avoiding the Mexican ranches, he wound up through the trees to a sheltered spot where the piñons gave way to the ponderosas. Manuelito had died only recently, and now, in 1893, Ganado Mucho reflected on the strange trails he had followed with his departed friend. Sadly, he had watched Manuelito become

discouraged and take to drinking, and he knew it was a good thing that Manuelito had gone, for the strength had left his body.

A bluejay winged through the early spring forest, and Ganado Mucho caught himself wishing he, too, could fly away on the blue wings. He sat quietly until his bones ached from the dampness. Then the headman found his horse, and started the journey home. *"Now I, too, am ready to go,"* he thought.

Back in his hogan, the old man lay down to rest. A flash of bright blue wings caught his eyes before he closed them, and a last peaceful sleep drifted over him.

Photograph courtesy of the National Archives

154

JESUS ARVISO

Adiits'a'ii--Interpreter

A lock of curly black hair tumbled down over the little Mexican boy's dirt-streaked face. He was too intent on watching Mangas Coloradas, his Apache captor, even to brush it back.

Thirteen-year-old Jesus Alviso (sic) wanted to vanish into the shadow beneath the old juniper tree nearby. But Broken Foot and Mangas Coloradas kept motioning at him while they talked to the other group of Indians who had just come into camp. Jesus was not certain where he was, only that he was a great distance northeast of his home in Sonora, Mexico. His last sight of his home, his mother and father, had been many months ago, when he had hurried out of his adobe house to chase after his young colt. A band of Apaches returning from a raid had spotted him and picked him up. Less than a year before that, he had been captured by another band of Apaches while herding his family's goats across the warm foothills. But after keeping him eight or nine months, they had returned him to his mother. After his second capture, though, the Apaches had brought him north, to camp on the Alamosa River between the Black Range and the lower San Mateo Mountains.

The Apaches had treated him kindly during both his captures, and Jesus soon grew to feel comfortable among them, even learning some of their language. His early childhood fears of the infamous Apaches and their tortures soon faded into the farthest corner of his memory, for if they treated others cruelly, they had treated Jesus as a son.

Now, Jesus was worried that they might be trading him off, a thought he didn't like, for he knew little about those other Indians who had ridden into camp.

He was suddenly snapped out of his thoughts, for Mangas Coloradas was beckoning him forward, toward the other Indians. A lump stuck in his throat as he saw Mangas Coloradas lead a black horse away from the other Indians' band. He knew he had been traded. Mangas Coloradas had been good to him — until now, and Jesus didn't know what to expect from these new people. In the days to come he would learn that these were Navajos, that their language was very similar to that of the Apaches, and that they preferred a calmer way of life.

Jesus was taken by the Navajo party to a small camp over the brow of a hill. He waited with uncertainty for something to happen. When a tall man offered him food from a small pouch, he took a palm-full of dried corn, but held it, still waiting.

He was still clutching a few kernels of the corn several mornings later when they arrived at another camp. This one was northwest of where they had left the Apaches. He still felt suspended, waiting for something to happen. The tall man dismounted and helped the boy down from the horse, where Jesus had been riding with him. He gently pushed the boy and motioned toward a brush shelter, where Jesus could smell food cooking. Drawn by his sudden hunger, he walked over to the small circle of women and girls who were busy around the fire. The tall man was talking to the women. Jesus felt their eyes on him briefly and blushed. But the women soon turned back to their work, and one of them soon handed Jesus a gourd dipper of stew and motioned to a pile of fat tortillas.

He had not really understood what the man had said, and the women seemed only to say "mmm," while they nodded their heads. He caught something that sounded like the Apache word for "boy" but could not be sure. He carried his stew to a nearby tree where he could sit alone and eat. The tortillas were thick, and he could not make them roll up neatly with stew inside, as he could with his mother's paper-thin tortillas. The stew seemed watery to him, but it was warm and soon he was dipping his tortilla into it eagerly. He didn't see the women watching him, their soft voices murmuring sympathetically, nor did he

see Bi'éé'łizhinii, Black Shirt, ride into camp. For Jesus Alviso fell asleep, the warm afternoon sun blanketing his tired body.

He awoke with a start, and found a warm blanket wrapped around him. Someone had tucked it securely around so it made a thick cocoon. At first Jesus thought he was tied up, but as he began to wake up, he found he could stand up and move about freely. He shivered in the cool dawn and drew the blanket back around himself, walking around quietly to see if anyone was watching. A few stars still blinked in the dark blue sky.

"Now, now before the sky becomes too light," he thought, *"perhaps I can escape and find my way south again. Now will be my only chance today."* But he had to find something to carry water in, and he had to have food. He moved silently to the cooking area, and hunted until he found a cold tortilla. He was picking it up when a slight sound came from behind him. Jesus dropped the tortilla, startled. He turned to see a woman rising from her blanket. His heart dropped. She would tell the others and they would . . . what would they do? But the woman made no move to disturb the others. As the pearly pink light of dawn rose around him, Jesus sat quietly where he had been caught. Soon, a warm fire was blazing and the woman was mixing corn meal and water to make hot bread. The fire felt good and the bread smelled delicious. The woman handed him a dipper of hot liquid, Navajo tea. He wondered what the woman was saying to him. Her soft words sounded to him almost like the Apache for, *"Hungry so soon, my boy?"*

Soon, the others began waking, moving quietly about the camp. Jesus watched as the children went racing toward the rising sun. The tall man arose and came to the fire. Behind him followed another man, whom Jesus had not seen before. This was Bi'éé'łizhinii, Black Shirt, of the Ashjįhí Clan, the Salt People. By mid-morning, Jesus realized that he was being given to the stranger. His thoughts of escape began to evaporate, and his curiosity got the better of him. He began to listen carefully, trying to match the Apache language he knew to the Navajo he was now hearing. Black Shirt motioned for Jesus to follow him. Soon, Jesus was camped with this man's wife and children, and on his way to becoming a Navajo.

Within weeks after arriving at Black Shirt's camp, Jesus was naming nearly everything in sight in Navajo. His own name had been transformed from Jesus to a more Navajo 'Sóós', when he became part of Black Shirt's family. He learned to run in the mornings with the other youngsters, in order to grow up healthy and strong, and he went along with them to help herd sheep. He grew strong bringing in wood for the cooking fire, and began to enjoy the thick tortillas and thin stew, when there was stew. Often, bread and hot tea were all he ate during the day. Later, when the family's small field of corn was harvested, he ate steamed corn along with the others. And when deer and antelope grew fat in the late summer, he gorged himself on meat the hunters brought home.

He thought of escape occasionally, for there was nothing to stop him from leaving any time he wished — except the thought of traveling back through Apache country, where he might be re-captured. But his plans were quickly set aside when he was called to join a horse race or a wrestling match. •

His people were as kind to him as to the other youngsters, and 'Sóós' sometimes felt ashamed when he thought of his earlier fear of the Navajos.

Life was not easy, for there was a great deal of work in finding food and firewood, and in moving a camp along with the sheep. But he was included in the fun, too, and felt like a brother with the other younger people.

Ten years sped by and in 1860, when Jesus was twenty-three years old, he looked and acted as Navajo as his friends. Only a shock of wavy hair gave away his Mexican origin. That hair, and an occasional lapse into Spanish when he was particularly excited.

When small groups of Navajos began riding into the camp, Jesus wondered why he had not been aware that a ceremony was being planned. He learned soon enough that no ceremony was in store, other than a special assignment for himself.

American military troops had been spotted about twenty miles south of Fort Defiance, and Jesus' family and their friends were worried that the soldiers

might be on their way to attack them. "Go and tell them we are peaceful, and want no war," Black Shirt's son told Jesus. He handed the young man a piece of white sheepskin to wave from a distance, so the soldiers would not shoot at him.

He had seen soldiers before, for Fort Defiance had been built just after Jesus was traded to the Navajos. He had never talked with any soldiers, and he was certain they had never seen him. His curiosity about the white men led him only as far as a sheltered viewing place, where he could watch and listen to the goings on at the military post. But Jesus knew that his Navajo family feared the soldiers, and had listened while they speculated wildly about what the soldiers might do to them. It reminded him of his own old fears of the Indians, but he knew how accurate the Navajos' predictions were. Two years ago, his family had barely escaped ahead of the troops, and he knew that his family's relative, Zarcillos Largos, had suffered a terrible loss at their hands. The soldiers had burned down his fields and fired their rifles until Zarcillos Largos' farm was a smoking, bloody ruin. Jesus knew also that some Navajos plotted constantly to drive the soldiers out of the country. He had heard about Manuelito at the Naachid, powerfully vowing war against the soldiers, and he knew the war leader had even carried out an attack against Fort Defiance. But most of the people Jesus knew were like his own family, peacefully moving along with their livestock, desiring only to continue unbothered in this way of life. He wondered if the soldiers would believe him. If they didn't, the Navajo people who had been so kind to him would soon be considered as hostile as Manuelito, and be punished for wrongs they hadn't committed.

He rode toward the troops, brandishing the heavy sheepskin, and praying fervently that the soldiers would understand his peaceful intentions.

Captain McLaws halted his troops, when he sighted the Navajo riding slowly toward them. The soldiers were under the command of General R. E. S. Canby, who had sent them on a scouting mission. The captain motioned one of his soldiers forward, to help translate the Navajo phrases he was prepared to hear. The soldier knew little Navajo, but usually managed to communicate basic ideas with a combination of dramatic gestures and a few words.

Jesus called out in Spanish, and surprise lit the soldiers' faces. Many could not speak this language either, but some were able to understand it after being stationed in the southwest for many months. Several of the men were fluent in Spanish, and these soldiers were quickly beckoned to help the captain.

While Jesus was repeating over and over that the Navajos in the area were peaceful and had caused no trouble, Captain McLaws was thinking of an entirely different matter. None of the men had really mastered the Navajo language, and General Canby had often said that he thought this greatly hindered the soldiers' success in Navajoland.

Furthermore, the few Navajo phrases and the wild gestures the men used to "talk" with dignified Navajo leaders often embarrassed the general, the captain recalled. He, too, often thought he caught a hint of disgust and amusement barely restrained behind solemn Navajo eyes. The captain studied the young man with the sheepskin. He appeared to be Navajo, except for his wavy hair.

"Ask him if he can speak Navajo," the captain ordered his Spanish interpreter.

Jesus was puzzled. He had asked for assurance of peace, and was patiently waiting for an answer. Was the soldier going to give it to him in Navajo? "Yes," Jesus answered in Spanish, then in Navajo. He spoke for a few moments in Navajo at the captain's request. Then he switched back to Spanish and asked again if the soldiers would make peace with the Navajos he represented.

The captain had his interpreter tell Jesus that his group of soldiers had no authority to make peace pacts, but that they would not bother Jesus' family at the present time. Then, he presented Jesus with an offer — to stay with the soldiers as an official interpreter.

"You mean, leave my family and become a soldier?" he asked, trying to understand the unexpected proposition.

"Leave your family, yes. But you do not have to become a soldier — just the voice between the soldiers and the Navajo people. We have no one who can really convey the meaning of both languages adequately now," the captain answered.

Conflicting thoughts tumbled through Jesus Alviso's mind. "May I have time to consider this with my people?" he asked. "Will you wait here for my answer?"

The captain wanted to persuade the young man to join him, but did not want to risk ambush from the Navajos whom Jesus might tell of their campsite. "Return to your people. When you decide, come to Fort Defiance and bring this note," he said, handing Jesus a worn envelope on which he had written a brief message. The envelope smelled faintly of flowers, and Jesus watched as the captain carefully folded the papers he had removed from the envelope, and placed them back into his shirt pocket. The soldiers seemed to be enjoying some joke, which Jesus wished he could understand. But the captain interrupted the laughter with a short *"adiós — goodbye"* to Jesus. The young man rolled up his sheepskin and fastened it behind himself on the horse.

He rode back to his camp slowly, to have time to sort out the thoughts which came so suddenly after the captain's offer. He savored the golden November beauty of the countryside. Like flaming jewels, the small oak groves sparkled among the protective ponderosa pines. A sprinkling of dry leaves broke crisply beneath his horse's gait. A deer flashed suddenly between two trees a few yards away, then swiftly sprang into the safe, dark, distance amid the shadowed forest.

For a few seconds, Jesus felt his heartbeat quicken. He loved to hunt, but there was no point in pursuing the deer. He had missed his chance, and furthermore, there were others in the woods close to home.

He pondered over his decision. Would his Navajo family consider him an enemy if he joined with the soldiers? Would the soldiers listen to the words of the peaceful Navajos? What would army life be like?

His thoughts turned to pleasures in his Navajo life, especially at this time of year, when hunting was good, and when the harvest was in. But he quickly

remembered Zarcillos Largos' harvest — of death and pain. None of Jesus' people knew what to expect from the soldiers this season. They spent more and more time speculating, even when they were walking along with the sheep. Fear and apprehension seeped into nearly every part of their lives now.

Jesus was young, lively, and curious. It could not hurt him to try the job as interpreter. And perhaps he could find out the soldiers' plans in time to warn his people. He decided to go to Fort Defiance. Fingering the fragrant envelope again curiously, he approached his camp. Jesus still wondered what the soldiers had been laughing about.

Jesus had pictured himself riding grandly out in front of the soldiers, raising his hand in friendly greeting to Navajo leaders, some of whom he knew fairly well. His first few weeks of military life destroyed this picture and nearly sent him running back to the familiar life he had known as a Navajo. Most of the soldiers were young men like himself, far from their homes, lonely for their families, and curious about the Navajos.

Unfortunately for Jesus, there were a few soldiers whose sole entertainment consisted of keeping him busy, he was sure. When he was not in the headquarters translating for the officers, a small group of the off-duty soldiers seemed to lie in wait for him. At first he assumed they were special soldiers of some kind, and he obediently repaired their clothing and patched up their boots. The ones who knew Spanish teased unmercifully about his Navajo habits — particularly about his Navajo style of pointing with pursed lips rather than with a finger. They managed to keep him busy every possible hour, but strangely, they disappeared the moment a messenger came to call Jesus to headquarters.

When these men were on duty, Jesus noticed that his off-duty life was more to his liking. He thought several times of escaping from Fort Defiance, for he felt like a captive animal surrounded by undecided hunters. But it would do little good, he thought, for the soldiers would probably come after him, and possibly harm the Navajo family he wanted to return to.

When he finally finished his tasks to the satisfaction of his harassers, he gratefully returned to his own part of the barracks. There he was making some friends, young men who asked questions about the Navajos, and who didn't make fun of him. He felt less like a stranger among these men, and finally one day, he asked them about the "special soldiers."

"Special!" one of his friends snorted. *"The only special thing about them is that they're lazy. They're just getting you to do work that they are supposed to do for themselves."*

Jesus was amazed, and then ashamed. He had let them make a fool of him. *"I will do no more of their work,"* he vowed. He was ready to announce it to his harassers, face to face, but his friends persuaded him not to.

"Just stay away from them," his friends advised. "If they come looking for you, tell them you have just been called to headquarters."

But Jesus had little time to bother with the problem any more. For he was called on more and more often, as the best guide in the army to hidden springs, rendezvous points, and influential leaders.

With the army, his last name evolved from Alviso to Arviso, and his life changed from one of relative calm to one of constant scouting trips. General Canby's troops were in the midst of a campaign against the Navajos when Jesus Arviso joined them. He rode with Captain McLaws often, and in December 1860, realized they were heading into his Navajo family's area.

"There are many Navajos over near the hot springs," he advised Captain McLaws, hoping to draw the troops away from the area quickly.

"How far is it to Agua Caliente (Hot Springs)?" the captain asked.

"About a day's march beyond the Little Colorado," Jesus replied. He rode along with the troops, the huge cottonwood trees along the riverbank offering abundant fuel. Grazing was excellent for the army mules and horses, and Jesus was glad to see the troops turn eastward, away from his Navajo home area. As they rode east, Jesus began telling Captain McLaws about his capture and trade to the Navajos. The captain seemed interested, and did not ask Jesus about Navajo camps in the vicinity they had just left.

He earned his army pay many times over, by showing the troops trails they never would have known of, even though other Navajo guides were along. Jesus proved himself trustworthy, and soon became the favorite guide and interpreter. But he always managed to lead the troops away from the country where his Navajo family made its home.

There were often times when he devoutly wished he had never joined with the army, for every time he saw a hogan burn to the ground, he thought of the Navajo family which had been so kind to him. He interpreted fairly, whenever there was a family at home to talk with, but usually the homes were abandoned before the soldiers arrived.

The young man longed to return to his family, to advise them to move far west, away from the soldiers, but his job kept him from leaving, even for a short visit. Finally, in February, 1861, he was called to Fort Fauntleroy (later Fort Wingate), for his first peace negotiations.

General Canby was convinced the Navajos were thoroughly defeated, too beaten to fight or cause any more trouble, and he proposed a treaty. Jesus watched as nearly three dozen Navajo headmen arrived at the fort. Some of them he knew by name, and others by sight, from his days as Black Shirt's boy. He admired Ganado Mucho greatly, more than ever now, for his bravery in coming to the fort.

"I doubt that I would have the courage to face these soldiers," thought Jesus, "after watching them at war against the Navajos." When the headmen learned that Jesus was going to interpret for them from Navajo to Spanish their stern eyes pierced him, warning him to be accurate. He wanted very much to join the Navajo men, who were talking softly among themselves before the meeting began. He wanted to ask about his family, but his recently acquired military discipline held him silent, his eyes fastened on a map across the room. As the council began, he concentrated all his being on sending the words flowing from Spanish to Navajo, and then as Ganado Mucho spoke, from Navajo back into Spanish.

He didn't realize until much later that night how tense he had been during the translation. Another fact came to him at the same time. Fort Defiance was to be abandoned. While he was glad, he wondered what would become of him. He had just begun to feel valuable, able to do a job no other person could do. Was he to give it up now and return to his old life?

He slept fitfully that night, with dreams haunting him. In his dream his mother, whom he had not seen since the Apaches took him, seemed to beckon to him, but from a Navajo camp. She disappeared into a brush shelter, and suddenly a band of Apaches encircled the camp. Mangas Coloradas was among them, but he abruptly changed so he looked like Jesus' father. Jesus was walking toward him, when the man changed again, becoming Black Shirt. He was no longer leading a horse, but was followed at some distance by a young girl. Suddenly they led Jesus, as if by magic, to Fort Fauntleroy where he was arguing with Manuelito, trying to convince him to sign a treaty. He was in the middle of a wild horse race with Manuelito, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

Blinking and squinting, Jesus felt the hand shaking him as he awoke. *"Jesus,"* a soldier was calling him urgently. *"Jesus, you are wanted at the headquarters."*

The interpreter awoke gratefully, glad to be free of the exhausting dream. Then his worries of the evening before came back to him. He willed them away, thinking he would deal with them after he returned from the headquarters.

Captain McLaws was waiting for him there, with another officer and the Spanish-English interpreter. "Jesus, Fort Defiance is going to be abandoned, but the army still wants your help. Will you stay here at Fort Fauntleroy as guide and interpreter? You did a fine job yesterday, better than any other man has ever done, according to some of the officers here," the captain said.

Suddenly, Jesus knew what he wanted to do. *"I will stay with the army at this fort,"* he answered, *"but I want very much to make a short visit to my people, Black Shirt's family."*

Captain McLaws listened to the reply, then spoke for a moment with the other officer. Jesus watched them, and seeing the other officer nod at Captain McLaws, knew his request had been granted. Captain McLaws then passed the words on to the other interpreter, who in turn relayed the message to Jesus. He was to take a visit of not more than a month, and then return to Fort Fauntleroy.

Deep snow slowed his journey, and covered much of the blackened earth the army had left behind. Jesus met few people along his way, but he asked every party he saw of the whereabouts of Black Shirt. The farther he traveled the more he worried that he might never find his family again, at least not in time to report back to Fort Fauntleroy. He made his way west until he reached Ganado Mucho's camp, knowing that Black Shirt was a close friend of the headman. Arriving there after the winter sun had set, Jesus went to find Ganado Mucho. The headman greeted him warmly, and the two talked for a while about the treaty meeting both had attended recently.

"You must have done a good job for us," Ganado Mucho insisted, *"for the soldiers are leaving Fort Defiance, like so many sheep following a goat to better pasture."*

Warmed by the compliment and the food a woman had set near the fire, Jesus decided to wait until the following morning to talk any more. He fell asleep lulled by the occasional crackling and tumbling of burning logs in the fire pit. When he awoke the next morning, the sun was high above the horizon. He reached out to place a small log on the embers of the morning fire, just as Ganado Mucho lifted aside the sheepskin covering the hogan entrance. *"Have you been with the army so long you have forgotten how to wake up and run in the morning?"* the older man asked with a twinkle in his eye.

Jesus said nothing, but got up and went outside into the bright cold morning. He ran, barefooted through the snow until he reached the wash. He plunged into the icy flow, and leapt out again for the race back to the camp. Hot food was waiting for him when he returned. Jesus felt renewed, more whole than he

had felt in months, and was glad he'd made the trip though he had not yet found Black Shirt.

"Your 'father' was killed not long ago," Ganado Mucho told him while the two sat near the fire talking. *"The rest of his people went south, I think. Perhaps as far south as the Sierra Escudilla in fear of the soldiers."*

"Sierra Escudilla is a great distance," said Jesus, knowing the hundreds of miles that lay between him and his family. *"And Black Shirt is dead? Are you certain?"* Ganado Mucho said that he was certain, then left the hogan.

Alone, Jesus formed a picture in his mind . . . the leader dead and the small band running alone all that distance. His worry drove him to undertake the strenuous journey southeast. He had to see if he could find his Navajo mother and sisters and brothers. They probably needed his help greatly. He would have to ride hard to shorten the distance in a few days, and he would probably be late in returning to Fort Fauntleroy, but that was of little importance to him now.

He said goodbye to Ganado Mucho, packed a new supply of food into his army saddlebags, and left. He rode from dawn until there was no light left to see by at night, camping each night in whatever shelter he could find. Often, he found brush rings left by piñon pickers, which offered fair shelter. One night he found an abandoned hogan, unburned and in good condition. He avoided going near the many burned out homes, for the thought of vengeful ghosts frightened him as much as it did any Navajo. He felt a surge of excitement as he neared a place where his family had once had a beautiful camp, and as he approached his eyes filled with joy. The camp had not been touched. It was as serene as ever. He raced his horse the last few yards into the camp, wishing that someone were around. But it was as empty as his eyes had first told him it was. The only tracks on the snow were those of a crow, who sailed away as soon as Jesus approached the hogan. Still, it was home, and Jesus decided to stop there for a short rest.

Jesus Arviso reported back to Fort Fauntleroy on time, a married man. His young bride remained in the care of her band, the same band which had raised Jesus. He'd ridden only a half day after leaving the family's deserted camp, when he met his family returning from their hiding place in the far south. A young girl who was traveling with them soon caught Jesus' eye, and his family arranged the wedding. She was content to stay behind, sharing Jesus' concern about the unsuitability of army life for a young girl.

"But I will visit you, and bring supplies for I can trade safely in the settlements," he comforted her.

During the next two years, Jesus Arviso worked at Fort Fauntleroy, interpreting as Navajos came in for supplies the army was supposed to give them. More than once he double-checked a bundle of goods and discovered it was short. The supply clerks sometimes apologized, saying they hadn't received the full shipment of hoes, cloth, seeds, and other goods promised to the Navajos. But Jesus observed the supply clerks sharing the Navajo goods with other soldiers, and when he could, he repacked the Navajos' bundles with their full allotment.

Several times, he was able to visit his home, taking along supplies for his family. But as 1863 wore on, he was kept too busy to return home any more.

With alarm he learned of General James H. Carleton's orders of war against the Navajos, to kill them or subdue them and place them on a reservation where the soldiers could watch all of them closely. He was desperately worried about his people, and volunteered time and again to take on extra duties — trying to bring the peaceful headmen of his nation together with the army, for a reasonable settlement. He rode alone through his country searching for Navajo leaders he could count on to impress the commanding officer at the fort, which now was called Fort Wingate. He found Barboncito, Delgadito, and Sarracino riding south to the Sierra Escudilla, and convinced them to come talk to Commanding Officer Chavez at Fort Wingate.

But the outcome of the talk was not what Jesus Arviso had hoped for. He had brought together two strongly determined groups, neither of which would alter its original plans. The army was under orders to sweep Navajo country clean for once and for all . . . and the Navajo headmen would obey only their own ancient tradition, not to leave the protective boundaries of their four sacred mountains, the San Francisco Peaks, Blanco Peak, the La Plata Mountains, and Mount Taylor. The proposed reservation at Fort Sumner lay several hundred miles beyond the Navajos' sacred eastern boundary.

The headmen left Fort Wingate, vowing they would not help remove their people from Navajoland. As Kit Carson's 1863 campaign rampaged through the country, Jesus watched hundreds of Navajos turn themselves in. Sickened by their plight, he listened to all he could stand of their stories.

"I was herding my sheep. My sister was in our home with our children. My husband was in the cornfield. We sent a messenger to talk to the soldiers, but they nearly rode over him in their hurry to burn our fields. It was too late for us to run, and we were afraid they would kill us. They did not even stop to talk to us, until everything was in flames. When we walked to my brother's camp, we found they had done the same thing," came a frightened, puzzled voice. *"We have no choice but to come here. Our children are starving. What will they do with us?"*

While one family after another came in, starved out of their homes, General Carleton wrote a letter to another official confiding his real reason for removing the Navajos from their homes:

> . . . I will . . . establish a military post in the very heart of the gold country . . . people who will flock into the country around the San Francisco mountains will soon open farms and have enough stock for the mines . . . I am just commencing active operations against the Navajos . . . If I can help others to a fortune . . .

No Navajos knew anything of this motive. General Carleton called them "murderers and thieves," and told them he would place them on a reservation and teach them to become peaceful farmers. Jesus knew that the plan for Fort Sumner was supposed to be a good one. He tried to reassure the worried families who arrived at the fort, but he was not convinced himself that the plan would

work. Most of the Navajo people he had known were already peaceful people, herders and farmers. The army needed only to help the headmen control the stubborn raiders, and allow the rest of the tribe to go its own way, he reasoned. Furthermore, he thought, if the army could stop the warring Utes and the greedy Mexicans from harassing the Navajo people in their homeland, many Navajo raiders would stay home voluntarily. But Jesus was an army interpreter, not a general or a governor, and the decision was out of his hands.

But Jesus' suspicions of General Carleton's "reservation" were well-founded, and in August, 1863, they were confirmed. In that month, the first band of Navajos was taken to Fort Sumner, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs Steck insisted, ". . . they are prisoners of war and should remain entirely under the control of the commanding officer while the tribe continues hostile." And these Navajos, Jesus recalled wrily, were from the late Cebolla Sandoval's band — the most faithful Navajo friends the American army ever had.

Though Jesus could not clearly see the reason for the removal of his entire tribe, and though he puzzled over it privately, he soon was enmeshed in the daily horror of the general's plan.

General Carleton saw the horror in a different light, writing:

> The exodus of this whole people from the land of their fathers is not only an interesting but a touching sight. They have fought us gallantly for years and years. . . .

Jesus kept watching for his own family, as Navajos poured in sick from hunger and exposure. By March, 1864, he had not yet caught sight of his own wife and family, but what he saw among the 2,500 Navajos convinced him they needed his help.

Fort Defiance had been reopened as Fort Canby, and as the troops herded the Navajos down to Fort Wingate on their way to Fort Sumner, Jesus Arviso was torn between trying to run and warn his Navajo family to hide or accompanying the terrorized captives on their long march southeast. He finally chose to go along to Fort Sumner, for the misery of the 2,500 Navajo captives was a worse sight than he had ever seen before.

The army escort drove a few wagons, pulled by ox teams, to haul some supplies along for the captives, but the mounted soldiers and the wagon drivers set a grueling pace for the Navajos. Most of the captives had to walk, for Kit Carson had killed off their horses and other livestock. Many Navajo moccasins soon wore through, exposing blistered and bleeding feet to the bare, rocky trail. The sick and aged, the weary young children, and the frightened parents, were driven along like sheep on the way to slaughter. When children became too exhausted to walk, the parents tried to put them on the supply wagons. But the soldiers pushed them off. If they could not keep up the pace, they were kicked to the side of the trail by a soldier's boot and left behind.

The family members who tried to stop and help the weak and weary up again were shot, along with their fallen children and old people. Likewise, any marcher who asked to stop and rest, man, woman, or child, was killed on the

spot. The Navajos learned quickly to walk . . . and walk . . . and walk, silently, until they dropped. Mexican attackers stole women and young children from under the very eyes of the soldiers, and the soldiers helped themselves to Navajo women under the very eyes of their husbands. Navajo men learned to expect immediate death if one tried to protect his wife.

Jesus Arviso, in his shock at the dreadful treatment of his people, was grateful his own family was not along. The full day's crossing of the Rio Grande brought additional pain and horror, as mothers watched their babies float off the flooded rafts. There were simply not enough strong arms to hold all the children safely against the strong river current.

When this first terrible march left Fort Defiance in March, 1884, General Carleton reported triumphantly:

> By the subjugation and colonization of the Navajo Tribe (at Fort Sumner) we gain for civilization their whole country, which is much larger in extent than the state of Ohio; and besides being by far the best pastoral region between the two oceans, is said to abound in the precious as well as the useful metals.

When the dazed survivors of the march finally reached their new "reservation" they found forty square miles of flat, grassy land, on which eventually more than 8,000 Navajos were to be crowded together. The captives were herded into a large corral, counted, and given a week's rations of bacon, wheat flour, and unroasted coffee beans. The only man among them who could even tell them what the white men wanted them to do was Jesus Arviso.

He dared not risk his own life by showing his disgust and anger to the officers, who were passing out spoiled meat as if it were the finest gift of all. There were few trees to offer shade or shelter, so many Navajos went to work digging shallow sleeping pits, over which they placed long grasses or boughs from the scrubby bushes.

General Carleton was soon ashamed of the condition of the Navajos, for the once finely clothed people were now in rags or going naked. After many requests for blankets and clothing for his "reservation," the general finally received a supply of cloth for the women to sew. But not knowing how to sew in the necessary fashion, those who were lucky enough to have a piece of calico simply cut a hole in it and drew it over their heads.

A small supply of hoes and plows finally came in, and with thirty plows the Navajos furrowed 5,847 dry acres of Bosque Redondo. After a winter of watching the weak die from starvation and from dysentery from spoiled food, the hardier Navajo captives eagerly planted corn and pumpkins. But worms reaped the harvest, and the Navajos faced another grueling, hungry winter. Smallpox, chickenpox, whooping cough, and pneumonia took their toll along with hunger, for the Navajos could not find their native healing herbs in this hostile land.

Jesus Arviso was sent to find Manuelito and his followers, who were holding out in their homeland. When he reported back after talking to the headman, Jesus could barely conceal his pride in Manuelito's response, as he interpreted it:

> Manuelito says that his god and his mother lived in the west, and he would not leave them . . . his intention was to remain; that he was there to suffer all the consequences of war or famine; that now he had nothing to lose but his life, that they could come and take him whenever they pleased, but he would not move, that if he were killed, innocent blood would be shed.

The young interpreter was sick of army life, and of life at Bosque Redondo. He exhausted himself trying to keep the supply clerks from short-changing the Navajos on blankets and food supplies, and riding from Fort Sumner to Santa Fe to interpret for headmen who wanted to go back home. He grew thin, short of temper, and fully sympathetic with Navajos who tried to steal cattle from nearby Mexican ranches. Most of all he wanted to see his people sent back to their homeland. His family arrived and added to Jesus' responsibilities. He married again, a girl named Yohazbaá, a sister to his first wife. He nearly did not marry the girl, for he could not provide the usual fine gifts expected of a bridegroom. He had no horses, no fine silver jewelry, nor any fat sheep, and he felt ashamed of himself. The girl suggested, *"Perhaps if you could bring some extra cloth . . . ?"* That Jesus could provide, and so he married her. But the gift he most wanted to give was beyond his reach — to take his family back to their old homeland.

Jesus went to the commanding officer, Captain Bristol, and volunteered detailed information in 1865, trying to convince the officer that the Navajos had long been a proud, self-sufficient, and mostly peaceful tribe, a hard-working and productive people. The interpreter's information made a good report for

Captain Bristol to write that year, but no immediate change seemed to come of it, other than more council meetings where Jesus interpreted for headmen who wanted to go home.

For the rest of the Navajos' imprisonment at Fort Sumner, Jesus led two lives, one as an interpreter where he was constantly struggling to keep his own angry words out of his translations. The other life he lived as a Navajo, fighting alongside them during Comanche attacks, suffering with them when their crops failed, and comforting as many people as he could reach during the tragic days. Supplies for the troops were nearly as scarce as for the prisoners most of the time, so his army job brought him little physical comfort.

In April of 1868, when he was sent to Washington, D.C., to interpret for Barboncito and President Andrew Johnson, he felt bone-weary. All the strange sights and sounds drove him deeper into longing for his old life, his peaceful life with Black Shirt's family. The days passed between his visit to Washington and the days of late May. When he learned of the United States Peace Commission which was supposed to be coming with a treaty for the Navajos, he thought his heart would burst. He was called upon to interpret for Barboncito, the finest speaker among the Navajo headmen, on May 28.

Jesus was standing straight, his shoulders back, when Barboncito led the other headmen into the stuffy headquarters building. He knew it would be the most important council that he had ever translated for, and was praying silently for Barboncito's words to flow smoothly into Spanish so that James Sutherland could pass them on in English to General William T. Sherman and Colonel Samuel Tappan. His deepest wish at the moment was that he could speak English, and eliminate any chance of error or weakness on Mr. Sutherland's part. But Jesus had not learned English yet. He would have to do his best with Spanish. He tried to nod calmly when Barboncito interrupted his thoughts to remind him that a great deal depended on him.

The meeting was beginning, and he had no more time to worry. Mr. Sutherland was already interpreting into Spanish, and Jesus' most important job had begun.

Finally, as Barboncito began to speak, Jesus felt his confidence grow, for the headman's words began to flow like poetry, and the interpreter, too, became a poet.

For two days, the council wore on, and after a weekend break, the final day of the conference was at hand. Barboncito, with Jesus as interpreter, had saved the Navajos — they were going home!

"But we are going home poor," thought Jesus *"poorer than we have ever been. But I had nothing when I came to the Navajos . . . I will begin again with them."* The thirty-one-year-old interpreter found himself thinking like a Navajo, feeling like a Navajo, and his old thoughts of Sonora had long since been buried. Or he thought they had. The long walk home was as grueling as the walk to Bosque Redondo had been, for there were still Mexican slave raiders and the daily tragedy of death among the sick and hungry Navajos. More than 1,500 who had survived to reach Fort Sumner had not lived through the imprisonment.

Jesus settled his new family east of Tohatchi, wishing only to forget the army and tend to raising a family. But the army would not forget Jesus, and

when the first of the government livestock was issued, he found himself interpreting again, this time for Agent F. T. Bennett. The agent stood on top of the adobe wall which formed the corral, and Jesus gave his words to the Navajo people who were clustered in knots far and wide over the sun-baked hills:

> Now Washington has given you a new start. You shall care for these sheep and goats. If you do, they will increase rapidly and provide food and clothing for you. But if you do not, they will starve and die. Then you will be destitute and just as bad off as you were before.

There were two or three animals for every Navajo, and Jesus suffered inwardly as he watched people, whom he knew had once herded flocks of thousands, now act shamefully grateful to receive a pittance of what had been taken from them. He still puzzled over why the Navajos had ever been subjected to the misery of Fort Sumner, while the Utes and other people were allowed to stay in their homelands.

But as long as he lived, Jesus Arviso would never know General Carleton's strongest reason for removing the Navajos from their country.

He never knew of General Carleton's gold-mining plans. But he knew after arriving back in Navajoland that it had shrunk to a fraction of the land the Navajos had roamed before Fort Sumner. He knew, also, that the small size

of the reservation and poor weather conditions were brewing a storm beyond control. The interpreter was pressed into service after Fort Sumner, as the Navajo Agency interpreter at Fort Defiance.

For two years in a row, the Navajo crops failed, due to drought. The twenty white employees at Fort Defiance agency had lost nearly as much faith in their government as the Navajos had.

In 1871, they were still waiting for word from Congress of provisions for the Navajos. When a visitor came to Fort Defiance from the East, the agency people hoped he would have news of an Indian Appropriations Bill. But the visitor had heard nothing of any money Congress was supposed to pledge. One outraged employee shouted:

> There'll be another Navajo war, and we'll have to clear. These are the best Indians on the continent, willing to work, and don't want to fight. But, damn it, they can't starve to death right here. We've destroyed their living, run off all the game and shut 'em up here, and their crops failed two years. If we were in their place, we'd fight! Ain't a man here in the government employ that's been paid a cent for twelve months. They'll give the Apaches sugar and coffee and flour, because they're a'murderin' and robbin', and won't give these men anything because they've been peaceable for eight years, and these fellows know it, too. . . .

When Jesus learned from a Spanish-speaking co-worker at the agency what the man had said, he was encouraged by the man's sympathy, but greatly concerned about his predictions. The Navajos had to have help. Jesus Arviso had little time yet to spend with his growing family, but he had located his first wife and managed to provide a small home for her in Navajoland. He also added another wife to his Tohatchi family, a Mexican woman who could make tortillas such as he hadn't tasted since his childhood in Sonora.

But his life was still a far cry from the peace he had hoped for. In 1872, he undertook a dangerous mission north to Ute Territory with Navajo Agent James H. Miller and the agency clerk, Thomas V. Keam.

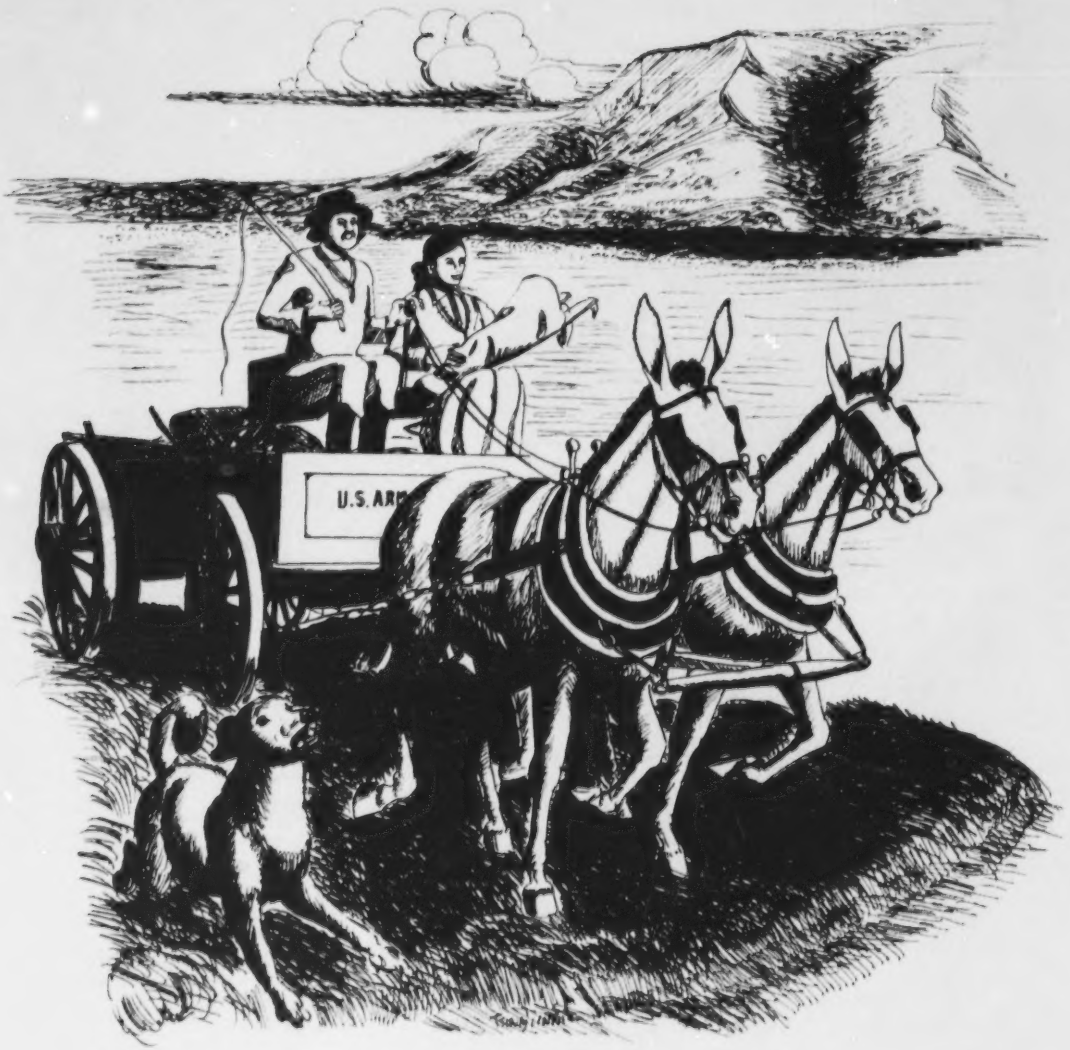
The three men rode north from Fort Defiance, finally reaching the flat country near Shiprock, where they hoped to find a good location for a new agency office in the San Juan Valley. They camped for the night, but Jesus and Keam were both worried about Utes attacking them, so the two kept watch during the night while the agent slept, rolled up in his blanket. The hours near daybreak were the eeriest, and in the half-light Jesus fought to keep his eyes clear. The dawn shadows played tricks, and he thought he heard a slight noise behind a nearby low butte. The hair on his neck rose and he shivered, but not from cold. Suddenly, the Utes were upon them, some shooting and others going after the party's horses. Jesus and Keam fired back. The Utes left quickly, driving the three horses before them. Agent Miller did not awaken during the brief attack, and when Jesus went over to the blanketed body, he found the agent dead.

After burying Agent Miller, the two men began the journey back to Fort Defiance, on foot. Three days later they arrived, and Jesus wanted nothing so much as to go home to Tohatchi, and there, rest. But the government was not through with him yet. He continued working as an interpreter, though in that same year a new young interpreter had come to work at the agency—Chee Dodge.

As Chee Dodge grew up, Jesus Arviso felt less and less needed, for Chee could translate directly from Navajo to English. When Jesus worked, a second interpreter was still needed. But as the years passed into the 1880's, Jesus became friendly with the army surgeon at Fort Defiance, Dr. Washington Matthews. He was the first white man Jesus ever felt like confiding in about the Navajos. When he learned that the doctor wanted to write down the old Navajo legends, Jesus agreeably helped him.

"But why don't you study the sand paintings, too?" Jesus suggested one day. The interpreter had seen a great deal disappear from Navajo life already . . . the Naachid was no longer held, the far-ranging trading and grazing journeys across the southwest had ended. Working for the railroad and drinking whisky were pushing away too much of the Navajo life Jesus had known as a boy. The sand paintings of the medicine men might also be in danger. Perhaps, also, Dr. Matthews would understand better how the Navajos viewed his "white medicine" if he could watch some Navajo healing ceremonies. The doctor accepted his advice, but by 1884, Jesus Arviso was ready to go home. He left Chee Dodge to continue in his footsteps as the doctor's interpreter, as the young man had grown into a favorite at the agency and was now replacing Jesus in many jobs.

Nearly fifty years old now, Jesus had yet to devote much time to family life, something which pulled at him when he remembered his early boyhood in



Sonora. He had a great deal of time to make up for, and drove his government wagon happily toward his home in New Mexico. He had received his wagon as a loaned gift from the agency, in order to build a new house.

He spent long hours working on his house, and in the evenings, when there was no light to work by, he told his children stories of his own early days. Watched over by his wives, he spun out his years tending his fields and marveling

at the rapid changes around him. Some of the old Mexican settlements melted away into dust, and others thrived, bustling with motor cars, railway stations, and more and more visitors, now that the southwest was tamed. He saw one old Navajo friend after another pass on as the 1800's gave way to the new century. He watched with admiration as Chee Dodge became chairman of the first Navajo Tribal Council in 1923, and he learned with happiness that much more land had been added on to Navajoland. He watched with sadness as some Navajos haunted the reservation border towns, living for liquor, and bringing shame to their tribe. He saw that his Navajo family by his first wife was provided for in their reservation home, and he visited once in a while, glad to see his own Navajo children. But as the years passed, he became too old to travel, so he stayed at home in New Mexico.

As his children grew up, they listened less to the old man, and Jesus Arviso realized that his time had passed. The old ways had changed, and he was not as useful as he once had been. He began keeping his stories to himself, jarred out of old memories only by the motor cars which rattled over the nearby dirt roads. He wondered if the stream of tourists appreciated the invention that carried them easily from place to place, and he remembered the sore and bleeding feet which had walked all the way across New Mexico and back home again in the 1860's.

His time had passed, and he, too, was ready to pass this strange new century on to younger people. In 1932, Jesus Arviso, one of the most valuable men the Navajos had during their most trying years, died in the adobe coolness of his New Mexico home.

Photograph courtesy of the National Archives

178

HENRY CHEE DODGE

Hastiin Adiits'a'ii--Mr. Interpreter

Mą'ii'deshgizhnii Clan--Coyote Pass People

Kiiłchíí' pulled the blanket closer around himself, and tried to sleep. He was lying on a bed of dusty pine needles, under a tall tree, and could look far up through its branches to the evening sky. He lay very still, wishing the big gray squirrel chattering high in the next tree would come down near him. But the squirrel was upset at having so many people invade his quiet life along the rim of the Grand Canyon, and chattered noisily at a safe distance.

Kiiłchíí,' Red Boy,* was not even four years old, but he knew he had traveled a long distance, and now his stomach would not let him sleep. He listened to the grown-ups talking in soft, worried voices nearby.

They, too, were worried about food, for they had little left. He remembered now. They had left their little stone house at night, meeting more people along the trail. He had asked for food the next day, and his mother had given him only a small handful of dried corn.

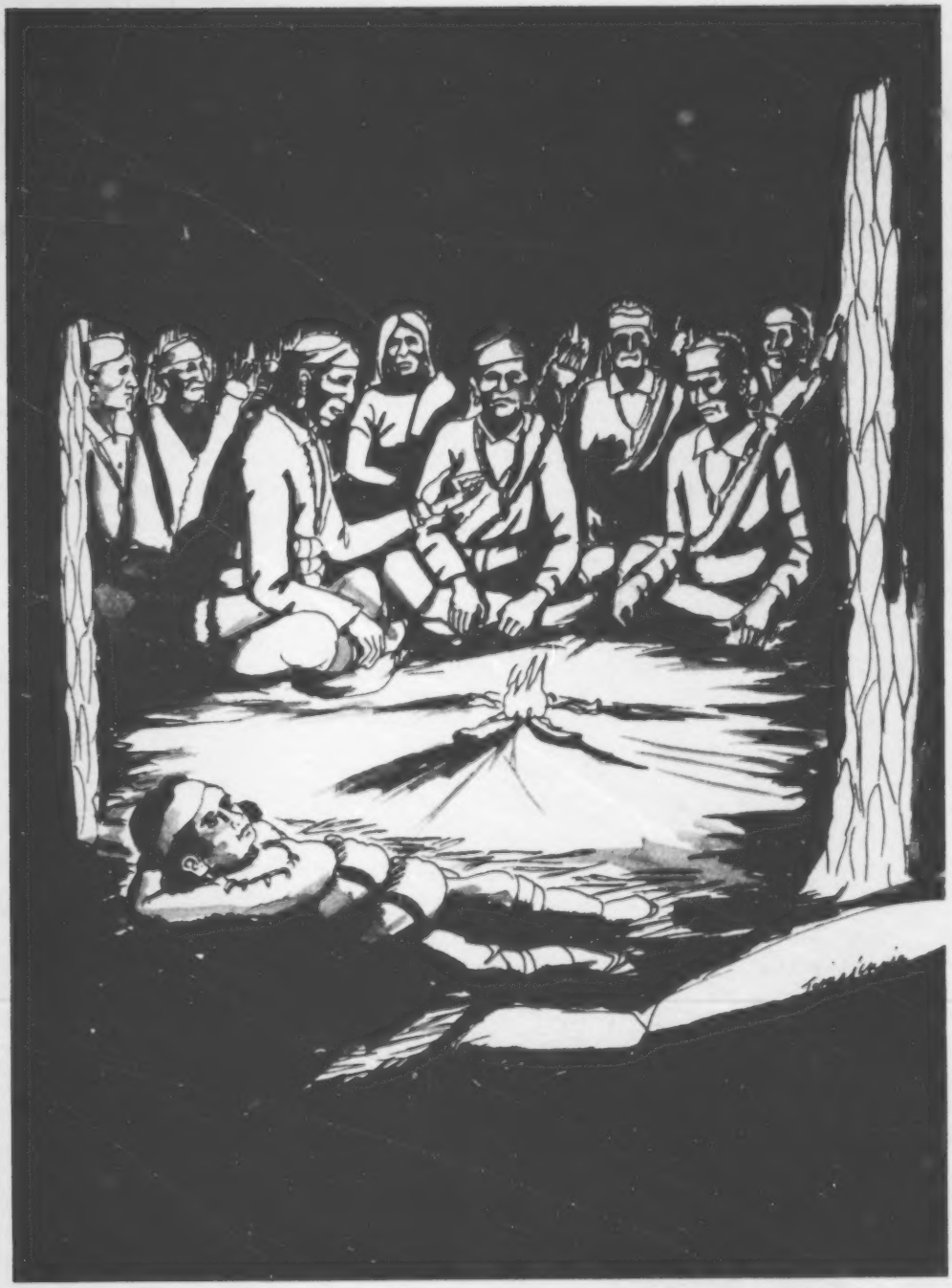
As the days passed, the small band had hidden in rock shelters and arroyos along the way. Kiiłchíí' was not allowed to run and play. He was supposed to rest all day, to be ready for the next night's journey. For many days they had traveled in the direction of the setting sun, moving steadily and resting little.

"The soldiers were coming to burn our homes and take us away, far away," his mother explained to him. "We are hiding from them. We will soon find a safe place to stay until the soldiers go away."

Now the little boy watched. His mother, part Jemez and part Navajo, a young woman of the Mą'ii'deeshgiizhnii Clan was arguing with her sisters. "I am afraid to leave him," his mother was saying.

---

*This was Chee Dodge's name as a small boy, according to Mrs. Mary Dodge Peshlakai.



"But he will be safe with us if anything should happen to you," one of her sisters answered. "Please leave him. I will take care of him like my own boy until you return."

Kiiłchíí' sat up, worried about his mother. *"Where are you going? I want to go with you,"* he cried.

"Now, my little son, lie down and sleep. I know you are tired," his mother said, brushing the curly black hair back from his forehead. *"I am going to find some food, for we are all hungry. I will come back to you when I have food."*

Tired and hungry, the little boy fell asleep. He waited all the next day and the next for his mother to return. But she did not come back. After many days of waiting, eating nuts, berries, and boiled plants, the small band prepared to leave.

His aunt came to him. *"Walk with me, little one,"* she said. *"I will need your help along the way, for we must keep our eyes open for a rabbit for our cooking pot. We will leave a good trail for your mother to find us when she returns."*

His aunt knew she was not telling the truth, for they dared not leave any trail — the soldiers might find it and capture them.

His mother had gone to the Hopi villages on the mesas to the north, to ask for food and perhaps shelter for her people. It was late summer, 1863, and many Navajos were running, trying to hide from Kit Carson's soldiers. Some did manage to hide, back among the deep, twisting canyonlands of the north.

But his people had not yet found a good supply of food to keep them through the winter. They must do this before they could hide away in the canyons. Homes were deserted, and the band found only burned fields. Even the peach trees were only charred stumps. Once in a while they met other families, all in the same desperate condition. The land was quiet, blackened, and frightening. Kiiłchíí's aunts were worried about the little boy. They could manage with little to eat, but the boy was growing thinner by the day.

"He is too weak to keep moving with us," one aunt said. "Perhaps we can place him with another family, one which has more food."

His aunts talked back and forth about the matter, and finally decided to give him to another family camping nearby. "I promised to take good care of

you, little one," said his favorite aunt. "This is the only way I can do it now." She put her head down, and Kiiłchíí' could not see her face. She walked with him to the other family's camp, and after a long time full of talking and heavy silences, the family agreed to take him. She walked away quickly, and Kiiłchíí' sat watching with solemn eyes.

For several months, he stayed with the family, sharing the food they had brought along. At times, several families met along the trails and at one of these meetings, he was given to another family. He trailed along after one family, then another, silently, solemnly, glad to have food when it was offered. Only when he was rolled up in his blanket, his face away from the other people, did Kiiłchíí' allow the tears to swell and run down his face, wondering about his mother and his aunts. But they dried quickly, as the boy fell asleep exhausted from the long, hard day's journey.

One morning, he awoke to find himself alone, his "family" gone, leaving no trace behind. He stood up, keeping the blanket tight about him, for it was cold, and the sky was sunless. Cold gray clouds moved quickly overhead, and Kiiłchíí' felt a hard lump arise in his throat. He began walking, then running, hoping to catch up with the people he had been with the night before. He did not know they had moved off hours earlier, after talking another family into taking him. But the other family had not found him, as Kiiłchíí' was sleeping behind a bush some distance away. Now, he was all alone. Running, he stumbled and fell over the root of an old juniper tree sticking out of the bank of the arroyo. He cried out in pain, and his cry gave way to all the tears he had held back for so long.

"Little one, little one, who are you?" a soft voice said near his ear. Kiiłchíí' looked up into the face of a little girl, glad to see her, though he had no idea where she had come from.

He could find no words to speak to her, only more tears every time he tried to open his mouth. But he felt the lump in his throat go away.

"You are all alone. Come along with me. Grandfather and I are going to find the soldiers, and get some food and warm clothing. See, the snow is falling. We must hurry," said the girl.

The old man was walking slowly down the arroyo when the two caught up with him. "There you are," he said quietly. "I knew you would come along soon, for I move very slowly. What is this?" he asked, looking at Kiiłchíí'.

"Kiiłchíí'," mumbled the boy holding his eyes down. Would the old man turn him away? He was frightened.

"Chee," answered the girl, repeating what she had been able to hear. "He was alone, crying back there. I heard him." The old man nodded slightly, and the three began the long slow journey. A few days later the soldiers found them and took them the rest of the way to Fort Defiance. To young Chee, the soldiers did not seem unkind, for one took him upon his horse and let him ride all the way to the fort. But once he was down from the horse, the little boy held tightly to "Shádí," his "Big Sister," though she was only eight.

Four years later, Chee did not remember much of this. He knew only that all around him the people were happy, happier than he had ever seen them before. He called the old man Shichei, Grandfather, now. Shádí and Grandfather had taken care of him all during the four years at Fort Sumner. Now they were going home, though Chee was not sure where home was anymore. He only hoped that home would have lots of good food, for he had felt hungry most of his life.

"Will my aunt be home?" he asked.

"I do not know, Chee," the girl answered him.

"I can't really remember her," he said. *"But you and Grandfather are my family now. And I will be able to help you now that I have grown up."* His adopted big sister laughed, *"Yes, that's good."*

Chee was eight and his "sister" twelve, that summer of 1868. Grandfather was very old. For the next several years, the three made their home north of Fort Defiance, moving from one place to another, wherever there was good grazing for their sheep. Each of them had been given several sheep as they arrived at Fort Defiance, and the flock increased rapidly in the care of Chee, Big Sister and Grandfather.

Chee was a lively boy who loved to run through the hills after rabbits, and walk along with the sheep through the high grass and wildflowers. He especially loved the times when they traveled south toward the fort, for all along the way many families were camped, each with its own brush shelter and small flock of sheep. Chee loved the warm, shady afternoons when he played with the other children along the stream. He enjoyed the warmth and fragrance of all the little cooking fires dotting the hillsides. A few families had horses, and once in a while there were races. Chee longed to have a horse for himself, but he was happy enough when he could use someone else's.

One afternoon, he was watering a horse at the stream. A woman was washing clothes nearby. He studied her for several minutes, until she felt his eyes and looked up.

"What clan are you?" he asked.

The woman smiled at the greeting coming from such a young one, then answered, "I am of the Mą'ii'deeshgiizhnii Clan, and you?"

Chee smiled when he heard her voice, for now he was certain this was his aunt. She walked closer to him as he answered, "Mą'ii'deeshgiizhnii, also."

Kiiłchíí'," she smiled. "You are Kiiłchíí', my sister's son . . . do you remember me?"

"Your voice comes back, Shimá Yázhí," he said happily. It was indeed his aunt, his "little mother."

The two stood and talked of the years past, glad that their ordeals were over. Chee's aunt and her sisters had finally joined with another band and had hidden in the Gray Mountain area. The food supply had been meager, but the soldiers had never found them. They learned of the end of the imprisonment

from families returning in 1868 to their homeland, and they moved back into their own part of the country when they were certain there was no danger. Now, his aunt had married a white man, an issue clerk at Fort Defiance.

"A white man?" said Chee, amazed.

"Yes, he's a good man. At least he provides well for me," she laughed. Chee laughed too, glad his aunt was safe and well. *"I will watch for you when you come to the fort,"* she told him. Chee rode back to Shádí and Grandfather, eager to tell them the news. They were happy for him, but a small cloud passed over Shádí's face. "We are still your family, Chee," she said. "I hope you will stay with us." The boy reassured her he did not want to leave.

"Who would be around to help you chase the sheep . . . and eat all the good food you prepare?" he grinned.

These were pleasant years for him, and for the first time in his life, Chee had enough to eat. At one spot, Shádí and Grandfather had a small farm, a shelter with little fields in front of it. They carefully planted and cared for the fields, and when the crops were ready, Chee helped harvest. He knew this was the source of the good meals Shádí cooked. He didn't know how poor the crops really were, for even these dry years produced more food than he had ever seen before.

He was independent, quite able to take care of himself in all kinds of weather, for Grandfather was old. The years at Fort Sumner had been hard on the old man, and now, as Chee was growing, he was worried about the boy's future.

He considered placing him with another family, where there were younger men to teach Chee all the things he would need to know in order to make his own way later in life. But Shádí argued strongly against that. Still, she knew Chee could not remain with her forever. He was nearly twelve now, a bright and good-looking boy.

On the family's next trip to the fort for the food and supplies which the government was giving to the Navajos to help them make a fresh start in their ruined homeland, Shádí found a way to help Chee.

The Presbyterian missionaries there took in some young children to teach them the English language and other basic school subjects. Shádí took Chee to the missionaries.

There, the boy spent two months learning quickly all the people had to teach and yearning for his old free life. He was not used to sitting still for so long, particularly while the trees outside rustled in the autumn breeze. Shádí and Grandfather came to visit him at school. They took him into the room at the fort where the commodity supplies were being distributed. When it was Shádí's turn, Chee spoke out for her — in English. Shádí was surprised, and suddenly Chee felt embarrassed. He put his head down, grinning.

"Say, young man, we could use you here. Do you want a job?"

Chee looked up. It was the Anglo clerk, issuing the supplies, and he was looking at Chee very seriously. Did he mean it?

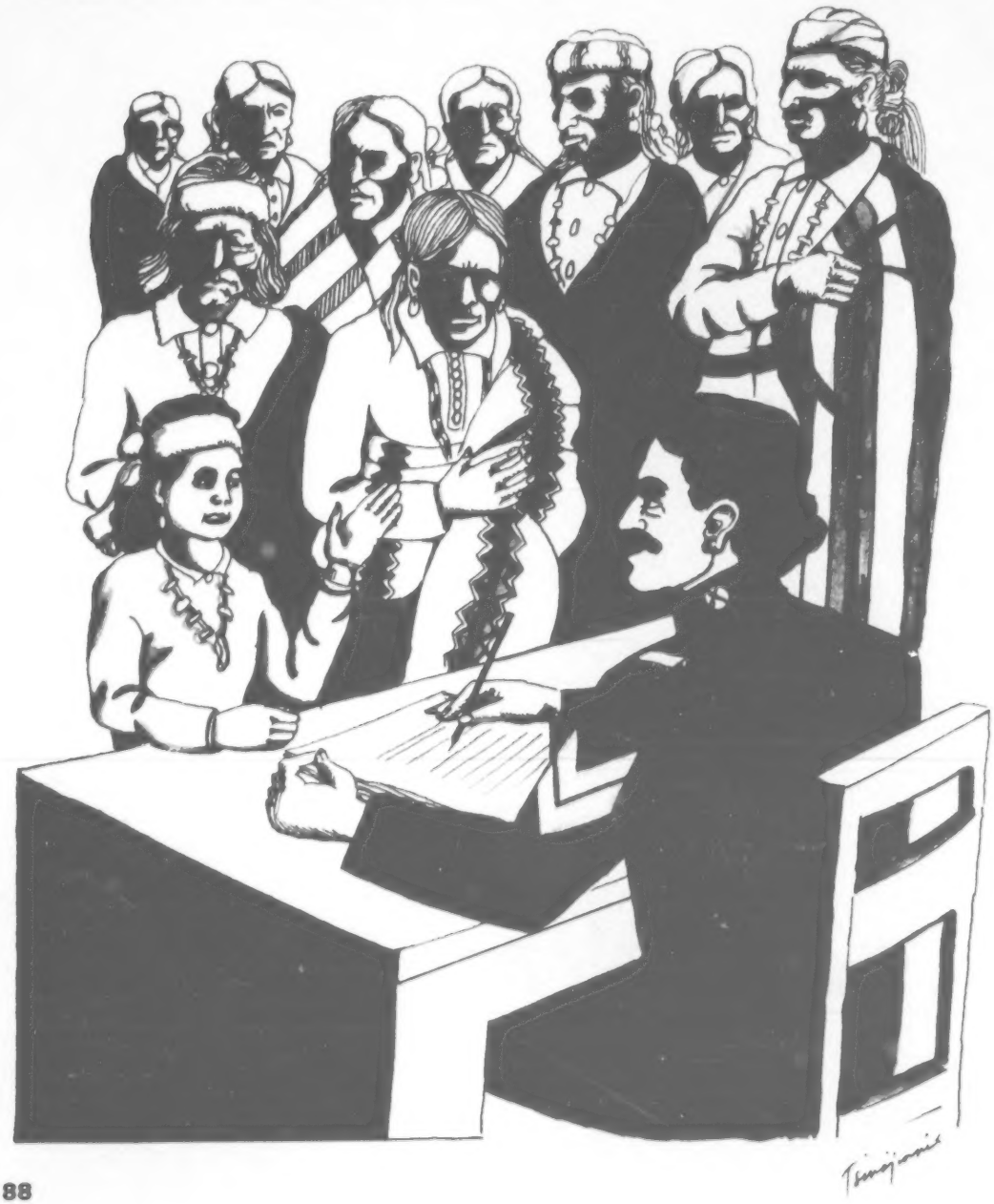
"I'm serious. I need someone to talk for me to these old Navajos," the clerk continued. "My wife can help sometimes, but often she is too busy."

This man was Perry Williams, his aunt's husband. Chee considered it quickly — no more school. He could begin to earn a living for himself. But Shádí was already speaking. "No, no he cannot stay with you. He is just a boy. He belongs with us, his family!" She pushed Chee outside quickly, and Grandfather followed.

But not long after this, Grandfather shook Chee awake in the dark hours before the sun rose, and took him back to the fort. He knew Shádí would not really let Chee go willingly, yet he knew it would be best for the boy. He would

learn quickly how to make a place for himself in this strange new world the white men were bringing to the Navajos.

Chee went to work when he was just twelve. He got along well, and learned all about the food and supplies the clerk gave out. His English began to flow more easily, and the job seemed more like fun than work, except that after the store was clear, he had to help put the shelves back in order, and haul in the new shipments of food, tools, and clothing.



He enjoyed being with his aunt again, and one day, asked her a question which had haunted him for a long time. Chee's mother had never returned from the Hopi country, and he knew that he probably would never see her again. But he wondered about his father.

"I do not even remember him," said Chee. His aunt told him what she knew.

Chee's father had been a Mexican, captured by the Navajos when he was ten. Juan Cocinas (sometimes called Juan Aneas) had become a fine silversmith, and had worked with the agent, Henry Dodge. He knew the Navajo language as well as he knew his native Spanish, and became an army interpreter. After marrying the Navajo-Jemez girl, he had built her a nice stone house and had helped take care of her sisters as well. He had been killed by Mexican raiders in 1861 when Chee was one year old. It had happened while he was trying to recover horses stolen by some Navajos so that the Americans could return them to the Mexican owners.

Chee's aunt told him about the agent, Henry Dodge, too. "He was so well-liked that your father gave you his name. You are Henry Dodge," she told him.

"Henry Chee Dodge," the boy corrected her.

"That's good, Henry Chee Dodge," she smiled.

Chee worked alongside the issue clerk for three years, earning five dollars a week, which he simply put away because he did not know what to spend it on.

One morning when he was fifteen, three medicine men walked in. "Interpret for us," one said sternly. "Be certain you give this white man our words exactly as we give them to you." All three men spoke in very fine Navajo, and Chee tried not to look nervous as he interpreted. But later that evening, he took out the big dictionary and searched for better words in English so he could do a more precise job of translating.

Before long, his employers saw other possibilities for the boy. A healthy, hard-working lad like Chee would be useful on the supply wagon train from Santa Fe to Fort Defiance, they thought. Henry Chee Dodge soon found himself "elevated" to the job of feeding the mules along the dusty wagon trail. On arrival in Santa Fe he worked with the men loading supplies into the wagons, as well as feeding the mules. His bosses were not as thoughtful of the boy as his friends in Fort Defiance had been. Chee often became so hungry that he looked forward to feeding the mules, just so he could pick up kernels of corn the mules overlooked, to fill out his day's rations.

During this same period his employers sent him to school in Albuquerque. But three months of confinement there was enough for the lively youth, and as soon as he could manage it, Chee Dodge was back at Fort Defiance.

He worked not only in the supply room, but became a favorite among families living at the fort. He was called on to help out with odd jobs in the officers' homes, and as his English improved the government agents found him valuable as an interpreter. He soon became the most fluent interpreter known, and missionaries also began asking his help in translating religious lessons into Navajo.

190

As Chee's circle of admirers grew, so did the traits that would characterize the rest of his life: hard work, thrift, skill in dealing with many kinds of people, and success in all his endeavors.

He was barely twenty when the United States Government made him official interpreter for the Navajo people, and he remained in this position until he was nearly thirty. This job was not always a tame one, for as the railroad tracked through the territory the reservation bordertowns grew, and so did Navajo entanglements with non-Indian citizens. He was often sent along with the soldiers when they had to capture wrongdoers among the Navajos, to explain to the Navajos time and again the ways of American law and justice. As interpreter for Agent Denis Riordan in 1883, Chee Dodge had to ride with the agent to find Klah, who was thought to have murdered Peter Tracy, a settler.

Klah had shot the settler in self-defense and then fled to safety among his own people. When Agent Riordan and Chee Dodge arrived at Klah's camp, they were surrounded by a band of suspicious and hostile Navajos. Klah's people were prepared to defend him, and they tried hard to persuade Chee to side with them against Riordan. Chee stood firm, trying to explain to Klah that he would not be punished unless he was proven guilty of murder, and that self-defense was not considered murder in American courts. Klah went peacefully with Chee and the agent.

Later Riordan praised Chee highly and promised him a wagon and set of harnesses to use on his farm. The agent wrote, "His life and mine were more than once at stake on his coolness and good judgment, and tact. I relied on him implicitly."

Time after time, Chee found himself in dangerous situations, particularly when he had to stand between the Navajos and the white men. Usually he managed to calm both sides and eventually bring them together in reason.

In 1884, while Chee was still official interpreter, he was also appointed "head chief" of the Navajos by Agent Riordan, and this position was approved by the U.S. Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. No Navajo knew English as well as twenty-four-year-old Henry Chee Dodge, and he was soon busy assisting Dr. Washington Matthews, post surgeon at Fort Defiance, in collecting Navajo legends and chants.

Later in the same year, Chee was entrusted with the care of three old medicine men on a journey to Washington, D.C., to meet President Chester A. Arthur. On this trip, he had to interpret not only the language but the social niceties as well. At a state dinner, he puzzled for some minutes over the strange behavior of the medicine man seated beside him, until he discovered that the old man was simply trying to sharpen his fork on the side of his leather boot! Chee was in the delicate position of politely having to reverse Navajo tradition to teach a much older man the "right" way of doing things. He took it in stride, and made a mental note to make more thorough explanations in private before such situations could arise in public. The rest of the trip went a little more smoothly.

Chee's salary had risen, from five dollars to ten and then to fifteen a month. He had not spent any of it and he had not even counted it in years. Now in his late twenties, he discovered he had saved thousands of dollars. Chee Dodge was

a wealthy man. His friends among the white men at Fort Defiance had long been aware of the young man's potential, and now they advised him to leave government service and "get out and make something more of yourself." He followed their advice, and at age thirty became a partner with Stephen H. Aldrich at Round Rock Trading Post.

He married a vivacious girl named Asdzaan Tsinnijinnie, and built up his farmlands at Crystal. For a long time, he had loved this area. He had spent many hours sitting on horseback surveying the lush, rolling country and envisioning it as a prosperous farm. Now married, he began to make his dream come true by fencing off the fields from the grazing pastures, surprising many Navajos with successful results of fencing the land. It would become typical of Chee Dodge to try new ways with marked success, just as it was typical for him to engage in many activities at one time.

Intent on being a stockman as well as a farmer and storekeeper, he bought large herds of horses, sheep, and cattle, riding to Cuba, New Mexico, to find the best stock available. The herds increased rapidly and Chee began to feel satisfied. But he had to ride back and forth constantly between his store at Round Rock and his ranching and farming enterprise.

"Always on a horse, always going somewhere," his friends joked with him. But Henry Chee Dodge seemed to have the energy to juggle all his activities with a flair. He was dashing, good-looking, well-to-do, and seemed to thrive on activity. Along with all his other work, he still assisted the United States Cavalry often, one time ousting a group of Anglo prospectors who were working the Carrizo Mountains without Navajo permission.

Though he gained respect and admiration by hiring many Navajos to work at his various enterprises, Chee discovered that having to be away from home also had its pitfalls. He became aware that his herds were slowly decreasing, and suspected that during his absence, someone was stealing his livestock. To remedy the problem, he began looking for a different place to graze his herd. The Klagetoh-Tanner Springs area was not within reservation boundaries, but the excellent grazing land there appealed to Chee's business sense. He bought 160 acres from the Anglo owner, and placed a close Navajo friend in charge of it. Soon, his herds were prospering again.

His new land holdings at Tanner Springs would give him a vital wedge later when he went to Washington, D.C., to argue the case for adding the Klagetoh area to the Navajo Reservation.

Even life as a storekeeper had its dangers. A trouble-making Navajo named Black Horse brought a new threat into Chee's life at Round Rock. In the fall of 1892, Dana Shipley was agent for the Navajos. His main concern at the time was enrolling children in the boarding school at Fort Defiance. Parents of the Round Rock area had not yet sent any children down to the school, so Agent Shipley decided to recruit in that area.

He visited Chee and persuaded him to talk to parents with him and seven Navajo policemen. They started visiting in the Tsailee area, and by the time they reached Round Rock Trading Post, Agent Shipley had promises for thirty-four children from all the parents he and Chee had visited. But Black Horse, lead-

er of a violently anti-Anglo band of Navajos, heard of Agent Shipley's plans for the children. He had also heard of the dreadful treatment some school children had received at Fort Defiance. Parents had told him that their children were handcuffed, bound in leg irons, locked up in the dark cellar or in the bell-tower, unfed for several days in a row, and beaten. One little boy escaped and found his way home, after losing an eye at the school. The Navajo Agency carpenter added his own eye-witness report of "vile and inhumane treatment" of the school children, later in a letter to Agent Shipley.

Chee knew that serious trouble was brewing when he saw Black Horse and his band arrive at the trading post. But he advised Agent Shipley to attempt

a council meeting with the band. While the nervous agent promised good care for the new school children, Black Horse demanded that the white men leave Navajo country for good. The agent listened to one complaint after another.

But Agent Shipley was stubborn at the time, and Black Horse was too angry to wait for reasonable solutions. He grabbed Shipley and dragged him outside where he and his band began beating him. Chee led the policemen in a rush and managed to get the agent back inside the store. Immediately, Chee directed the barricading of all the doors and windows. Outside the Navajos were shouting threats to "kill the agent . . . don't leave a single one alive to tell the tale."

Chee knew that Black Horse and his band would burn the store to the ground if help didn't come soon to rescue the agent. Quickly, Chee ordered a survey of ammunition and weapons. There was a small supply. Then he posted a policeman at the back entrance, so he would be ready to sneak out as soon as Black Horse's men were not looking for a moment. The moment came, and the policeman succeeded in making the run twenty-five miles south to Tsailee for army help. Meanwhile, a thunderstorm drenched the trading post. Chee breathed a sigh of relief. At least they could not burn down the store right away. Now, if only the army would hurry.

The army, however, sent a messenger first, to see if the situation at Round Rock was really critical. After the messenger reported back what he had seen from a safe distance, the soldiers rode up to Round Rock.

Meanwhile, three harrowing days passed, with Black Horse and his band attacking the trading post. Inside, the ammunition was running low, and on the third day it was gone. The rain stopped at the same time, and tension mounted inside the trading post. The soldiers arrived just as Chee, the agent, and the other policemen were sure they were doomed. Chee felt like he had lived an entire lifetime in those three days.

Black Horse continued to stir up trouble, even threatening Navajo parents who decided to send their children to school. Chee sent word back faithfully to Agent Shipley at every new sign of trouble. He didn't want matters to become so violent again. He far preferred a peaceful meeting, with a solution that benefited everyone. Chee Dodge had just started a campaign for better education for more Navajo children. He would lead this cause all his life, seeing education as the salvation of his people. Chee did not keep his partnership in the store much longer, for he thought that Aldrich was cheating him out of part of the money. Furthermore, another matter at home was coming to light.

During all Chee's rides back and forth between his work at Round Rock, his home at Crystal, and his grazing lands, a problem was arising. In his absence, his wife Asdzaan and one of his old aunts became close friends. Chee would arrive home with bundles of supplies, material, packets of coffee, sugar, flour and many other goods. But all his contributions seemed to vanish much too quickly between his trips home, and the two women seemed to require much more than seemed necessary for such a small number of people. Eventually, he discovered that the two had developed a lively interest in gambling, holding frequent parties in his home while he was away. Everything, even the coffee and sugar, was gambled away.

Among the people who worked for him was Tlah Tsosie, a trustworthy friend, who filled Chee in on the details. Disgusted, Chee rode south to his grazing land, not certain what he would do about the matter.

Once out on horseback, his cares seemed to vanish. He delighted in the huge herds of sheep and cattle, and took particular pride in his fine horses. Many Navajos respected and liked him, and often came to him for advice. He was able to think out their problems and send his friends away with good solutions, and happy as well.

The sight of this dashing figure on horseback herding his livestock along, caught the eyes of four young girls in the Sawmill area. Many times he noticed them, too. They were all attractive and skilled at weaving, for their looms were set up out in the foothills. There, they could watch their sheep and weave at the same time. Chee began greeting them casually as he rode through, and finally one day he visited their home. The mother of the two youngest girls was none other than Shádí, his "big sister," whom he had not seen in many years. The other two girls were her sisters. Though her daughters smiled demurely when Chee greeted them from a distance, they were shy and stayed away while he visited Shádí. "Your daughters are beautiful," he told Shádí. "One of them would be a fine wife for a man like me to have."

But the old man in the hogan, Shádí's great-uncle, snorted in disagreement, "You already have a wife and many other people at your home. You have little room for one of these lovely young girls."

Shádí smiled. "You have not even decided which of them you like best, Chee, so I think we should all take our time and think this over."

Chee left agreeably, taking another look at the four beautiful girls as he rode back out to his herds. The old man, Bushy Hair, chuckled in amusement, relieved that Chee had left agreeably. Then he set about encouraging the marriage arrangement he had already planned. The second-to-youngest daughter, Nanabah*, was to marry Jesus Arviso. "And he has already promised fine gifts to us," Bushy Hair reminded Shádí.

Chee and Arviso were old friends, though they were not close to each other. Chee had replaced Arviso as government interpreter years ago. Chee rode back to his ranch, and again, found his home in a shambles, most of the groceries gone, and his wife and old aunt gossiping. They had cleared out the gamblers just before his arrival, and Chee's anger boiled up. He loved to live abundantly, but this sheer waste was outrageous. He ordered Asdzaan out of the house, much to his old aunt's distress. But this was final. Chee was no longer married. Cheerfully, he went about putting things back in order, joking and talking with his workers. He went into the fields with them, and for a number of days enjoyed the ranch he had worked so hard to build up.

Tlah Tsosie was gone, but Chee made no mention of it, knowing well where his friend and helper was.

---

*She was known as "Nanabah" and as "Margaret", according to Mrs. Annie Dodge Wauneka and Mrs. Mary Dodge Peshlakai.

A few days later, Tlah Tsosie came riding up in a great cloud of dust. "You must hurry, Chee," he told his employer. "Jesus has placed twelve appaloosas in their corral, and has given the family a fine silver belt and necklace. They are preparing the wedding feast at this very moment. Nanabah will soon be the wife of Jesus Arviso."

Chee wasted no time in sending Tlah Tsosie back with his own proposal.

"Say whatever you must to stop the wedding," Chee ordered him. "I will come at the proper time, in five days, for my wedding. Tell them I will bring finer gifts than Arviso has presented. Now go! Hurry!"

Tlah Tsosie knew the one thing he could say to stop the ceremony might bring brief shame upon the young bride, but only the words "ma'ii yázhí"* would be strong enough. Nothing more than friendly greetings had passed between Chee and the young girl, and everyone would know this cry was simply a necessity to stop the wedding.

He raced his horse southward, and arrived at the wedding scene just as the bride and groom were preparing to wash their hands before eating the ceremonial corn mush. In the last possible seconds before the wedding became final, he ran in and called "ma'ii yázhí."

Shocked and bursting into tears, young Nanabah ran out of the hogan. Shádí looked sternly at Tlah, then went to comfort her daughter.

Old Bushy Hair and the medicine man quieted the excited gathering of relatives and friends crowded inside, and Tlah presented Chee's proposal. Hearing of the fine gifts, and learning that Chee had sent his first wife packing, Bushy Hair thoughtfully reconsidered. He consented to the wedding of young Nanabah and Chee, and preparations began all over again.

The middle-aged Jesus Arviso was angry, but there was little he could do to change things. He was doubly insulted when Bushy Hair told him, "I never liked those bony appaloosas very much anyway. This young girl is worth far more than a few pieces of silver and those skinny horses."

Chee arrived on time, driving along twelve beautiful horses, the finest of his herd, sleek and handsome. In addition he brought silver jewelry, and $200 in cash. This, old Bushy Hair found most agreeable. For Shádí, Chee brought out a fine, gentle little pinto with four white stockings. "This is for you, my big sister," he said gently. "You gave me far more when I was lost and frightened than I can ever repay. I will give your young daughter the finest life I can," he promised.

Nanabah stayed with her mother for two years after she was married. "You are away so much, Chee," Shádí explained. "I can continue to teach her if she stays with me, for she is still very young. When you are ready for her to move home with you, she will come with many sheep and cattle."

---

*Literally this means "little coyote," but also interpreted to mean "she is already another's" in those days, according to Mrs. Mary Dodge Peshlakai.

Chee was in his mid-thirties, and had grand plans for a home for his bride and her younger sister. With his workers helping, he directed the quarrying of fine white sandstone near his homesite. He became friends with an architect, a German who lived in Flagstaff. His friend began designing the house for Chee. Furnishings and lumber were hauled from Flagstaff, and Chee proudly watched his home grow.

He began building it high on the slope of a mountain, looking eastward across the valleys and hills to the glowing cliffs of the Chuska Mountains. South-

197

east and beyond the cliffs, he could see other mountain peaks miles away, rising in the mist. Deep grass and wildflowers stretched far down the slopes beyond his fields and pastures. Piñons and junipers dotted the landscape. A tiny stream ran down on one side of his house, and Sonsela (Stars-Laid-Down) Butte rose behind it. The ponderosa forest surrounding his house was cleared back a bit to make room for more gardens.

Finally, he brought Nanabah and her younger sister to live with him, a busy life. Chee opened a little store for all his employees, operating it in one room of his house, where shelves stacked with groceries reached nearly to the high ceiling. The enterprising family lived in Chee's original house on the property, a red sandstone building called "the old kitchen," while waiting for the new house to be completed. In 1899, the thirty-nine-year-old Chee found himself the father of a son, Tom. In two years Nanabah's son Ben, followed Tom, her sister's son.

Meanwhile the elegant new home was taking shape down the slope. It was ready in 1903. Nanabah's second child, Mary, was born just before the new house was ready. Nanabah had her hands full keeping the tots out of the way while Chee's workers carried in one piece after another of large, comfortable furniture. Huge easy chairs, rockers, bookshelves, and fine carpets soon filled the house. The modern kitchen at the back looked up toward the butte, and the wide front porch gave the Dodge children a fine view while they played.

The walls soon filled with family portraits and photographs, and the chairs were bedecked with Nanabah's fine weaving. Lacy curtains hung at the windows, spaced all around the house to let in plenty of sunshine and brightness. Books began to line the shelves, carefully protected behind glass. Education would have an honored place in Chee's home.

Nanabah soon was very busy, managing Chee's wealth carefully and watching over her own vast herds of cattle and sheep as well. In intelligence and business skill, she was a good match for Chee. But each became so busy with his own work that Nanabah and Chee saw less and less of each other. At first, Nanabah and her sister spent many hours cooking for Chee and all his friends who came to visit, for he was one of the most highly-respected men of that time. He understood Navajo problems and he understood the white man's way of doing things. He had mastered both, and could discuss matters intelligently and wisely in both Navajo and English.

As time passed, Nanabah's business interests increased, and she spent less time with Chee. She herded her cattle back to her mother's home, often taking one or more of her children along.

As her absences grew longer, Chee's friends and relatives grew more and more concerned for his welfare. They knew he needed a wife, and determined to find one for him until Nanabah came back. An attractive young girl from the Sawmill area, K'eehabah, was presented to him.

Later, when Nanabah returned, Chee turned his attention to his children. When Tom and Ben were old enough he sent them to school in Salt Lake City. He was determined that his children would have the best education he could find for them.

Mary, Margaret (Nanabah) and Chee Dodge sit for portrait before train trip in 1913.

When Mary was ten, Chee took the little girl and Nanabah on an eye-opening train trip through California and then on to Salt Lake City to visit Tom and Ben. The following year Mary began school there with her brothers. Meanwhile, Nanabah had another little girl at home to care for. Chee brought home his daughter Annie from K'eehabah's home, and Nanabah lovingly raised her as her own daughter.

In 1917 an epidemic of influenza began to sweep the southwest, hitting the Navajo Reservation particularly hard. Worried for his children's health, Chee hustled them home from school and watched over them for signs of illness. He allowed no one to enter his property beyond the lower gate, and of all the families in the area his was the only one to remain safe. Annie, who began school at Fort Defiance the following year, contracted the disease mildly but recovered quickly and was soon helping the school nurse with other stricken children.

Though Chee loved all his children, his hopes for them were so high that life around the great man was not always easy on them. Home from school, the youngsters tried to please him, but found him a stern taskmaster. He could add a long column of figures in his head while the children were still struggling with pencil and paper. "And I only went to school a few months," he would tease, suspecting they were not studying hard enough in school. Mary earned a little more tenderness. Often sick in bed, she delighted in the puppies Chee brought to her for companionship.

His wife and children took care not to let the thrifty Chee catch them wasting a shred of anything which might be useful — whether a bit of thread or a piece of leftover fried bread. He had not made his fortune by ignoring such details, and he grew impatient with anyone who was less careful than himself.

For Mary, a frail child, her father's wishes for school were too much. Lonely and homesick she came home after three years in Salt Lake City. Chee put her to work in the small store he operated in his home, determined she would be of some practical value to the family business. Young Annie, when she was home during school vacations, was also put to work, herding the sheep and goats all over the countryside. For Tom, his oldest son, Chee had a special assignment. "You're going to the university and become an attorney," he directed. "You must be ready to take my place as a leader." While Tom went off to Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, Ben was groomed as a chauffeur for his father. Chee Dodge had discovered the advantage of the automobile for his many pursuits, and Ben turned out to be an excellent driver.

Nanabah was a strong parent, too, and the children learned as much from her about hard work and thrift as they did from Chee. But Nanabah tempered her strictness with a large measure of loving concern for her four children. Knowing Mary was a shy girl, Nanabah set about choosing a husband for her and settled on Carl Peshlakai, one of Chee's employees. Mary accepted her mother's choice.

Annie's lively nature came under Chee's stern tutorship after she attended school at Fort Defiance and Albuquerque. Back home at age eighteen, she herded livestock nearly full time. She also began riding in the automobile with her

father on his business trips, and in the process learned a great deal about his way of working with people. She chose her own husband, and soon she and George Wauneka were at Chee's Tanner Springs ranch while Mary and Carl worked on land adjoining Chee's property on Sonsela Butte.

While Mary excelled in domestic skills, Tom, Ben, and Annie were all destined for public service to their people. Tom was to become Tribal Chairman in 1932, and Ben was to become a councilman. Annie would become the first important woman in Navajo Tribal government, as a councilwoman from Klagetoh.

Chee Dodge's personal life often gave way to his public life. In 1921 he was called on again to be the diplomatic problem-solver for his people. He interpreted wisely when cattlemen attempted to evict Navajos living in the Leupp area near Flagstaff. He traveled often to Washington, D.C., to present the Navajos' case for more land to be added to the reservation. In 1922, he was requested to represent the Navajos on a tribal business council, the predecessor of official Navajo self-government. The council had to deal with profits from oil and other mineral resources found on tribal lands.

In 1923, Chee Dodge became Chairman of the first Navajo Tribal Council, working as official leader of his people until 1928. He was sixty-six when he stepped down from this position, and in no way ready to slow down. Struggling young businessmen from Gallup came to him for loans, and some of the town's most successful businesses owe their start to him. Navajo leaders still came to him for advice, and Chee's close friend, Father Anselm Weber, often took part in the informal Navajo council meetings at St. Michael's Mission.

No Navajo man had been as honored and as valuable to his people, and Chee Dodge was not allowed many years of freedom from formal public responsibility.

In the mid-1930's there was word that Navajos were going to lose all their livestock. This was preposterous, the great old leader knew. Still, he began traveling again, back and forth between the Navajo Agency Superintendent, E. R. Fryer, and Navajo councilmen. He met with John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and heard the news for himself. Erosion was becoming a serious problem. The livestock had increased so greatly that there was grave danger of the land becoming literally shorn of its fine grasslands. Government officials showed photographs of erosion, and news spread wildly across the reservation. But Chee was certain that a better solution could be thought out than to take away the sheep and cattle the Navajos had nurtured along so skillfully after 1868.

He interpreted at the Tribal Council meetings all over the reservation, and he talked with Superintendent Fryer and Commissioner Collier. There must be a better solution than this immediate, drastic stock reduction.

He arrived home late one afternoon, ready to settle into his big, black easy chair and relax. Just as he stopped his car, the telephone rang inside the house. Chee sent Mary to answer the telephone. The call brought the same terrible news. The call for a drastic reduction in livestock across the reservation was official. Chee Dodge talked with Superintendent Fryer on the telephone. Grazing districts

had been established, and a certain number of livestock would be allowed in each district.

The old leader sank into his chair, then rose and paced, finally stopping by the south window. He could look out and see a thousand of his cattle, fifteen hundred fat and woolly sheep, and hundreds of horses. His land fell into three districts. Altogether he would be permitted only about 700 animals.

Grief-stricken, Chee Dodge stayed in the living room, sitting in his arm-chair, talking to himself, then brooding in long silences, and refusing to eat any of the food Mary brought him. He thought of the days long since gone, the very earliest recollections he had of his people and his land after Fort Sumner. The Navajos had come back, thin and starving, many having lost their children and other relatives to death during imprisonment. With a handful of seeds and a few sheep, they had returned to their blackened homeland, insisting, "It is beautiful, this land, and we are free at last." He had been a small boy

then, as poor as any Navajo, but as eager as any to make a good beginning. Now his sheep herd alone was so large that it took two months to shear the entire flock.

All this was being taken away. His advice had fallen on deaf ears, and there was no choice but to comply.

He called Mary's husband, Carl, who drove him around, consoling the people, but telling them it would be wise to comply with the order. It was the saddest time in his life, except, perhaps, when he awoke that cold morning in 1864 to find himself all alone.

Tom Dodge had become Tribal Chairman, and Chee was proud of his son's achievement. But little could restore his good spirits with his people's major source of income torn away, and his own fine herds reduced to such a small size.

Then, in 1939, Nanabah died, leaving Chee an even heavier burden of sorrow. Distraught, he called on a clan sister, a daughter of one of his aunts, to take care of his home at Sonsela Butte. Then he returned to business, for a great deal of work remained to be done in the service of the Navajo people, and Chee Dodge was still a most valuable man.

He went to work directing the Navajo Police Force, continuing even after he became ill. In 1942, he was elected Tribal Chairman again, by popular vote of the Navajo people. Through the war years he watched many young Navajo men enlist in the United States Army. It must have seemed strange by contrast, this new army with its airplanes and battleships gaining many willing volunteers among the Navajo people, to Chee, whose first remembrance was of running away from the soldiers. But this was a new world, quite a different one from the world he knew in the 1860's. Chee Dodge had managed to feel at home in both.

In 1945, Chairman Dodge received a cherished silver achievement medal from the Indian Council Fire, a national organization of Indians of many tribes. In accepting the honor he said:

> The Indian should have something to say about who is Secretary of the Interior, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the reservation superintendents . . . land must be more productive by means of irrigation and improved land use. The Government should teach us to be better farmers and stockmen. THE GREATEST OF ALL INDIAN NEEDS IS EDUCATION.

Henry Chee Dodge was elected again in 1946, this time to the vice-chairmanship under Sam Ahkeah. The people would not allow their leader to rest. They needed men of his caliber too much, But Chee Dodge never took office.

He fell ill with pneumonia during the winter of 1946, and spent the rest of his days in the Presbyterian hospital at Ganado. His children sat with him day after day, cherishing every breath he was able to breathe. In his last words, he beseeched them to carry on the great tradition of leadership he had started. He had groomed his children as thoroughly as he knew how, and now his heritage was entrusted to them completely.

The ailing Chairman had seen eighty-seven years pass in his homeland, exciting years, times in which he had great influence, times when he had found great joy, and times of great sadness. He died on January 7, 1947.

The Requiem Mass was two days later, while quiet tears flowed down many faces. The procession of automobiles to the Fort Defiance cemetery after the church service was a mile long, carrying hundreds of his friends to say their last farewells. He had walked with his people from Fort Sumner into a future none had dreamed of, teaching them how to master their destiny. Now he was a legend.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE FOR NAVAJO AND SPANISH WORDS

English values are only approximate . . .

Abiquiu	AH bih kew
Adiits'a'ii	ADD it sigh
Agua Caliente	AH wah KAHL ee EN tay
Agua Chiquito	AH wah Chee KEE toe
Asdzáá Tsilchíí'	Odds AH Tsilth CHEE
Ashjjhí	Ah SHE he
Ashkii	Ahsh KEE
Béésh*ł*ichí'ii Bigiizh	BESH tli chih ee Big EEZH
Bi'éé'*ł*ichíí'ii	Bih YE tli chee ee
Bi'éé'*ł*izhinii	Bih YEH tlih zhih nih
Bikee' dijoolí	Bih KEH dih JOE lih
Bosque Redondo	BOSS keh Reh DON doe
Caballado Mucho	Kah by AH do MOO cho
Canyon de Chelly	CANyon deh SHAY
Cayetano	Ky yeh TAH no
Cebolla	Seh BOY uh
Cebolleta	Seh boy YET uh
Chabaa'	CHAH buh
Ch'il'ahwéhé	Chill ah WHEH heh
Cochiti	KO chih tee
Dibébito'	Dih BEH bih toe
Dinetah	Dih NEH tah
'Éé'nei shoodii yázhí	Ay nay SHOW dih YAZH ih
Ganado Mucho	Gah NAH doe MOO cho
Hashkeh Naabaah	Hash KEH Nah BAH
Hastiin Ch'ilhaajinii	Hahs TEEN CHIL hah zhin ee
Huero	WHERE oh

Jemez	HAY mus
Jesus Arviso	Heh SOOS Ar VEE so
Juan Cocinas	Hwahn Ko SEE nus
Juanico	Hwah NEE koe
Kiilchíí'	Keelth CHEE
Kinlichíí'nii	KIN tlih chee nee
Mą'ii'deeshgiizhnii	Mah EE desh GIZH nee
Mą'ii yázhí	Mah ee YAHZH ih
Manuel Armijo	Mahn WELL Ar MEE ho
Mogollon	Moe goh YONE
Muerto de Hambre	MWAIR toe deh AHM bray
Naat'ą́anii Náádleel	Nah TAH nee NOD tleth
Ojo del Gallo	OH ho dell GUY oh
Pedro Jose	PEH dro Ho ZAY
Piñon	Peen YONE
Shádí	SHAD dih
Shichei	Shih CHAY
Shigii	Shih gih
Sierra Escudilla	See AIR uh Es koo DEE yuh
'Soos'	Rhymes with close as in close to the cat
Tódích'íinii	TOE dih chee nee
Tl'ohchin	Tloe CHIN
Tótsohnii	TOTE so nee
Tsin Sikaad	Tsin Sih KAHD
Tunicha	Too NEE chuh
Yé'ii bichei	YAY bih chay
Yoo tsoh	YO tso
Zarcillos Largos	Zar SEE ose LAR gose

Bibliography For Narbona Through Henry Chee Dodge

Abel, Annie Heloise. Ed. *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun.* Government Printing Office, Washington, 1915.

Adams, Eleanor B. Ed. "Bishop Tamaron's Visitation of New Mexico, 1760," *Publications in History.* Volume XV, Albuquerque: Historical Society of New Mexico, University of New Mexico, February, 1954.

Bailey, L. R. *Indian Slave Trade in the Southwest.* Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1966.

. . . . . *The Navajo Reconnaissance.* Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1964.

Bajo. A. Jano. *The Long Walk.* Rough Rock Demonstration School, 1968. (Unpublished research document).

Bartlett, Katherine. "How the Navajo and Apache Brought About the State of Arizona," *Plateau,* Vol. 15, No. 1, Museum of Northern Arizona, 1942.

Bloom, L. B. "Bourke on the Southwest, X," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Volume XI, No. 3, July, 1936.

Brugge, David M. *Navajos in the Catholic Church Records of New Mexico 1694 - 1875.* Research Section, Parks and Recreation Department, The Navajo Tribe, Window Rock, Arizona, 1968.

. . . . . "Sarcillos Largos, Navajo Naat'aani," *The Navajo Times,* Window Rock, Arizona, February 22 and 29,1968.

. . . . . "Story of Interpreter for Treaty of 1868," *The Navajo Tourist Guide, 1966,* Window Rock, Arizona, 1966.

. . . . . "Vizcarra's Navajo Campaign," *Arizona and the West,* 6:223-224, Autumn, 1964.

Clarke, Dwight L. *Stephen Watts Kearney, Soldier of the Old West.* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959.

Correll, Lee. "Antonio Sandoval, Navajo Leader," *The Navajo Times,* Window Rock, October and November, 1967.

. . . . . "Barboncito—Navajo Naat'aani," *Navajo Tourist Guide. 1966,* Window Rock, Arizona, 1966.

. . . . . "Ganado Mucho—Navajo Naat'aani," *The Navajo Times,* Window Rock, Arizona, November 30, 1967, and December 7, 1967.

. . . . . "Manuelito," *The Navajo Times,* September 9, 1965.

Eddy, Don. "How We Scalp the Indians," *The American Magazine,* January, 1950, pp. 36-37, 86-89.

Expedition into New Mexico Made by Antonio de Espejo, 1582-1583. (Translation, introduction and notes by George Peter Hammond and Agapito Rey) The Quivera Society, Los Angeles, 1929.

Farish, Thomas Edwin. *History of Arizona, Volume I.* Printed and Published by the Direction of the Second Legislature of the State of Arizona, Phoenix, 1915, Chapter XIX.

. . . . . *History of Arizona, Volume II,* Phoenix, 1915, Chapter VIII.

Hester, James J. "An Ethnohistoric Reconstruction of Navajo Culture, 1582-1824," *El Palacio, 69:* 130-138, Autumn, 1962.

Hill, W. W. *Navajo Warfare.* Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 5. Yale University Press, 1936.

. . . . . "Some Aspects of Navajo Political Structure," *Plateau Quarterly,* Volumes 12-15: 23-27, Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art, Flagstaff: Museum of Northern Arizona, July, 1939.

Hughes, John T. *Doniphan's Expedition; containing an account of the Conquest of New Mexico.* Cincinnati: J.A. and U.P. James, 1848.

Indian Claims Commission Findings. Volumes 1-6, Proposed Findings on behalf of the Navajo Tribe of Indians, Window Rock, Arizona: Land Investigation Office.

Jones Jr., O.L. "Navajo Indian Police," *Arizona and The West,* 8:225-238, Autumn, 1966.

Judd, Neil M. *The Material Culture of Pueblo Bonito.* Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Volume 124, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1954.

McNitt, Frank. *The Indian Traders.* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962.

Minutes of the Meeting of the Navajo Tribal Council, July 10-12, 1934; January 17-20, 1938; June 3-6, 1940, The Navajo Tribe: Window Rock, Arizona. (Mimeographed.)

Newcomb, Franc Johnson. *Hosteen Klah.* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964.

Patzman, Stephen N. "Henry Chee Dodge, A Modern Chief of the Navajos," *Arizoniana,* Vol. 5, No. 2, Spring, 1964.

Pike, Albert. "The Inroad of the Navajo," *Prose Sketches and Poems Written in the Western Country.* Boston: Light and Horton, 1834.

Powell, John W. "Comments on a Council at Fort Defiance, November 5, 1870," Bureau of American Ethnology, Ms. 834.

Reagan, Albert B. "Utilization of the Navajo Country," *Proceedings of the Iowa Academy of Science for 1934,* Volume XLI: 215-237, State of Iowa, Des Moines, 1934.

Reeve, Frank D. "Navajo-Spanish Wars 1680-1720," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Vol. XXXIII, No. 3, July, 1958, pp. 205-231.

. . . . . "The Government and the Navajo, 1846-1858," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Vol. XIV, No. 1, January, 1939, The Historical Society of New Mexico and the University of New Mexico, pp. 82-114.

. . . . . "The Government and the Navajo, 1878-1883," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Vol. XVI, No. 3, July, 1941, pp. 275-312.

. . . . . "The Government and the Navajo, 1883-1888," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Vol. XVIII, No. 1, January, 1943, pp. 17-51.

. . . . . "The Navajo-Spanish Peace: 1720's-1770's," *New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 1, pp. 9-40.

Report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1854. (The annual report for 1854 of David Merriwether, Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for New Mexico) Washington: Government Printing Office.

Report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1859. (The annual report of 1859 of James L. Collins, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for New Mexico) Washington: Government Printing Office.

Report of the Navajo Agency, 1890. Annual report of C.E. Vandever, Navajo Agent, United States Indian Service, New Mexico, from Fort Defiance, Arizona, Records).

Robinson, Jacob S. *A Journal of the Santa Fe Expedition under Colonel Doniphan.* Princeton University Press, 1932.

Sage, Rufus B. *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains.* Second Edition Revised, Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, 1854.

Simpson, J.H. "Annual Address," *Minnesota Historical Society Meeting Papers, 1852,* (Lieutenant Simpson's account of Colonel John M. Washington's Navajo Expedition, 1849,) St. Paul, Minnesota, 1852.

Stephen, A.M. "The Navajo," *American Anthropologist,* pp. 345-362, October, 1893.

"The Diary of Captain Don Pedro Leon Lujan, 1838." University of New Mexico Library, microfilm copy of Mexican Archives of New Mexico, Vol. 131: 1300-1303.

Three New Mexico Chronicles. (Translation, introduction, and notes by H. Bailey Carroll and J. Villasana Haggard), The Quivera Society, Albuquerque, 1942.

Treaty Between the United States of America and the Navajo Tribe of Indians. Introduction by Martin A. Link. K.C. Publications, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1968. (Eighth in Commemorative series for the Navajo Centennial.)

"Treaty of 1822," *Spanish Letterbook* (D. M. Brugge, Translation), New Mexico State Archives.

Twitchell, Ralph Emerson. *The Spanish Archives of New Mexico.* Volume One, Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company.

Van Valkenburgh, Richard. *A Short History of the Navajo People.* Window Rock, Arizona, 1938.

. . . . . "Blood Revenge of the Navajo," *The Desert Magazine,* 6:17-23, October, 1943.

. . . . . "Last Powwow of the Navajo," *The Desert Magazine,* Vol. 10, No. 1: 4-7, November, 1946.

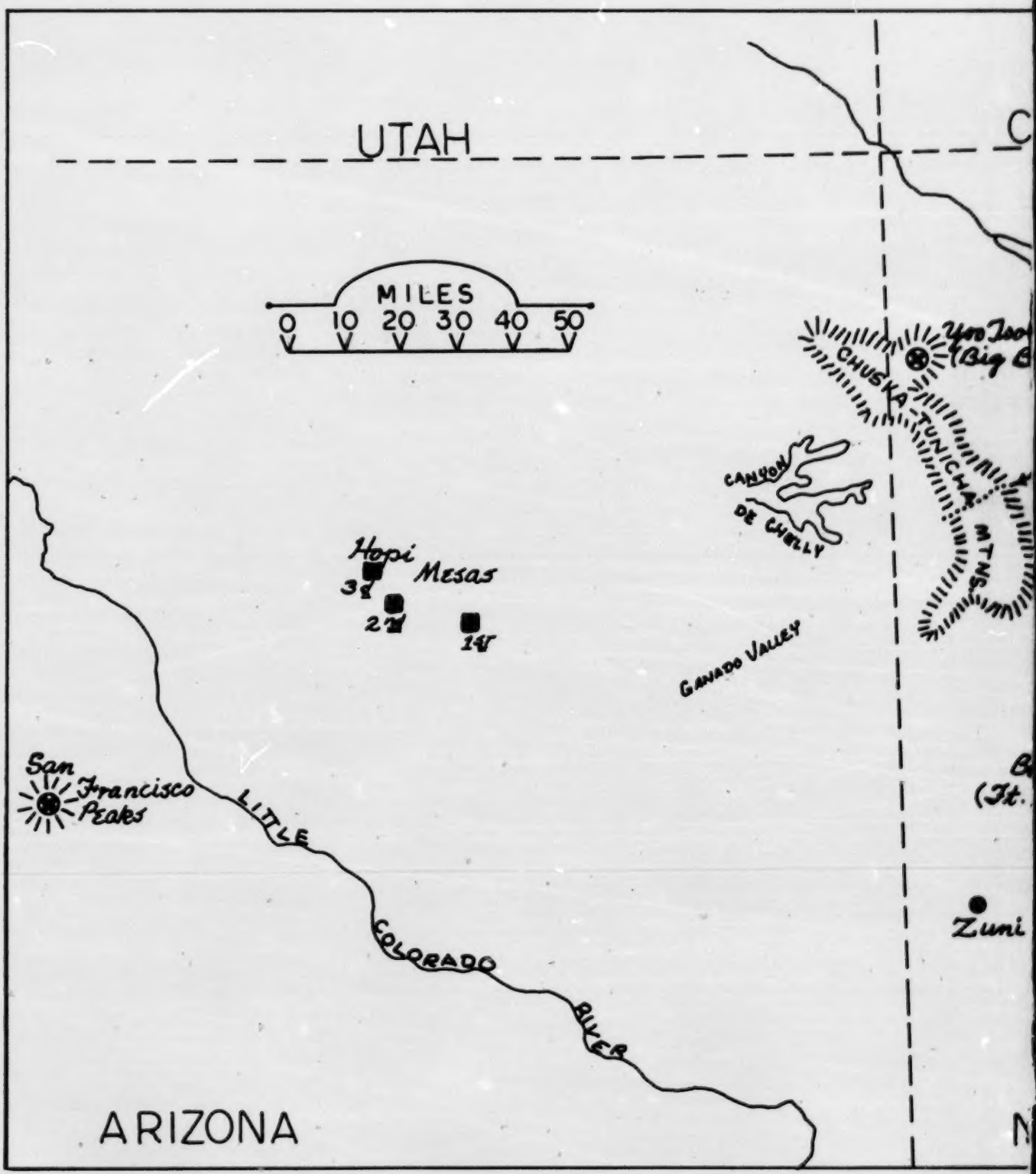
. . . . . "Navajo Naat'aani," *The Kiva,* Vol. 13, No. 2: 14-23, January, 1948.

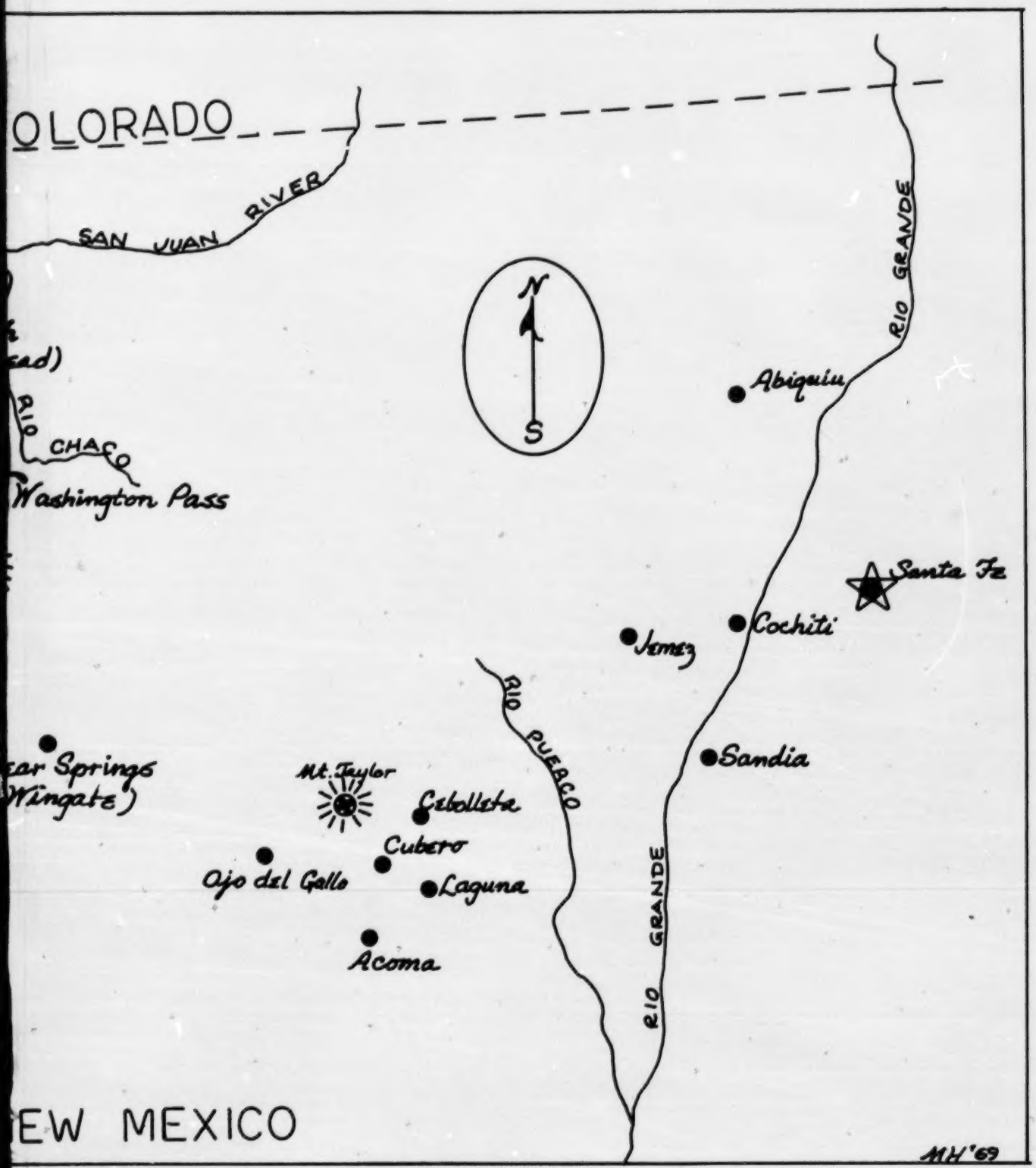
. . . . . "War Dance of the Enemy Way," *The Desert Magazine,* Vol. 8, No. 1, November, 1944.

Wilson, John P. *Military Campaigns in the Navajo Country, Northwestern New Mexico, 1800-1846.* No. 5, Museum of New Mexico Research Records, Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, 1967.

Worcester, Donald E. Ed., "Advice on Governing New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review,* Vol. XXIV, No. 3, July, 1949.

Young, Robert W. Ed., *The Navajo Yearbook, 1951-1961.* Navajo Agency, Window Rock, Arizona, 1961.


UTAH
MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
CHUSKA
TUNICHA
MTNS.
CANYON
DE CHELLY
Hopi
Mesas
3
2
1
GANADO VALLEY
San
Francisco
Peaks
LITTLE
COLORADO
RIVER
Zuni
ARIZONA


OLORADO
SAN JUAN RIVER
RIO GRANDE
ead)
RIO CHACO
Washington Pass
N
S
Abiquiu
Santa Fe
Cochiti
Jemez
RIO PUERCO
Sandia
ear Springs
Wingate)
Mt. Taylor
Cebolleta
Cubero
Ojo del Gallo
Laguna
Acoma
RIO GRANDE
EW MEXICO
MH '69